FORGET

ME NOT

1833

24575
119.—

Es sind noch manche Lieder
die ich in das Gesangbuch aufnehmen,
denen ich sie weihen könnte,
Aber wenn ich sie genau prüfe!
Mehr Glück ist mir schon gelungen,
Obgleich auch mir gelingen
Das Lächeln und günstige Stunden,
Zum Singen, auf, wirf den Leier —
Vergiß mich nicht! —

Und wenn in wüsseren Stunden
die Seelen sich denken in
Und wenn, gelandet dann
Die Heimat selbst schon vergißt —
Denn dann, daß in öder Weite
Ich leide und küsse mir die süße
Ich, dann in dem Lebenslange
Ein häufiges Herbeiziehen —
Vergiß mich nicht! —

Und wenn, wen Kummer
gebeugt,
Du Liebst und Wünschst ihm
Dein Leben,
Und, ach, gut bittre Zähren
die fürben den Augen rot,
Drum denk an den Freund,
der weint
Dein Lust und Trost allein wird
geben,
Der Liebe nicht wird entfliehen
Und überall denken dem Lot!

Herzlich wünscht!

Mainz Ehl zum
Neujahr gewidmet von
Dezember 1895.

Julian Maclennan.

Presented
To
Julian
Max
Levinstein
FORGET
ME NOT

Drawn by J. Holmes from a sketch by R. Leslie, R.A.

Engd. by S. Davenport

FORGET ME NOT;

A CHRISTMAS,

NEW YEAR'S, AND BIRTHDAY PRESENT,

FOR

MDCCCXXXIII.

Appealing, by the magic of its name,
To gentle feelings and affections, kept
Within the heart, like gold.

L. E. L.

EDITED BY

FREDERIC SHOBERL.

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PREFACE.

THE revolution of the seasons has again brought round the time when it becomes our agreeable duty to present our annual offering to the Public. Grateful for the flattering marks of approbation which it has been pleased thus far to bestow upon our labours, we refer to this volume for evidence of our persevering efforts to deserve the continuance of its liberal patronage.

The literary department will be found to comprise several valuable contributions from writers new to our pages. Among these we may specify "Jack Shaddock," a piece of rich sailor humour,

which would scarcely be supposed the production of a female pen; "The Vacant Chair;" "Mac Nab's Burying-ground;" "A Sporting Adventure;" and "The Wish." Among the old friends to whose assistance we are indebted, we may mention the author of "The Departure of the Israelites," whose splendid genius pervades all his performances too strongly not to be recognized; Colonel Stone, of New York, who has furnished a sketch admirably characteristic of certain classes of the population of the American States; the "Modern Pythagorean;" the fair author of "The Improvisatrice," who, in the interesting story of "Giulietta," has condescended for once to clothe her poetic ideas in the language of prose; Miss Mitford, whose rural scene breathes all the freshness and gracefulness of her earliest delineations of that kind; the author of "London in the Olden Time," who has successfully employed her antiquarian lore in a picture of the days of the miscalled *good* Queen Bess; the comic Hood; H. F. Chorley, who has very suc-

cessfully illustrated Buss's admirable painting entitled Uncle Antony's Blunder; and H. D. Inglis, who, as usual, presents a fantastic legend, in which it is impossible to decide whether romance or fact most predominates.

Among our poetic contributors, it is scarcely necessary to direct attention to our old friend James Montgomery, who delights to render his talents subservient to the cause of humanity; Mary Howitt, alternately playful and solemn; and T. H. Bayly, whose "New Faces," when supplied with a musical dress, will be sure to find as hearty a welcome in every circle as many of the elder offspring of his popular Muse have already received. To the politeness of W. Sotheby, esq., who, ever since the appearance of his Oberon, has held the highest place among living English translators, we are indebted for the communication of a passage from his yet unpublished version of the Odyssey, to accompany Barrett's beautiful representation of a scene in that poem. To others individually, we should

feel equally bound to express our acknowledgments, were we at liberty to mention their names. We must therefore beg them, in common with all those contributors whom we have not particularly mentioned, to accept our cordial thanks for their co-operation.

A glance at the Engravings which embellish this volume will shew the extent of our obligations to the artists who have concurred in their production. By the Honourable Colonel Leicester Stanhope we have been favoured with permission to engrave the portrait of his lady, from an original drawing in his possession; and to George Morant, junior, esq. we owe the loan of the landscape by Barrett, to which we have already taken occasion to refer.

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FORGET ME NOT.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, ESQ.

FORGET ME NOT! forget me not!
Who has not thought or said it?
By absent friends to be forgot!
Who is there does not dread it?
Who is there does not wish to leave
A purse of silken netting,
Or *something*, as preservative
Against the heart's forgetting?

But some in silence turn away;
Their deeper feelings let not
Their quivering lips have power to say—
"Farewell! farewell! forget not!"
E'en then the pressure of the hand,
The glance of fond affection,
Seem eloquently to demand
Unchanging recollection.

And one, the parting scene to shun,
Will smile in spite of sorrow,
And *talk* of all that may be done
With some dear friend *to-morrow:*

Morn comes — and he is gone! from *me*
'Twere cruel thus to sever;
Not to have seen the last of thee
Would grieve my heart for ever.

Yet, such will leave, as others do,
An amicable token,
Meant to express the fond adieu,
That never has been spoken:
Some gift, which plainly will betray
The heart's instinctive yearning,
To be remember'd when away,
And loved when home returning.

In short, 'tis a "FORGET ME NOT,"
But not the *flower* we call so,
For 'tis its perishable lot
To be *forgotten* also.
It is a *book* we christen thus,
Less fleeting than the flower;
And 'twill recal the past to us
With talismanic power.

It is a gift that friend to friend
At parting will deliver;
And Love with his own name will blend
The dear name of the giver.
So pure, so blameless, is this book,
That wise and wary sages
Will lead young Innocence to look
Upon its tasteful pages.

COUNT EGMONT'S JEWELS.

The opulence and power of the Flemish nobles in the sixteenth century are matter of history. The almost boundless commerce of the Netherlands had covered the land with wealth. The natural dexterity of the people, excited by the command of all the great mercantile marts of the civilized world, had produced the finest specimens of manufacture in all the branches of public luxury. The soil, in all ages fertile, was cultivated with the success that belongs to the combination of wealth, taste, and general knowledge. And, as the result of the whole, Flanders was the land to which every stranger came, to delight himself with the richest works of the arts; to purchase the finest tapestries, silks, fruits, pictures, plate, horses, and carriages; to live in the finest mansions, to read the most costly books, to drink the rarest wines, and to see the most distinguished public characters of every court of Europe. At the court of Brussels, the Archduchess Margaret presided over the most brilliant circle on earth. The Spanish grandee was there, glittering in the gold and diamonds of the New World; the German noble, still wearing the magnificent armour of the feudal wars; the French count, covered over with the emblems and honours of the Crusade; the English knight, still proud of his Norman ancestry, his achievements in the Holy Land, and of a country in which even then liberty had

commenced a career that soon threw all other nations into the shade; the Italian poet, artist, and minstrel, the early produce of the land of Genius; and, filling up the splendid groupe, and giving an impression of unrivalled solemnity and state to the whole, the great dignitaries of the Romish church; the German prelates, the archbishops of the Netherlands, the Italian legates and cardinals, occupied on missions from the papal council, and bearing with them the majestic weight of the representatives of a power which moulded the affairs of every nation of the Christian world.

In this dazzling crowd the most conspicuous beyond all rivalry was the Fleming, Count Egmont. He was eminently handsome, and his tall figure and Spanish countenance were set off by the most proverbial sumptuousness of dress. His diamond stars, his Turkish cloak, his Damascus scimitar, his Bohemian cap and plumes, down to his Hungarian boot, were all the envy and model of the young nobility. His natural advantages were less attainable, and no man of his time could hope to contest with the dignified gesture or the finely-proportioned form of this favourite of nature and fortune. He added to those distinctions that of vast opulence, derived from the oldest line of the Netherland nobles; and, what was the highest distinction of all in his day, he had shown himself a most gallant and successful general. At the famous battle of St. Quentin, Count Egmont's charge at the head of the Netherlands' cavalry had swept the French army from the

field, and left the Spanish horse, shorn of their laurels, far in his rear — a perilous success under the jealous reign of Philip II.; but one which for the time filled up the whole cup of human ambition. It is still to be added to the accumulation of Fortune's favours on the head of this singularly fortunate noble that, in the battle of St. Quentin, he had been enabled by circumstances to gather fame, not only by his conduct as a general but by his personal prowess as a soldier.

In the final *melée*, while the French, German, Spanish, and Netherlandish horse were trampling each other down in blood, Count Egmont, at the head of the troop of the archduchess, a body-guard distinguished for their intrepidity still more than by their peculiar splendour of costume and armour, had put spurs to his famous Styrian charger, and plunged into the centre of a French corps, when he found himself personally engaged with one of the enemy's officers. The Frenchman was a tall, bold figure, and a formidable assailant; his first blow cut through the count's steel cap to his forehead, and had nearly thrown him under his horse's feet. Egmont felt himself wounded; but he was not of the temperament that was to be cut down on the field with impunity. He turned full upon the Frenchman, and levelled a blow of his scimitar, which swept away the arm raised to defend his head. The officer fell on the ground with an outcry. Egmont, fierce with the heat of the encounter, levelled another blow, which must have despatched his enemy, when a

young horseman, throwing himself from his charger, caught with one hand the count's rein, and with the other the wounded officer from the ground, and, while he made some show of defence, was on the point of carrying him out of the *melée*. But the blood of the count was flowing; he was doubly indignant at seeing his prisoner thus snatched away, and, with a last effort, he struck another desperate blow. It was fatal. The head of the unfortunate Frenchman flew from his body. The young soldier, with a scream of agony, dropped the corpse from his arms; there was an instant rush of cavalry to the spot; all was a whirlwind of battle; the soldier and the corpse were equally trampled down under the hoofs of the charging squadrons. The ground was covered with dead. But the charge was decisive: and, while Egmont was carried fainting to the rear, the last sound which reached his ear was the acclamation of his favourite and famous guard on the complete rout of the enemy.

The natural result of this distinguished success was an increase of honours to the victor. Count Egmont was received at the court of the archduchess with the highest favour; a new estate in the richest portion of the Ardennes was given to him; orders of knighthood were put into his hands for distribution among his comrades in glory, the highest gratification that can be conferred upon a gallant and generous officer; and all those honours received their consummation on the return of the noble who had been despatched with the

account of the battle to Spain. Philip had been elevated to a pitch of joy, totally unexpected in a mind of his cold and cheerless temper. He had given a public banquet in his palace on the intelligence; he had given a public feast to the people of his capital; and had even been seen to smile. A more congenial result of his disposition was, that he had determined to build a church with the magnificence of a palace, and a palace in the spirit of a church. He returned by the noble a plan of the Escurial, which he had determined to build in the shape of the gridiron on whose ribs St. Laurence the martyr had been tortured. The palace was to be filled not with showy courtiers or captivating beauties; with neither the great nor the gay, the stately nor the fair; but with monks, who were to fill its vast halls with the smoke of eternal masses and the sound of eternal chanting, for the souls of the Spanish cavaliers who had left their brains in Spain and their bodies on the plains of Flanders. But, to Count Egmont himself came, highest of human honours, the order of the Golden Fleece, an order hitherto conferred only on sovereigns; and, to add the highest point and polish to this honour, the medal and chain of this illustrious order were given from the neck of the king, even Philip, the master of two worlds.

Whether man was originally made to shine more in prosperity or in misfortune has been a question from the days of Adam himself; but the story of this eminent noble throws a heavy weight into the scale of the

sons of adversity. His distinctions produced the most immediate and disastrous effect upon his mind. His days and nights were now haunted with shapes of ambition. The height to which he had been raised showed him only heights still more elevated. His frankness was lost. The consciousness of designs too lofty to be pronounced with safety, too dangerous to be harboured without fear, and too obscure to satisfy even his own clear and powerful vision, broke his rest. He became suddenly stern, strange, and gloomy. The gaiety of the soldier, the dignified courtesy of the noble, and the liberality of the man of unbounded wealth, were all perverted into an unaccountable reluctance to society or an open disdain of it. The universal remark was that the "great count" was a changed man. Some hinted that this extraordinary perversion was the result of his wound, from which his recovery was still incomplete; some that his immense expenditure and high popularity had excited the jealousy of the Spanish king, of all men living the most jealous. And a third party, coinciding with the habitual feeling of the age, surmised that he had given himself up to fearful studies, and had engaged in one of those formidable contracts with the Evil Spirit, which repaid the splendours of high prosperity by a wild and unspeakable allegiance of agony and ruin.

The last supposition was too favourable to the spirit of the populace to be received with doubt. It was a time of that imperfect knowledge which disposes the

mind to mystery. It was also a time of those fierce commotions in Europe which produced violence and vice in all the circles of society. All was startling, gloomy, and full of change. Men disappeared by the dagger and poison; conspiracies rose, and were extinguished by the scaffold; furious hostilities raged among the leading families of the states. And, mingling with all, and throwing a cloud of sullen grandeur over all, was the religion of the time, the haughty, solemn, and severe faith of the popedom, rendered still more vigilantly severe by the new rivalry of the German reformation. By the Lutherans Count Egmont was claimed as a man of too high intellectual power to be fettered by what they pronounced a degrading mental tyranny; and his generous protection of the distressed converts in the states seemed to countenance the claim. But by the Romish hierarchy his services were demanded as the hereditary office of a Flemish noble, the natural tribute of a man of the first rank, honoured by the sanction of the church, and consecrated by his public privileges and his martial unction to her cause.

Egmont now sided with both and neither. He shrank from his attendance on the Great Council, where he had once swayed every voice. His palace was no longer the first place of reception to all distinguished strangers. His hospitalities were still open to the world; but a chill had evidently fallen on his house, which, without the formal closing of its gates, gradually repelled the world. Before a year was past, the "great

count" had sunk from the public eye; and all that was known of him was that he was seen sometimes at the vespers in the church of St. Gudule, where he knelt with peculiar devotion; and that he spent his days in the interior of his palace, occupied in dictating letters to his secretary.

That secretary, too, shared in the general suspicion of dealing in the prohibited arts, which were said to have wrought so singular a change. He was a Spaniard; and the true solution of the choice might have been his knowledge of the language which was then the reigning dialect of the Christian world. But his emaciated figure, his hollow eye, his more than monkish silence, and his perpetual seclusion, decided with the populace that he must be either the emissary of the Fiend or the Fiend himself.

A singular circumstance suddenly directed the public attention to Count Egmont once more. In the star of the Golden Fleece, which he wore on his solitary appearance at court, after a year of absence, on the birthday of the archduchess, the general eye was caught by the extraordinary brilliancy of one of the diamonds. The light shot from it was so vivid as to be scarcely endurable by the gaze. All the courtiers envied the possessor of so superb a jewel. The archduchess herself evidently felt her whole brilliant equipment cast into the shade. The ambassador from Philip, who had brought the decoration, was loud in his surprize at his having never observed its radiance when

round the neck of the king; and all were delighted and dazzled except the wearer. To his mind nothing seemed capable of administering pleasure; and the involuntary admiration excited by this splendid gem even seemed to deject and irritate him. But the court-day closed; the nobles rode to their own stately mansions; the archduchess herself forgot to scorn her own lustres in the memory of the count's; and the world began to talk of other things.

In a week more, Brussels was roused again by a despatch received from Vienna, stating that the chief jewel-keeper of the emperor had been found dead, evidently by assassination; that the jewel-chamber had been broken open, and a diamond of the most remarkable beauty, and still more remarkable by its supposed connection with the destinies of the Imperial family, the celebrated diamond which Charlemagne had worn as a preservative against all hazards, the present of the pope at the time of his coronation at Rome, in the year 800, was gone. Couriers had been despatched instantly to every jewel-mart in Europe, to recover the jewel, if possible, or, if not, to detect the plunderer and assassin.

The news let loose all the tongues of Brussels; and all the court recollected the diamond in Count Egmont's star. He heard the rumour, which already declared that his was the identical lost gem. In the highest indignation, he instantly repaired to the presence of the archduchess, enquiring whether her highness

could do him the dishonour of connecting his name with so criminal a transaction, and whether the man lived who dared to charge him with any act degrading to his rank and services. His bold bearing, and the high flash of scorn which coloured his cheek, thin and wasted as it was, made the whole circle shrink from him. No voice replied. "Then," said he, in a tone of offended dignity, and taking the star from his breast, "let me request that your highness will send this jewel to his Imperial Majesty, as a mark of the honour in which I hold the brother of the great Charles." With these words, he laid the diamond in the passive hand of the archduchess, and rushed from the audience hall, leaving the crowd of spectators in silent wonder.

But, when the count had completely disappeared, and the court could take breath after the departure of this impetuous spirit, the wonder was scarcely less at the changed appearance of the diamond. The lustre was totally extinguished. It was lead-coloured, dim, and was pronounced to be altogether inferior to the value of its setting. By what power could this have been effected? Or, could their eyes have been deceived when they turned away from its surpassing brilliancy? Or, had the haughty owner, on determining to give it up, used some secret process to make his gift valueless? But by what process could this singular extinction of splendour have been effected? The court jewellers were all decidedly of opinion that no human menstruum had ever been discovered by

which the power of the diamond could be thus extinguished. But, even if this were within the secrets of alchemy, there had not been time for their application. For, the moment before its being taken from the breast of the count, it had dazzled all eyes with its full intensity; the moment after, it was utterly blank. The common suggestion of the day, witchcraft, was the general thought. But who then dared charge this most criminal and abhorred of all unholy acts upon the high and proud name of a man so formidable in his power, and likely to be so terrible in his vengeance?

But the jewel must be sent to its destination. A courier, with an escort, was accordingly despatched in a few days on the road to Vienna. Count Egmont retired to his palace and his favourite pursuits; the tongue of the world began to fail for want of employment, and the maids of honour were reduced to talk of the scandals of the burghers' wives.

On a sudden, all was awake again. The officer of the escort was brought back to Brussels, wounded. He and his troop had been set upon by a powerful detachment of Reiters, the plundering German cavalry of the day; had been dispersed; and the last sight that he had of the unfortunate courier was his death by the carbine of one of the horsemen, and the seizure of the packet containing the despatches and the jewel.

By whose influence this heinous violation of public law was perpetrated was in every one's conjecture.

And the conjecture was strengthened by the departure of the count from the capital, a few days previously to that of the courier, though in the direction of Holland. The escort had been attacked on the Bavarian frontier. Yet what might not be done by an active and desperate man, indignant at being virtually forced to give up a possession worth a principality, stung in his pride, stung in his avarice, and stung in his love of exclusive splendour!

But, as if to destroy the rumour at once, Egmont suddenly returned at full speed and with unusual pomp to Brussels, resumed his early habits, and indulged in the magnificent luxuries of his old, generous, and lofty, spirit. And, though his sallow cheek still showed more deeply than ever the effects of either inveterate disease, an extravagant and insane passion for study, or the frettings of an overlaboured conscience, there was a vividness in his eye, and a proud and daring animation in his language, which told that his day had been obscured but by a passing cloud, and that his sun would yet shine out more broadly than ever.

The populace, naturally attracted by gallant profusion and princely magnificence, were now converted by thousands into his worshippers. His money flowed among them in return. The great manufacturers saw a harvest of wealth in the perpetual decorations of his palaces. The jewellers made the marts of Flanders ring with enquiries for the most invaluable stones; and all were for "the great Count Egmont." The

armourers, in gratitude for his boundless patronage, presented him with a suit of armour, unrivalled in the treasuries of Naples, Vienna, and Paris. The count was the national hero. Why should he not be the national monarch? Why should the renowned provinces of the Netherlands be the appanage of a kingdom so remote as Spain, and governed by the feeble hands of a woman? With whom those ideas originated none could tell. But by whom they were propagated was open as the noon-day. It was by all. The whole voice of the capital had become rapidly but one echo of the virtues and genius, the public services, and even the royal rights, of Count Egmont.

But still stronger grounds for the jealousy of the court were now given. William of Orange, who had been driven from his government as chief of the province of Holland, and forced to take refuge in Germany, was said to be on the point of returning with a powerful force, raised by the Lutheran provinces. The Reformation had long made way in the Netherlands; and the ill-concealed joy of the trembling converts, at the prospect of a deliverance from the fierce tyranny of the Spanish church, roused all the suspicions of the Spanish government. The next tidings were, that William had actually crossed the Rhine, and that his German light troops were sweeping every thing before them up to the gates of Liege: the next, that he had surprised Don Felix Andrada, admiral of Spain, at the head of a large body of the

royal cavalry, coming full speed to the aid of the archduchess; that he had defeated the Spaniards with great slaughter; and was actually marching through an undefended country to take possession of Brussels. The council was summoned at midnight: and its first act was to order the arrest of Count Egmont. But the order was too late. On that evening, he had been seen at the vesper service, in the church of St. Gudule, attended by his secretary. It was said, too, that he wore armour on that night under his tissue, and that, among the ornaments with which he seemed to have sedulously prepared for the occasion, was seen the famous Imperial jewel, restored to all its brightness, and flashing a lustre which Nature had never given to a gem. The man, the gem, and the secretary, seemed to be equally the instruments of actual necromancy. The question now in the council was, whether he should be pursued as a traitor or a sorcerer. But, whether both or either, he was gone.

At daybreak, all Brussels was in that anxious and fearful commotion which belongs to the defence of a great city against an unexpected invasion. The troops were sent out in all directions, to discover in what quarter the enemy's approach was to be apprehended: the citizens were hastily armed to defend the walls; the populace were mustered to dig intrenchments; cattle were driven in from all the surrounding districts, for the general supply; granaries were filled; all the forges were at work on the fabrication of arms; the

children and wives of the chief citizens were sent away with all speed, flying through the country to the various places of shelter. All was tumult, terror, activity, and warlike preparation. At length the heavy roar of artillery in the direction of Liege told that the weight of the invasion had fallen on that quarter, and that the troops were already engaged. The roar alternately rose and fell, advanced and retired; while the whole population of the capital continued in that agony of suspense, which is almost more intolerable than the actual calamity.

The night fell in terror; but before morning there were signs, that could not be mistaken, of the approach of the invaders. In every quarter of the horizon, the clear, calm sky of a continental June was illumined with bursts of fire from the ravages of the German *pistoleers*, a species of troops who followed every banner, and lived on indiscriminate plunder. But the terror was increased when it was known that Count Egmont himself, the pride of the Netherland armies, was in actual command of those fierce mercenaries. A continual succession of severe but indecisive conflicts ensued between the German and the Spanish patrols. But the war now assumed a deeper interest. A proclamation was sent into Brussels, declaring the freedom of the provinces in all matters touching religion, the restoration of all their ancient Burgundian rights, and their total independence of the tyranny of Spain and the church of Spain. To this high

declaration was signed the name of Egmont, in itself a tower of strength, but doubly formidable when it thus appealed to the natural feelings, so long suppressed but so keenly cherished, in the bosoms of the people. The Spanish council suddenly discovered the hazard of its position, by the violence of the ferment which this celebrated paper raised through all parts of the city. A vast reward was offered for Egmont's head; but the document was instantly torn down, and replaced by an offer of the most contemptuous kind, the lowest coin of the provinces a head for the council. Deliberation followed deliberation, until the whole closed, one morning, with the discovery that the palace guards had been withdrawn in the night, that the council was dissolved, and that the archduchess had gone, none knew whither. Next day, the trumpets and guns of the German troops announced the advance of their distinguished leader.

Count Egmont entered at their head, took possession of the viceregal palace, and was installed governor of the southern provinces. But one step more, and his ambition would be fulfilled. But that step was not to be granted to this aspiring and unhappy soldier. The Spanish troops had been rather surprised than defeated in the sudden and general advance of the invaders. Their old spirit was still alive. The power of the Spanish monarchy was still unmeasured; and to the suppression of the insurgents in the Netherlands it was urged by all the stimulants of wrath,

pride, and superstition. The Duke of Alva, an officer of the first renown, a disciplinarian of the most Roman severity, a savage tyrant, and a bloody persecutor, was ordered from Italy with all the troops that he could collect from the Italian garrisons. At the head of fifty thousand veterans he came thundering into the field.

Count Egmont gallantly prepared to meet him. But his foreign mercenaries defied the strictness of command essential to success against so thoroughly disciplined an army as the Spanish of the time. The German princes, too, who had no national interest in the cause, began to refuse their levies; and Egmont, with a bitterness of heart, which only the hero can feel when his laurels begin to wither, felt that he had touched the highest point of his fortune. He now fought with a personal daring, that less belonged to the general than the partizan. But he long fought with signal success; and the Spanish cuirassiers instinctively shrank from the charge which Count Egmont was known to lead. But this could not last long. His nights were devoted to watching, which wore out his frame, and the frames of all but his indefatigable Spanish secretary; who, with a form that seemed the emblem of exhaustion, still unremittingly persevered in his labours. His days were spent on horseback, or in actual encounter with the enemy. He seemed on the verge of the hourly grave; yet the fire of his soul sustained his sinking body, and he was

still the hope of his country and the terror of the Spaniard.

At length Alva, by a combination of his whole force, broke through the scattered posts of the troops of Holland, and advanced up to the walls of the capital. All within the walls was now of a totally distinct character from its former tumult. There was no concourse in the streets; there was no flying through the gates; all was hushed among the easily agitated population of this crowded capital. Even the partizans of the court, and the most zealous enemies of Lutheranism, were hushed into silence by the name of Alva, the notorious shedder of blood, the man of jealousy, suspicion, and the sword. The only appearance of motion was at the palace-portal, where some troops of the cavalry were assembling, and frequent couriers were despatched, as it was presumed, to hasten the arrival of the army of the Prince of Orange. Egmont was invisible throughout the day. The city hourly expected to see him sallying forth with his wonted ardour, and returning with his habitual trophies.

But a citizen, who wandered late in the evening into the church of St. Gudule, and had, in the twilight, strayed into one of the intricate passages of the cloisters, afterwards told that, in his attempts to discover an exit, he had pushed open the door of a small chapel, where, to his astonishment, he saw, by the light of the tapers on the altar, Count Egmont

kneeling; the suspected Lutheran bowing down, in apparent humiliation of the deepest kind, before the shrine, and standing by his side a monk, who seemed to dictate words of some fearful import, if it were to be judged from the bitter reluctance of the count to utter them. The monk repeatedly attempted to overcome his resolution, while the unhappy Egmont repelled the offer, whatever it might be, with a groan and gesture of inward agony. The monk's voice ranged from entreaty to argument, and from argument to scorn. "Is this," he at length exclaimed, "the gallant Count Egmont, who is afraid of shadows, the slave of fabled fears, the trembler before the tongues of the weak, the ignorant, and the prejudiced?" The count still refused to hear. "Is this the man of counsel, of high design, the votary of honour, the champion of his country's freedom? Make but one effort. Drink this wine in the name of him who has raised you above the sons of this age, and who can dash you to the ground at a moment." The monk poured out some highly perfumed liquid into a goblet, and almost forced it to his lips. It was refused with a still stronger loathing. "Better to die in the field," groaned Egmont; "better to die in famine, in beggary, in exile. I dare not risk my immortal soul."

The monk gave a wild laugh, and flung the cup far from him. "Then, die you shall, Count Egmont," he exclaimed; "but not in the field; die you shall, but

not by famine, not in the dungeon, not in exile. You shall die by a deeper torture to your proud heart; you shall die amid the scoffs of your conquerors, amid the roar of the rabble, amid the scorn of your fellow-citizens. You shall die on the scaffold, and in Brussels; here, where you were all but a king, you shall be a worm; here, where but this hour you could summon tens of thousands to give you their blood and their dearer gold, you shall, before the sunset of the third day from this, be a corpse at the feet of the public executioner. Your blood shall be blackening in the sun; and your heart, that heart of pride, ambition, and weakness, shall be quivering on the point of a Spanish spear."

The picture evidently inflicted fresh and intolerable pain on the suppliant; he lay for a few minutes with his hands strongly clasped, and his head resting on the steps of the shrine. Then, springing up suddenly, he rushed to the altar, and, seizing a massive chain of gold which lay beside the image of the Saint, flung it round his neck. A broad beam of light flashed through the cell, as the count turned round to descend the steps, and the astonished citizen saw, hanging to the chain, the famous lost diamond, blazing in all its original lustre.

"Now," cried the count, with a tone of exultation, "spirit or sorcerer, devil or agent of devils, whatever thou art, I defy thee. With this talisman, I am beyond thy power. With this, I have defied poison,

witchcraft, the bullet, and the sword. With this, I shall scorn Philip the tyrant, and Alva the murderer. I shall never perish by the power of man, or by the arts of fiends."

He was hastily striding from the shrine. The monk stood still, but his voice arrested the impatient steps of the warrior. "Listen, Count Egmont," said he, as if the words came from the lips of a statue; "you shall hear my voice but once again in this world. That talisman shall fail you. It has been your safeguard till now. It has given you unexampled victory, and raised you to high renown. But it has made you purchase them by a terrible price. It has filled you with ambition. If it have saved you from poison, it has infected your soul with the subtler poison of vanity, fame, and the thirst of things so shadowy as the love of the multitude. Wear that talisman, if you will. I here pronounce to you, that it will be your ruin. Happy were the death you should, without it, have died — in the clang of arms, and in the hot blood of the hero. It shall bring victory to your sword, but it shall betray you to the scaffold."

Egmont paused for a moment, put his hand to his star, and seemed about to rend it from his bosom. But the earlier feeling prevailed. With a gesture of scorn at his adviser, he rushed from the cell. The monk stood gazing at the door, then, throwing up the hood, wiped away a tear. "Generous and gallant madman," he soliloquized. "But it must be done. He *must*

fall. Blood for blood!" The astonished citizen saw, in his pale and wild look, the countenance of the Spanish secretary. The monk, after kneeling at the altar, withdrew along the cloister. The citizen, wrapt in doubt whether he had seen the living or the dead, or whether the whole had not been a vision of the perturbed brain, rushed through the door left open by Egmont, and scarcely breathed until he reached the open air, and stood under the heavy shadows of the belfry of St. Gudule.

That night was long memorable in Brussels. No man closed his eyes. A storm of indescribable violence raged through the entire night. Thunder, lightning, rain, and whirlwind, united their fury, in this battle of the elements. But, at midnight, another element more merciless mingled in the general convulsion of nature. The roar of cannon announced the collision of the troops of the Netherlands and Spain. Heavy discharges of musketry, the braying of the Flemish trumpet, the peal of the Spanish kettle-drum, heard successively at all the gates, told that the Spanish positions had been attacked in all quarters. The roar of the cannon and the shouts of the charging squadrons continued until daybreak. The howlings of the tempest rose wilder and wilder still; and, when the first dawn showed the plain around the city, all was devastation: cottages and trees were seen blown down; the villas of the opulent citizens and nobles dismantled; the whole rich fertility of the soil was

laid waste. But, in the quarter where, but the evening before, the crimson banner of Castile waved haughtily over Alva's tent, and the setting sun glowed on a splendid array of tents covered with all the hues of the rainbow, now there was nothing to be seen but a heap of black cinders, swept away from time to time in vast sheets by the whirlwind. It was evident that the Spanish camp had been surprised, the tents burned, and the army beaten and driven from the siege of the capital.

The day passed in anxiety and doubtful enquiries. But evening brought back the body-guard of Count Egmont, covered with Spanish orders, the plunder of the field, and bearing the captured standard of the Spanish general himself. They were received with shouts; but their dejected look showed that they had brought tidings of some heavy misfortune. Those soon transpired. Count Egmont was not to be found. He had led them to unexampled victory. By a display of skill and courage, unequalled in even his own glorious career, he had attacked the whole chain of the Spanish posts at once; had broken through them to the tent of Alva, who escaped only half naked, and by the fleetness of his horse. He had turned the whole Spanish camp into dust and ashes; captured the military chest, the whole of their artillery, and, prize of prizes, the consecrated banner, which the pope had sent to Alva on his march to extirpate the heretics of Flanders. Another blow, and the war must be at an end.

But that blow was not to be given. The great captain who had achieved this triumph was not to be found, dead or alive. He had disappeared; and there were strange stories told of his disappearance. He had been last seen in a charge that broke Alva's favourite cuirassiers; the storm was raging at its height, at the moment of the *melée*, and a tremendous burst of lightning enveloped the combatants in one universal blaze. From that moment Egmont was seen no more. There was some wild mention of a figure, which was seen following him through the night, and which, at the moment of the burst of lightning, had disappeared along with the unfortunate and heroic general.

The night was spent in sorrow for the public loss. But the calamity was triumph to Alva. The relaxation of the pursuit had convinced him that Egmont must have perished; and, with the indefatigable activity that constituted so striking a feature of his character, he instantly broke up his garrisons, formed a fresh army, and, before twenty-four hours had passed, was again at the gates of Brussels.

His emissaries were despatched through Flanders, to obtain tidings of his great enemy; and the tidings soon came. On the evening of the second day after battle Alva had summoned the city. The spirit of its defenders was gone with their chieftain: the gates were opened, and the beaten conqueror, Alva, shorn of all his laurels, yet enjoying all the fruits of victory, marched in unopposed, took possession of the palace,

and proclaimed a reward for the head of Count Egmont, as a traitor to his king, his country, and religion.

On that night the Spanish general gave a sumptuous entertainment to the partizans of his master in the city, and to his chief officers. The banquet lasted till midnight, when it was suddenly interrupted by the arrival of a prisoner, whose name produced a universal sensation of wonder, curiosity, and triumph. The story of his captors was, that, as they were on the point of giving up the pursuit, one of them who lingered in the remoter villages of the province was struck by seeing a gold chain and some jewels in the hands of a family of peasants, evidently unacquainted with their value. The peasants were gathered in front of one of their cottages, and were playing with them as toys. The emissary, disguised as a travelling charlatan, for the better purpose of gaining intelligence, mingled among them, and, by some fantastic story, contrived to discover how the jewels were obtained. The peasants had found them in the field, beside a wounded officer, whom they had conveyed to the next cottage. The wandering soldiers were hastily collected, the cottage was surrounded, and, on a bed of straw lay, apparently unwounded, yet palpably at the brink of death, the hero of the Netherlands, the son of victory, the gallant and undone Count Egmont.

Alva, with the full consciousness of the prize which he had now in his grasp, resolved that no chance

should wrest it from him. By daybreak the council of state was convened; and Egmont was carried, feeble and expiring, before a tribunal, where neither justice nor mercy was to be found. His sentence was speedy. He was to be beheaded before that day was done.

The scaffold, erected in the great square, was surrounded during the day with groupes of silent but mourning citizens, who contrasted the splendours of his brief supremacy with this bitter end. Before sunset, amid a general muster of the Spanish troops, Egmont was brought from his dungeon. But an extraordinary change was wrought on the feeble and fainting figure, whom they had seen borne on the litter to the presence of Alva. He now marched to execution as if he marched to victory. His form seemed to have suddenly assumed its original vigour; his countenance, handsome even in anxiety and disease, now displayed the manly beauty of which it was so long the model; and there was in his dark and vivid glance a fire before which the proudest of his enemies visibly shrank. Arrived at the scaffold, he cast his purse among the Spanish troopers who surrounded it, and, demanding the presence of a confessor, and calmly contemplating the instruments of death, pronounced, in a tone loud enough to be heard by Alva and his train in the palace-windows, that the tyranny of Spain was already shaken in Europe, and that in his blood would be cemented the pillar of Northern

freedom. At this juncture, a movement in the crowd caught his attention for an instant. A Carmelite nun was seen ascending the steps of the scaffold, and imploring a moment to make an important communication to the dying man. The nun advanced, and, throwing back her hood, revealed, to the universal astonishment, the countenance of the Spanish secretary. Egmont started in visible dismay, but the nun rapidly consummated her purpose. She had a brief but a fearful tale to tell. She was Eleanora di Gonzaga, a noble Italian, whom Egmont had loved in his earlier career, but whom he had giddily deserted. The insult had sunk into her soul. She joined the French army as a soldier, with the determination to destroy her faithless lover in the field. It was she who had urged the assailant of Count Egmont in the battle of St. Quentin; and had seen that assailant, her brother, perish under his sword. She had then tried the arts of that magic, which, in those times of darkness and credulity, had a strange power over the mind, scarcely less than all that they pretended to wield. By those arts she had stimulated his ambition, until she pressed him to the verge of ruin. The crown of the Netherlands already glittered in his grasp. She had plundered the jewel-house of the emperor of an unequalled diamond, in which she had persuaded Egmont that a spirit dwelt, which spoke oracles to him, and ensured him safety in the field and success in all his enterprizes. To complete his ruin, she had held a continued

intercourse with Alva, by which, in the disguise of secretary to the count, she had made the Spaniard master of all his plans. Egmont's rashness, gallant vanity, and natural proneness to the love of command, all the attributes of those who are formed to live distinguished lives or die memorable and melancholy deaths, had made him a willing victim to the keen revenge of the tempter. But what is equal to the anguish of woman when her revenge is past and her love returns? She saw Egmont at her feet, undone, and about to expiate his ambition under the Spanish axe; and from that moment she was all despair. But remorse was now too late. She took her resolution; and, putting on the dress which insured her a passage through the fierce, but deeply superstitious, soldiery of Spain, she followed as a nun, to stand beside the dying hour of him in whom her soul was bound up. Egmont listened with astonishment. But her obvious misery of heart, her clasped hands, and dying voice, made him now less her accuser than her comforter. In a few generous and gentle words he forgave her, and bade her live to seek peace at a higher tribunal than that of man, and to do justice to his memory among his fellow-citizens.

The conference had lasted longer than suited the impatience of Alva. He gave a sign to the executioner to advance. Egmont, roused from his reverie, and indignant at this felon death for one who had all but wielded a sceptre, suddenly exclaimed, "Must the

general of the Netherland armies die by the hands of a slave?" "Never!" cried the nun. Drawing a stiletto from her bosom, she instantly plunged it into his heart; and then followed up the blow by plunging it into her own. They fell together on the scaffold. They spoke no word. But the nun, clasping her arms round Egmont, pressed her lips to his, and in that attitude they died. Εως.

THE MOONLIGHT OF THE HEART.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Oh! gaily, in Life's morning bright,
Love speeds the rosy hours,
Illumes each scene with smiling light,
And strews each spot with flowers:
Around his shrine young Hope and Joy
Their fairest gifts impart;
Nor doubts can chill, nor fears destroy,
The Sunshine of the Heart.

Those flowers will droop, those beams must wane,
But, when their glories cease,
A softer spell will still remain,
To soothe the soul to peace;
For then shall Friendship's tranquil rays
A hallowed charm impart,
And cast o'er Life's declining days
The Moonlight of the Heart.

CONRADIN.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

It was about the end of the year 1267, that the young Conradin, aged only sixteen years, arrived at Verona with 10,000 cavalry, to claim the inheritance of which the popes had despoiled his family. Conradin entered the kingdom of his fathers, and met Charles of Anjou in the plain of Tagliacozzo, on the 23rd of August, 1268. A desperate battle ensued: victory long remained doubtful. Two divisions of the army of Charles were already destroyed; and the Germans, who considered themselves the victors, were dispersed in pursuit of the enemy, when the French prince fell on them with his body of reserve, and completely routed them. Conradin was brought to Charles, who, without pity for his youth, esteem for his courage, or respect for his just right, sentenced him to death. He was beheaded in the market-place at Naples, on the 26th of October, 1268.

Sismondi.

The harvest fields shone bright
'Neath the blue Italian sky;
And clustering vines in purple light
From the western hills waved high:
When a distant sound, like gathering seas,
Swept o'er the mild, autumnal breeze.

Again! and, like the blast
Through forests old and drear,
That startling sound in wildness pass'd—
'T was the rush of shield and spear,
The heavy march of warlike men,
Deep echoing through the narrow glen.

O'er stern Abruzzo's height,
A martial horn peals far;

'T is the signal shrill of deadly fight,
The iron voice of war!
Scarf, plume, and banner, wave around:
Proud helmets gleam, and chargers bound.

Who cheers the warriors on?
What chief of glorious deeds?
Ah! where 's the light of Valour gone,
That a crested stripling leads?
Away! the hour of hope redeem;
Lo! here the spears of Anjou gleam!

And yet, that youthful knight
Owns no dishonour'd line;
For, if the Victory crowned the right,
Young Conradin, 't were thine!
Sound, warriors, sound your battle strain!
Ye stand on Tagliacozzo's plain!

Grasp, grasp your brands, and slay!
Hark! like a tempest's roar,
The fiend of battle shrieks for prey,
Bathes his wild sword in gore!
And many a fair and stately head
Lies crushed beneath the chargers' tread.

Where rolls the reddest sea,
Still Conradin speeds there,
To champion immortality,
To triumph o'er despair!

Brave youth! thy foes, the Gauls, give way:
Thine, thine's the noblest sword to-day!

Ho! Anjou to the van!
Thy veterans yield before
This boy, this mockery of a man,
Who tames thy scorn with gore:
Better, methinks, had older hand
Met thy all-famed, all-conquering, band.

Ho! Anjou to the van!
The soul of combat warm;
Or home! and own thy chieftains ran
From Conradin's young arm!
'T will be a warlike deed to tell,
And suit thine ancient minstrel well!

Back! back! the clarions ring!
'T is sword to sword — and, see!
A thousand gallant lances spring
For Gaul and Victory!
What power may turn the conflict now?
Lost — lost! where, Conradin, art thou?

The first upon the field —
The last to quit the fight —
I mark thee all too brave to yield,
Still battling 'midst the flight:
And many a haughty crest is lower'd
Beneath the lightning of thy sword!

The heavy morn rose red
  O'er the sorrowing and the slain;
Where thousands found a gory bed,
  On Tagliacozzo's plain:
And cloven shield, and shatter'd crest,
The havock of the brand confess'd.

Where droops the flower of might,
  Young Conradin, the brave?
Not where the bugle sounds to fight;
  Where rival standards wave:
He moves where frowns the fatal wheel,
The chain, the rack, the headsman's steel!

And may Earth breathe no more
  Her hope, her joy, for him?
Is the bright spring of glory o'er;
  His morn of manhood dim?
Hath Tyranny no milder doom
Than traitor's death, than felon's tomb?

I saw him in that hour
  Of battle's fierce alarm;
When banner'd legions own'd his power,
  And quail'd beneath his arm;
But prouder glance, nor statelier brow,
Nor firmer front, were his, than now.

Mark, Anjou! the stern gleam
  Of that avenging eye

Shall be to thee a living dream,
A curse that may not die:
'T will haunt the midnight of thy mind —
A foe thou canst not slay or bind!

'T is o'er! one startling glare,
One deep and deadly blow,
And headless falls the royal heir
Of Hohenstauffen low!
Wake, Vengeance! nerve the heart and hand!
Strike, Freedom, for thy native land!

THE VOICE OF BIRDS.

BY W. G. THOMPSON.

The voice of birds! the glorious voice which tells
Of joy and rapture in the sunny air,
Of vernal landscapes, in their beauty rare,
And leafy nooks and solemn sylvan dells.
Oh! jocund warblers! how your music swells
Through the glad concave of the beauteous sky,
Making the air one gush of melody,
Entrancing all within your sphere that dwells.
Oh! happy harmonists! 't were sweet to be
A member of your bright and tuneful throng;
To roam the world, the soul of minstrelsy,
And live a life of all-surpassing song;
And then to lie beneath some lofty tree,
Made holy by the breath of our own harmony!

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MARCH OF THE ISRAELITES FROM EGYPT.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE ISRAELITES.

A TRADITION FROM THE COPTIC.

Blessed be the memory of my father Amrou, and of his father Pithom, and of his father Zalapheel. I have built their sepulchre. I have anointed it, perfumed it, and sealed it with the seal of Osarsiph. The dragon, the falcon, and the crocodile, shall guard it from the hand of man. It shall remain for ten thousand years. Egypt shall be dust and ashes, and again she shall be glorious. Again Egypt shall be dust and ashes. She shall again be clothed in purple, and wave the sceptre over the land, from the stormy and ever-rolling sea of the north to the hills where the sun looks down upon the crystal caverns and fathomless gold mines of Ethiopia, and the moon sows the soil with opals and emeralds. And again Egypt shall be dust and ashes, before the hand of man shall unseal the triple guard of the sepulchre of my fathers.

In the chest that contains the mummy of my lord and honoured father Amrou I have laid the papyrus, which tells of the fate of his son in the most awful transaction of my country. It is not written for the eye of mortal man. But, when the ten thousand years of the sepulchre are fled like a dream, and the sages and warriors, the priests and kings, of Egypt, whom our love embalmed, shall come forth from the places

of their rest, and, unswathing their immortal limbs from the mantles of silk wrought with the words of wisdom, and the golden network alone worthy to preserve the holy and the renowned, shall again behold the sun, and rejoice in the coming of the days of glory, and lead the nations of the earth to the oracles of wisdom; then shall I sit beside the waters of the Nile, in the circle of my forefathers and my children, even to the hundredth generation, and read the records of the days of our fame and our terrors, under the lotus tree of immortality.

* * * * *

I was sitting in my tent, at the close of one of those lovely days which usher in the spring of our matchless land, when I was roused by the intelligence that a great tumult had begun among the slaves who worked in the fields. I listened with disdain to the idea, that those hereditary beasts of burthen, those tillers of the soil, those hewers of wood and drawers of water, the abject Hebrews, could lift their eyes against the shining of the spears of Egypt. General of the fourth army of our illustrious kingdom, the army of the golden shield-bearers, who had conquered all the tribes of Nubia and Ethiopia, from the edge of the desert to the highest ridge of the mountains, which make the girdle of the world, I only demanded a word from the footstool of the throne of my king, the son of a hundred kings, to crush those sons of rebellion like the ants of the desert, or scatter them wide like the ashes of the

furnace to all the winds of heaven. I had but just brought back the army from our conquest. It now lay encamped before me — a magnificent sight, spreading to the horizon, with its plunder, its prisoners, and the forest of waving and bright-coloured banners torn from the diamond-turbaned kings of the mountains. Zaraph, the ancient prince of the dwellers in the East Oasis—that spot of living fountains, which looks green in the ocean of sand and fire never passed by man, and whose shores are marked only by the circle of eternity—was sitting at my feet, bound with a silver chain; he was the bravest of our enemies, and at the head of the bravest tribe. But, what could withstand the shield-bearers of Egypt? His horsemen were overthrown, his tent was ashes, and his brazen-headed spear was as the willow in the hands of a child. In the scorn of the hour, I demanded of my royal captive what he thought of the hopes of those Hebrews to break their chains.

"There is no human hope," said the ancient man, "while such an army as that before us lies ready to consume them, as flame consumes the chaff of the harvest floor."

But he pronounced the words with a solemnity unsuited to my scorn; and I again asked him. "No *human* hope," said I, "Prince of the Oasis of Zophir! and what other hope have they? Are they magicians? Can they call up spirits from the fire or the waves? Can they bring the thunder and the hail to fight for them? Can they call the great god Apis, to drive his

people with his horns into the fathomless surges of the Western Sea?"

Zaraph was silent; but his eye was fixed above with a calm intensity, as if he gazed into the heights of heaven, and gazed less with his eye than his mind.

"Mighty chieftain of the mighty," he at length said, and bowed his ancient brow before me, "invincible warrior, favoured pillar of the eternal throne of Misraim, how shall thy servant open the weary lips of age before the son of power and wisdom?"

I honoured the old man for his valour and his years, and, taking him by the hand, bade him speak all that rested on his soul.

"Prince," said he, "I am this day ninety years old; and it is not from the lips of him who longs to be silent for ever that the words of falsehood should flow. But you are a warrior, and you cannot know fear; you are a sage, and you must love truth. Then, let the truth be told. The day of the evil of Egypt is at hand!"

I involuntarily half drew my scimitar. Disdain of the slaves, whose eye should never have dared to lift itself from the dust of Egypt, and even resentment at the rashness of the prisoner who could offer this intolerable insult to the majesty of a kingdom as old as the stars and as imperishable as the foundations of the earth, flashed from my eyes and quivered in my frame. But the laws of Egypt made the prisoner sacred. Reluctantly I checked my wrath; and, dash-

ing the scimitar back into its sheath, bade him go through his whole tale of rebellion.

The old man saw my wrath, and, thrice bowing his turban to the ground, pronounced, in an unchanged voice, "Let the pleasure of my lord be done upon his servant. But, since it is his command that I speak the truth, the truth shall be spoken. The forefathers of Zaraph — may they rest in the shadow of the stars, until the light of the last morning summons them to glory! — were lords of the dwellers in the mountains beyond the sands of Arabia. There they worshipped the lights of heaven. But, a stranger came among them, from the lands beyond the Euphrates — a man of years, of great wealth, and of exceeding wisdom. He was rich in flocks and herds; yet our hand was held back from him. He was bold in his indignation at our altars, yet no man's spear was raised against him. He declared that the time should come when our altars were to be thrown down, our tents turned into coals of fire, and our tribe scattered like the leaves of the date-tree when the fruit has fallen."

"And was there no warrior among you," I exclaimed, "to slay the teller of those evil tidings?"

"All were warriors among us," said the old man, with a look that reminded me of his countenance when I saw him fighting at the head of his fierce horsemen. "But there was a power round the stranger that blunted the edge of our wild fury. He told us of things beyond the thought of man; of the begin-

nings of the heavens and earth; of the place of happiness in which our first ancestors dwelt—lovely as the spirits of heaven, and pure as the dew before it reddens in the dawn—the sovereigns of the earth, crowned with more than the gold and jewels of earth's kings; crowned with the supremacy of beauty, of eternal youth, of unclouded wisdom, of the heirship of glories, to which the moon in her midnight splendour, and the sun in his noonday strength, is pale. The altars of my fathers were smitten down by his hand; the wisdom of our wise men was turned into folly before his mighty words. He was filled with the dark knowledge of things not yet conceived in the womb of the ages of the world. All wondered, many worshipped, and some followed his footsteps through the borders of the land. We would have made him our king: but he declared that he was to be a pilgrim; to wander from land to land, telling the high mysteries of times past and times to come; till, at length, having reached the spot where his course was to be finished, he should there become the father of a nation, vast as the leaves of the forest for number, powerful as the storms of the desert for strength, and bright as the stars of heaven for glory."

The old Arab remained with his lips moving in secret prayer, his hands uplifted, and his fading eyes fixed, as if he saw some of those descending shapes in which the gods once visited our fathers. It was impossible to look upon him without reverence; and I

felt awed by the solemn sincerity of the silver-haired enthusiast. But, was I, the chief of warriors, to be overcome by the superstition of slaves?

"Prince," I said, after a pause, "yours is the land of strange things. The man was a Chaldee, he was a sorcerer, he laid his spells upon your senses. Here we should not have been so willing to listen, and thus not so easy to be deceived. If the slaves have rebelled, their rebellion must be punished; if their sorcerers attempt to mislead them, their sorcerers must be convicted by the wisdom of our wise men, and then put to the death that they deserve."

Our conference was broken off by the sound of a trampling of cavalry. The beating of their shields, and the braying of their trumpets, announced a messenger from the king. Arioch, the royal chamberlain, was the bearer of the message, wrapped in its case of purple. It was a command to march straight for Memphis. The old prince of the Oasis cast a look of sorrow round him, as I read the order; while I involuntarily smiled at the coming disappointment of his prediction. "Not for myself, mighty chieftain," said he, "do I grieve, but for my lord Pharaoh, in whose hand is the life of his people; not for the rebellious sons of the Hebrews, but for the wise, the wealthy, and the prosperous, the sons of Egypt."

The trumpets of the army now sounded for our march without delay. I mounted my star-fronted charger, and was on the point of spurring at the head of my ten

thousand cavalry across the plain, when Zaraph, with almost the vigour of youth, sprang to my foot, and, embracing it, said, "Chieftain, you have been generous to the vanquished, and the sorrows of the captive shall never fall in tears of doubled sorrow on your head. Hear me, then, for the last time. Shed no drop of Hebrew blood! Counsel your king as you will; hate, scorn, deride, the rebellion, as you will; but, again I say to you, let not your scimitar redden with a drop of Hebrew blood. There is a man of wonders among the people. He has seen sights like those shown to the great pilgrim of my fathers. He has been where no other foot of man could tread and live. He has walked in the furnace unconsumed; as the Hebrews have walked on the embers of affliction, and yet survive. He comes alone, but he comes with more than armies. His strength is as the feebleness of second childhood; but vain will be the strength of thrones before him! He comes without silver or gold; but the silver and gold of Egypt will be before him as the dust that he tramples with his feet. He comes without the spear in his hand or the shield upon his bosom; but before him the hosts of Egypt, the conquerors of the mountain, the desert, and the ocean, will be as the bramble of the mountain before the lightning, the sands of the desert before the whirlwind, and the weeds of the ocean before the storm."

His words were pronounced with a deep sincerity which sank into my heart. But this was not the time

for a soldier of Egypt to pause. The glittering squadrons of the royal guard now passed before me — a superb sight. All human feelings, but those of glory, were extinguished in the blaze of their armour and the tossing of their dragon banners. I was all the warrior again. I gave the word "Onward!" It was echoed by ten thousand voices. I gave the reins to my charger, and onward we poured, like a cataract let loose from its precipice, rushing, splendid, and irresistible.

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It was morning when the sound of the harpers and minstrels that salute the rising of the great lord of the heavens brought me with my horsemen before the city gates. I rode straightway to the palace, and prostrated myself before the footstool of the descendant of the conqueror of conquerors, the lamp of wisdom, and brother of heaven, Pharaoh, the king of the kings of the earth. But his countenance was troubled, and no words issued from his lips. All the lords of Misraim stood before him, and all trembled at the tempest that gathered on his brow, and the fires that flashed from his eye.

At length he burst forth in a voice of scornful rage. "Let the rebel be brought before his king! Let the slave come and defy the majesty of the throne of Egypt!"

From the footstool of the royal canopy by which I stood, my view ranged over the vast plain which surrounded the palace. It was crowded, as far as the

eye could reach, with troops and people. Under the brightness of the ascending sun, this enormous extent of turbans and helmets, of spears gleaming in the rays, and of the scarlet and violet-coloured robes of the people, looked like an immeasurable bed of tulips and roses, all animated with sudden life. The sight was such as Egypt alone could offer, and I exulted in its stateliness and beauty. I little dreamed then how soon all was to be shadowed with the colour of the grave.

But, as I looked, the multitude seemed to be moved by some sudden, yet deep, impulse; it heaved to and fro; it shook wildly; and cries of wrath, and shouts of contemptuous laughter, came mingled, even to the royal ears. But the cause remained a mystery, until the portals of the palace opened, and a band of the king's bearers of the bow came forward to the foot of the throne. As their circle opened out, within it were seen two ancient men. The king burst out into haughty laughter at the sight of those two heads of the revolt. He cast his eyes round on the myriads of the troops of Misraim, and on the bold and armed circle of his princes, and said, "Do they war against us with the wind or the straws of their brick-kilns? Is it with the breath of children, or the white hairs of second childhood, that the eternal throne of the Pharaohs is to be confounded?"

The words were echoed and re-echoed round the circle; a smile was on every lip, and scorn in every heart. The

two leaders of the rebellion seemed to all fitter for the sepulchre than for the field. Both had reached that age when the body, though it were of iron, is melting into its original clay; and when the mind is but the memory of itself. Yet, there was a difference in their aspect. The younger was bowed by age; his locks, white as snow, were thin, and his limbs were feeble. The elder still retained something of the warrior. His port was erect, his step firm, and his eye that of the falcon; stately, bold, and endlessly gazing round the multitude, he looked like one of the princes of the Desert. His brother looked like one of the sages that in Babylon sit night by night under the date-groves interpreting the stars. When he spoke, his tongue seemed to refuse its utterance; he shrank from the king's presence, as overawed by its lustre, and timidly gave up the office of speaking before the king to his more fearless brother. Yet there was in his bowed form a dignity which threw the princes round me into eclipse, and in his faint and uncertain voice a tone which penetrated the bosom like the voice from an oracle.

The humility of their appearance saved them. A thousand axe-bearers stood behind the throne, who would have instantly sent their blood reeking into the earth, if Pharaoh had but given the sign. But, what was to be done with two old men? Were the axes of the king to be dipped in blood that was now pale with years?

"Are these the rebels?" Pharaoh demanded contemptuously of the captain of the archers.

"We are not rebels, O king!" was the undaunted answer of the elder of the slaves. "We are the subjects of Egypt; yet neither by war, nor by our law, neither by our will, nor by the will of Him in whose hand are all things."

The sound of his powerful voice, the aspect of his vigorous form, which seemed endowed with a sudden majesty, hushed every murmur of the vast assemblage. As if by some powerful spell, the words were borne to the remotest edge of the multitude, and their tumult sank instantly into a silence like that of the grave. Even from that moment the wisdom of Zaraph came to my mind, and I doubted. But the heart of the king was only as the fire while it still sleeps among the roots of the forest. Bending from the height of the throne, with a glance of mock humility, he asked, what request those new freemen had to make to the king of Egypt. The answer was prompt and fearless. "We demand," said the ancient man, "that we shall be free; and that, as the first and noblest possession of freedom, we shall be suffered to worship the Lord of the Hebrews after the law of our fathers. And for this we demand to go forth with our people, our cattle, and our wealth, into the wilderness."

My eyes were fixed on the countenance of Pharaoh, as the words were spoken. It was as the flame of a furnace. Fury, scorn, and hatred, were struggling in

every feature of his fierce visage. With a cry, he started from his canopy, and, unsheathing his scimitar, rushed down to take vengeance with his own hand on the insulters of his rights and his dignity. But this fate would have honoured them too highly. We threw ourselves round the furious king, and restrained him from an act which would have polluted his sword. A sign from Pharaoh, as we led him back, brought the thousand axe-bearers instantly into the midst of the multitude. All was flight and confusion at the flashing of those weapons which had laid low so many of the princes of Egypt, in the short duration of this merciless reign. The palace portals were instantly emptied of their multitude. But the two Hebrews still remained, utterly unmoved, and as if waiting to make some new appeal when the confusion had subsided.

"Strike them to the earth! Let the rebels be slain, and their flesh given to feed the fowls of the air!" was the command of Pharaoh.

The executioners rushed on them at the word, like the bloodhound upon the deer. Yet still they stood with their arms folded in their robes, and their calm eyes fixed upon heaven. A blaze of steel flashed against the sun as the weapons were raised with one impulse to strike. But no blow fell. They all remained suspended, as if by some preternatural impulse. I looked round the circle of princes; all was mute wonder. I looked upon Pharaoh. His countenance was as the countenance of a man overwhelmed with a sudden

sense of the horrors that were so soon to follow. His frame writhed with anguish, as if the arrow of affliction had gone through his soul. With a groan, he cried out, "Let the slaves begone!" and fell on the ground, convulsed with agony never sent by man.

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The day of the great festival of the Nile came. The multitude poured out of all their cities to worship the god of rivers, the glorious Nile, named in our sacred books "the Rival of the Heavens," the supplier of eternal waters, unborrowed from the fountains of the skies. I stood at the right hand of the throne, as was my place by virtue of my command. All was the loveliness of those days when the infant year blushes with the first flowers, and veils them with the first tender foliage. The pomps of our ancient worship were displayed with a grandeur that awed the heart, and the riches of our people with a profusion that dazzled the eye. The royal maidens, the sacred tribe, who claimed the hereditary right of first drawing the sacred waters in their golden urns, and offering this purest of all tributes to the king; the virgin daughters of the heads of the cities, clothed in white and bearing censers of burning perfumes; the princes of the provinces in their war chariots, covered with precious stones; the whole dazzling and stately luxury of the most opulent land of the earth, spread out before the eye on the banks of the Nile. The river—hallowed and honoured be its name for all generations!—the life-giver of my

beloved and famous land, looked, at that hour, worthy of all the homage of its worshippers. In this season, no floods from the Ethiopian hills rushed down to tinge its beauty with the pollutions of earth; no sands, torn up by the whirlwinds of the desert, stained its bosom. Its blue expanse looked as if it had sprung at the moment from the holy caves, where the spirits of the dead drink the waters of immortality. It was one calm sheet of crystal, one broad, pellucid mirror of the cloudless heaven, calm as the prosperity of our land of luxuriance, and perennial as the fate which had commanded Egypt to be the queen of nations for ever.

I felt like an Egyptian at this sight of beauty, to which the world had no equal; and, when the king descended from his moving throne to throw the first garland, a garland of jewels worth the ransom of kingdoms, into the stream, I instinctively raised my voice among the bursts of song and triumph, which hailed, from the whole horizon round, the supremacy of the god of rivers. Even the sullen countenance of Pharaoh was lighted up: he looked on the noble display with the pride of a king, and felt, in that moment, that his throne was mighty beyond the power of foreign evil or civil hatred to overthrow.

I followed his haughty and eager stride towards the border of the sacred stream. But there stood an obstacle, which broke up all his visions. The two ancient leaders of the rebels stood on the verge of the Nile.

The king, indignant at their presence, commanded them to be instantly slain, and their bodies burnt, as was the custom with those who were accused of insulting the dignity of our worship. But, among the crowd of spearmen who rushed forward to perform his will, none could lay his grasp upon those feeble men. The spear-point hung helpless in the air; the uplifted arm was paralyzed.

While all stood in astonishment, the Hebrews spoke. They boldly demanded once more, that their countrymen should be suffered to take their journey into the Desert. The king scorned an answer, or gave no other than a fierce gesture to his guards once more to seize them. At that instant, the feebler of the two lifted his countenance from the earth for the first time. That countenance is before me still. It had an expression of loftiness and intense power, such as I had never seen in man. As he stood in silent prayer, his brother, without a word, waved his staff over the Nile. How shall I relate what I then saw! My soul still sickens and faints at the recollection. I had been a soldier from my youth up. I had fought from the valley of Misraim to the confines of India. I had seen armies stretched in their own slaughter. But, until that moment, I had never seen, I had never conceived, a whole unbroken flood of carnage. The Nile, our lovely, our resplendent Nile, instantly rushed down before our eyes a torrent of blood — of actual blood — red, as if it had at that instant spouted from the heart of the war-

rior, but vast, as if the hearts of millions and empires had been poured into its channel. The stream, too, was filled with living pollution. It had burst over its banks, and all that it reached died, as if its touch were poison. All perished; and its surface was covered with corpses, all rolling down to the sea. The fish died; the wild beasts, caught in their thickets by the sudden inundation, died; the priests, who had taken their stand on the verge of the sacred stream, were struck with pangs, as if they had plunged into a stream of molten ore. A vapour, deadly as ever breathed from the charnel, uprose and darkened the banks to the horizon.

All was terror. The priests, the minstrels, the royal maidens, the multitude, were all driven madly into flight across the plain. Even there death seemed to pursue them; and, in the agonies of their fear, they cried out that the final hour of the world was come. Some saw the gigantic shapes of our ancient kings bursting the tomb, and reaping the human harvest with the sword. Others saw the serpent arms of the gods of Egypt stretched forth from their clouds, and grasping thousands and tens of thousands in folds of flame. I turned to the king. He was still gazing on the Hebrew leaders with a look of idiotic wonder. They answered not his gaze. Wrapped in their mantles from head to foot, they stood like statues, with their marble eyes upturned to heaven; they were holding high communion with their own thoughts, or, perhaps,

with mightier things than human thoughts. As I bore the king helpless and fainting from the field, I heard a voice: "This is for the blood of the children of the Hebrews."

The voice rang round the plain: it filled the air, it echoed in the forest. I heard it when the sun sank, and the moon shed her solemn light over the afflicted land. In the dead of the night, as I stood in my place by the door of the king's chamber, I heard that voice; and heard it answered by a groan from Pharaoh, as if an Arab shaft had passed through his bosom.

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On the seventh morning, the trumpets sounded to proclaim a solemn feast in the temple built by Psammis. The diviners had triumphed. The glorious river once more flowed in its crystal purity. The arm of the enemies of Egypt was shortened, and the land rejoiced in the firmness of her king. The Hebrews had demanded the freedom of our slaves in vain. Their insult to the majesty of the Egyptian's god had roused the vengeance of the nation, and, from this hour, double chains and tenfold toil were to be their portion. On this day the royal proclamation declared, that the recovered majesty of the river, worshipped under the mystic semblance of its creatures, was to be celebrated by all the lords of Egypt. In the train of Pharaoh, I entered the temple of the Nile.

When will the world see such structures again! In those vast arcades, those colossal ranges of columns,

those boundless roofs that looked like the canopy of the midnight heavens, so far and so wide were they spread above our heads, the heart felt an instinctive sense of the littleness of man. The whole magnificence of the kingly procession now seemed to sink into the magnificence of motes in the sunbeam. Our long lines of priests and princes were diminished into insects, glittering, indeed, with gold and gems, yet still but like the glittering of insects' wings. The clash of our timbrels, the rich uproar of our trumpets, the harmony of our hosts of harpers and singers, was lost in those immense and lofty spaces, like the evening sounds of the grasshopper. All was awful grandeur. We moved along, as if in the bowels of some mighty mountain, which had let us into the secrets of its caverns to rebuke the pride of man.

At length, after winding through those superb recesses to the brazen gates of the central shrine, the priests advanced before all, to begin the rites. The flame of their perfumed torches was the only light, and the smoke of their censers rose, richly clouding that light, as it flashed against the sculptures of the sacred walls. Those sculptures were in themselves a wonder. There was wrought every creeping thing born of the great generating power of nature; every progeny of heat and moisture; every creature of the prolific soil of the Nile; terrible and strange in their shapes, thus shown by the mysterious light of the worship; more terrible and strange still as emblems of those fearful

powers which rule the world of spirits, and appal the guilty dead with endless torment.

But at the moment of sacrifice, when Pharaoh was setting his foot on the steps of the high altar, and the incense was already in his hand to be flung upon the blaze, the two Hebrews stood in his presence. In that hour I felt appalled. All round me was gloom, mystery, and awe. Even the lifeless shapes that by thousands and myriads were wrought out of the face of the rock might have appalled the heart. But at the sight of those two ancient men, thus standing unshaken in the very footsteps of the tyrant, I felt a preternatural consciousness of some unspeakable evil at hand. With the tone and aspect which had defied the king on the banks of the Nile, they now in its temple demanded the instant freedom of the multitudes of Israel.

But they were now far from that sacred stream which they had the power of polluting. They stood under the centre of that mighty temple which, to them, might be a dungeon; they were surrounded by spears and axes, from which there could be no escape. Pharaoh's countenance, exulting in the conviction that his enemies had now rashly thrown themselves into his hand, exhibited all the haughty vindictiveness of his nature. "You demand freedom for your fellow slaves," said he; "first demand it for yourselves." The Jewish leaders were silent. "Well, freedom ye shall have. Before this foot stirs from the spot where I now plant

it, ye shall both be free; free as the flame on yonder altar; free as the ashes of the guilty scattered into the air; free as the gust that wafts them, a sign to all traitors, rebels, for ever!"

As he spoke the word, two bands of the priesthood rushed forward; one to heap fire on the high altar, the other to seize the criminals and throw them into the flame. I shuddered at this horrible sentence, and flung my mantle over my head that I might not see their dying struggles. There was a total silence for a while. I raised the mantle. All was darkness: the furious blaze of the altar had sunk to a glimmer, but, by that expiring light, I could still see the two Hebrews, standing like the shades of the dead, with their pale and solemn faces sternly fixed on the king. At length, I beheld the ominous staff lifted up and waved above the altar. Heavens! what a sight of terror followed! I saw from the embers, which had sunk to their last spark, a volume of sudden fire burst forth, as if from the very entrails of a volcano. Broad gushes of lurid light, that withered the eye, shot up to the roof of the temple, and showed every frowning sculpture, every terrible emblem, every mystic motto hid in the endless tracery of those gigantic vaults, as distinctly as if the sun in his noon had broken through. And still the blaze from the altar spread, till all was conflagration. Founts and cataracts of flame, of every intense splendour, from sulphureous blue to the blaze that looked as if it had passed through blood, darted,

rolled, and whirled, round the walls, entwined every column, and coiled like myriads of enormous serpents along every line and circle of the boundless architecture. All around us, all above us, was fire. Our eyes were dazzled with the glare; our ears were deafened with the roar. Round the foot of the altar a thick and deadly fume arose. It arose from a circle of ashes; the priests, who had stood within the sacred circle, had fallen victims on their own shrine. The flame had enwrapped them, and they were consumed bodily. In this cavern of fire there was now no sound but of the tremendous element that had mastered all. All were dumb with terror; king, priest, warrior, alike withered in soul, all prostrate before the majesty of Death.

From the ground I glanced once more towards the authors of our calamity. They were standing unmoved, unscorched, unterrified. Their hoary locks were even unwaved in the whirlwind, that swept the flame in resistless eddies through the whole range of the temple. At that moment I saw the staff lifted again. Thunder rolled, the walls shook, the flame swelled and volumed with tenfold fury round the walls; and, could I believe my failing senses! the very walls suddenly teemed with hideous life. Every sculpture moved and quivered; the innumerable tribes of reptiles, which the labour of ages had carved in the granite, started into unhallowed vitality. The frog, the lizard, the viper, the scorpion, the toad, every loathsome shape of creeping things, the half-formed offspring of slime, the finned, the

fanged, the hundred-footed, the poisonous, the pestilential, an endless crowd of those fearful sports of Nature, which, in mercy, she conceals from the eye of man in the depths of the waters, all came forth to the light; all swelled to a size in itself revolting and frightful; all in hideous energy revelling, twining, hissing, and hanging their polluted clusters around. The nostrils turned away, the eye recoiled, the touch shuddered, the heart sank at the sight. Still, down they poured, as if the very walls were turned into their living substance; still they dropped, they sprang, they showered, from every spot of the mighty architecture. The curse of reptile life was come to the full upon its worshippers.

At length the very horror of the sight gave us strength. We started from the ground. The king, dismayed, exhausted, and covered with the pallidness of the grave, made a desperate effort to escape, at least, into the day, if there he was to die. I followed his tottering steps. With indescribable difficulty we at last reached the portal of the temple. There we breathed—but no more. All before us was fear and flight. The land was, like the temple, moving with reptile life. Wherever the foot trod, it trod upon reptile life. Wherever the sight glanced, it was startled by some form of loathing. Egypt looked with double horror on the evil done by things which it had once placed on its altars. The food, the drink, the pillow, the hour of rising, the hour of going to rest, all was turned to

loathing; all was fierce repulsion, intolerable disgust, the unspeakable sickness of the senses and the soul. Still on they poured. We were flooded by the reptile tides. We crushed, burned, buried, them in vain. They overwhelmed us by millions of millions. The sky seemed to rain them, the dust to engender them; every tree, every branch, every leaf, cast them forth, till the land grew poisonous; all the employments of human existence stopped, and men, in dying bitterness, cursed the day that they were born.

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New evils were at hand. Our frontier horsemen came flying in with news of war. The Arab chieftains had refused the tribute. They had sent round a banner to all the kindred of Ishmael in the Desert; and the whole border, from Damascus to Pelusium, was in arms, as if by a command of our evil genius. The calamities of Egypt had stirred them up to revolt; and the revolt was about to be followed by furious invasion. I was summoned to the council held in this emergency. The king demanded my advice. It was plainly given. Reprobating the feeble policy which had withdrawn our frontier armies, to waste their valour in watching slaves, I counselled instant vigour. I declared that war must be met by war, rebellion by speedy punishment; and that the royal tribute, if not brought in the hands of the Beni-Ishmael, must be sought for in the ashes of their tents. All applauded the advice: and Pharaoh, throwing over my neck the

golden links of his own sword-chain, and ordering a jewelled robe of state, worth one of the provinces of Egypt, to be hung upon my shoulders, made me on the spot commander of all the armies of Misraim.

I rejoiced in this good fortune. The pomps of Memphis had become fearful in my sight. Wild dreams haunted me. Wilder thoughts came over me, like a cloud, in my waking hours. I had begun to feel strange doubts of the wisdom of that worship, which was as old as the foundations of the throne. I involuntarily asked myself, Could the gods of Egypt be given for its tormentors? Could the power of turning those gods into scorn be given but by some God higher than they? Or, could that higher God, that wielder of the elements, that scorner of the glories and the pride of Egypt, be on the side of injustice? Those feelings rapidly spread over the whole surface of my mind. The sound of war came to me, as the sound of the rushing stream to the traveller in the desert. The fever of my spirit parched me no more. I put on my armour, took my spear in my hand, and marched forth from Memphis at the head of troops that were fit to bear the dragon banner of Egypt to the end of the world.

We made rapid marches along the shore of the Sea of the Desert, that we might meet the rebellious sons of Ishmael before a hoof of their camels should defile the sacred soil of Egypt. All was the exultation of the warrior's heart, as I looked from the heights along the endless columns of chariots, horse, and spearmen,

that moved among the bold hills and rocky valleys bordering that bright and ever billowy sea. But, when we entered on the Desert itself; when we saw the boundless waste spread before us, without path or landmark, without tree or herb, without river or fount, our hearts died within us, and we felt that, in all the grandeur of man, there still is weakness, as the weakness of the sand tost in the whirlwind. Enemy we saw none, but the most unconquerable of all enemies, the Desert; the ground on which we trod, as treading on the floor of a furnace, and the sun, which shot down upon our heads rays as fierce as flights of burning arrows. Against this war what was man? Our horses died of pestilence; our chariots were left broken in the wilderness; the scorching wind pierced us to the bone, withered the nerve of the strong, and made the heart of the bold faint within him. After months of fruitless search for the flying Arabs, whom we could no more reach than we could the clouds of heaven, I gave the word to retrace our steps towards the land of Egypt. Broken and faint as we were, the command was new life to the whole host. It was full of the memory of that luxurious rest which the soul covets in a dry and thirsty land. It told even the meanest heart among our thousands of the pure and refreshing draughts of the Nile, the deep bowers of roses, the olive groves on its banks, the delicious evenings, when, under the vines in the cool air, all was music, serenity, and the simple and undisturbed delights of nature.

By sunset of the third day, the army had reached the brow of the mountains that overlook the valley of the Nile. With the delight of weariness and famine in sight of rest and luxury, we gazed on the immense extent of that richest spot of the bounty of Nature and the labours of man, glittering, like a huge serpent, bright with all the hues of summer, under the light of the descending sun. Groves, gardens, palaces; the solemn beauty of the pyramids, illumined by the rays, like enormous piles of burnished gold; the Nile, the glory of all, floating down in the midst of this unrivalled landscape like a vast vein of molten silver; all lay before us in lovely vision. In universal triumph, we sent up hymns to the protecting gods of Egypt; raised rude altars of the stones of the mountain-tops; and, after hours of carousal, flung ourselves down to sleep, until the morn should bid us go forth into the richness of the land. It was then that I heard, for the first time, from the peasantry of the hills, the long succession of miseries that the wrath of the Hebrew leaders had laid upon my country. But, while those fell, I had been in the wilderness; and happy I now felt the days of toil and the nights of watching, the fiery wind and the scorching sand, which had kept me far from a share in such agonies. Yet, where were their traces now? As if a superior hand had been held over Egypt, to shower fertility on it in recompense for its afflictions, all was now more luxuriant than ever.

My mind still remained disturbed with many thoughts; and, leaving my tent, I took my spear in my hand, and walked forth into the moonlight, which was then lying broad upon the hills, and flooding the tents of my sleeping army with unspeakable lustre. I have never seen a night of such beauty. The sky was a sheet of living azure; the stars, thick as dew-drops on the leaves of the forest, sparkled and shot rays of living diamond; the moon was an orb of serene flame. The whole creation seemed to have assumed a more etherial character. I could have thought that its grosser substance had been suddenly purified and changed into light and life. It was a night on which an irresistible impression of the presence of beings mightier than man subdued the mind. In strange awe I prostrated myself, and offered up a supplication to the great invisible Lord, by whom all this world of wonders lived, to guide me into his knowledge; if the gods of Egypt were divine, to make me their more unfailing worshipper; but, if there were another, mightier than they, another, who bore no shape of created thing, another, not to be worshipped by our fires, nor bowed down to in our temples, nor won by those sad and fearful sacrifices of human life, which Egypt had so long offered to the work of her hands; then, to let me be enlightened by the truth, let the idol have my homage no more, but let me bow down my spirit to the Spirit of Heaven.

When I lifted up my countenance again, a wondrous change had come. The moon was covered with the

hue of blood, the stars had died. All below was dark as the grave. I looked round. My army was locked in a torpor as profound as if it had been drugged with opium. I alone was awake: and fearfully were my senses kept watching. It was midnight. At that moment, an echo, like the burst of a thousand trumpets, broke from the skies. It was followed by the charge of a tremendous army.—The skies opened, and showed flames that took the shape of horse and horseman, chariot and charioteer. A mass of living fire rushed down over Egypt. Leading all, and terribly conspicuous above all, was a form, whose gigantic wings seemed to spread from verge to verge of the horizon. Perpetual shafts of lightning darted from the path of the Destroyer, and a sword, like an angry comet, waved and blazed before him up to the heights of heaven.

In the midst of those overwhelming terrors of the air, I was recalled to the Earth; she had her terrors, too, in that night of vengeance. A cry, as if the whole agony of the human heart and the whole concentrated affliction of an undone people could be poured on the ear at once, smote me. I looked down on the long valley of Egypt. There all slumber was at an end. All was fierce and instant confusion. The multitude were rushing wildly, with torches in their hands, through the cities, as if seeking each other. Palaces, temples, cottages, all poured out their inmates; and all were filled with one vast echo of lamentation. That night was the slaying of the first-born! In every house, in

every field, in every spot where human life could exist and be stricken, there was one dead. The eldest born of the throne, the infant in the dungeon; the heir of the mighty, to whose birth so many eyes looked forward as the last crown of the gods to the prosperity of the princes of the land, was a cold corpse; the heir of nothing but the poverty of his outcast father was equally stricken. The first-born of the cattle in the field, of the sheep in the fold, of the bird in the grove, of the wild beast in the forest, all had fallen. Death had claimed his universal tribute, the first fruits of the land.

In the midst of this mortal ruin, a tempest rose. Furious blasts rushed from the clouds, that now gathered big with thunder. Rain, like cataracts, burst down, tearing up the fertility of the rich expanse of pasture and tillage, garden and bower, beneath. Sheets of lightning that blinded the eye hung quivering over the palace roofs, and they dissolved into dust and ashes under the subtle intensity of the flame. Thunderbolts swept along the ground, and tore up the foundations of tower and temple. It was a night to be much remembered in Egypt.

In the midst of this convulsion of the storm, there came one evil more, the last aggravation of national ruin. In one of the lapses of the whirlwind, I heard the sound of the Desert horn. My blood curdled at the sound. I knew our fate. The Arab robbers were at hand. They had followed us by thousands from the

wilderness, crouching like tigers; and had only waited till the sight of our home should relax the bonds of discipline. They had waited with terrible wisdom; for the night found my army utterly incapable of resisting its wild and wily enemy. Riot, giddy triumph, and reckless indulgence, had cast them all at the feet of their pursuers. Vengeance was speedily sent forth among them. Hearts that never forgave guided blows that never failed. Resistance, feeble from the first, soon degenerated into flight: but what was the flight of startled and terrified multitudes to the keen assault of the horsemen of the Desert, to the instant pursuit, to the iron nerve, to the practised and indefatigable determination of blood! It was no longer a battle, no longer a flight: it was a rout and a massacre. I vainly tried to stem this torrent of ruin. I vainly tried by hand and voice to collect together a few brave men, to rally the broken columns, to cover the last relics of the most splendid army of my country. All was lost. There was a spirit of infatuation sent forth among them, that drove them under the very swords of their destroyers.

The storm still raged. The thunders rolled as if they would rend up the mountains; the flashes from the clouds struck long paths through the forests on their sides, or kindled the thickets into boundless flame. Still the Arabs, as numerous as the locust, and as devouring, gleaned the soil of the last remnant of life, and rested only when there was no more to destroy of that renowned army. How I escaped I know not;

whether by the chance that sometimes so strangely preserves, or by the protection of some diviner guardian. In the midst of the havoc, I found myself carried fighting in a circle of enemies to the summit of the mountain pass. There, double darkness shrouded all the world below from my sight, and there I sank disabled by wounds and intolerable fatigue. I thought that the hand of death was on me. Yet, even in that hour I rejoiced that I had fallen, not in the intrigues of the palace; not in the dungeons which the jealousy of Pharaoh had filled with so many of the noble and the wise of Egypt; not in the hour of guilty excess; not in the hot pursuit of still guiltier ambition; but in the cause of my country. A soldier, I rejoiced in dying the death that does especial honour to a soldier's grave.

* * * * *

The sun rose over a scene of unparalleled devastation. I found myself on the banks of the Nile. During the night, in my distraction, I had descended from the mountain ridge, and wandered madly, I knew not whither. On that ridge I had left my undone army; but I had not left them alone. The morning air was filled with endless flights of the devourers that make their prey of the fallen lords of the creation. The eagle, the vulture, the kite, the falcon, all came rushing in clouds to feast upon the dead. Never was such a banquet spread for them before. They fed on the hearts of the mighty; the flesh of princes was in their talons;

their beaks were red with the gore of the chieftains and conquerors of Asia.

But a new and deep murmur, as of the sea, yet a voice of rejoicing, gathered upon the wind. It rapidly swelled; and I could soon distinctly trace the sounds of the Israelitish tongue. From the gates of Memphis to the foot of the hills all was in motion. As the increasing light penetrated through the vapours that rest so thickly at dawn upon the river, I could mark standards and weapons waving and flashing at the head of columns of men, who seemed countless as the sands of the ocean. And those were the conquerors of Egypt! those were the masters of Pharaoh in his pride and fury of heart; those were the preserved in the chain of the taskmasters, in the war of the elements, in the terrible career of the destroying angel. As they advanced up the valley, by thousands and millions, rolling forward a continual living stream, their hymns ascended, like the sound of distant thunders, when the storm is dying away, and the Earth begins to lift up her countenance again. They sang their deliverance, the praises of their King—'a King of Glory, who, high above all height, had yet looked down on the sorrows of his people; had brought them out of their place of sorrow; had broken off the fetters of two hundred years, and called them forth from the house of bondage.'

I was now sunk in the deepest human affliction. My dreams of human vanity were gone. I was a general without an army, a noble without a name, an Egyptian

without a country. Still, with the spirit of loyalty strong in my soul, I felt that there was guilt upon that country. I had seen Pharaoh in the intimate retirement of his court; and I had known him for a tyrant, remorseless, blind, and bloody. I had bowed myself down to our altars; but I had known the priesthood to be profligate, and the rites cruel. In the bitterness of my soul, I acknowledged that the punishment of Egypt was righteous. And I cast the dust of affliction on my head, as I made the confession to the Sun, that I now saw rising before me, and scattering his beams over the landscape in such cloudless beauty.

But, while I knelt, the multitude came rolling on, below the rock in whose shelter I shrank from the general eye. First advanced the few bearers of weapons, a bold and sinewy race; but rudely armed, to an eye which, like mine, had seen in succession all the glittering troops of the oriental world. Then followed the princes and elders of the tribes, the ancient sons of those twelve blessed by the blessing of increase, from whom the mighty host had flowed — grave and silver-haired councillors, fit to give the law to nations. Then came the innumerable multitude, the twelve tribes, under the banners of their chieftains, the future terrors of the regions of idolatry, with their households and their cattle, their camels, their oxen, and their sheep, laden with the produce of their harvests, the implements of their husbandry, and the wives, handmaidens, and infants, of the people. It was a moving

nation, a whole kingdom suddenly rooted up from its foundations, and sent rolling on to crush all resistance, until it should fix itself in some distant land. Human nature never looked so magnificently powerful as in this universal movement; the heart of man never contemplated so calm yet so irresistible a display of those impulses which change the fates of empire. The eye of man never saw a sight so sublime as this infinite multitude, in all their myriads, advancing into the borders of the wilderness, boldly leaving behind them the land of fertility and loveliness, the land which had been native to them for generations, to march into the Desert, where all was famine, maddening thirst, and superstitious terror.

On the rock at whose foot I lay, overpowered with emotions, fearful from their intensity, yet mixed with a strange delight from their grandeur, two stately men now ascended from the number of the elders, and stood, to issue their commands to the tribes as they successively approached. I at once remembered the two Hebrew leaders. But they were not now as I had seen them before. I had seen them slaves in the presence of their king; victims in the grasp of power; supplicants at the footstool of a tyrant thirsting for their blood. I had seen them in all, dignified, calm, and resolute. Yet, I had seen them in adversity. But now all was changed. They were in their hour of triumph. They had achieved the greatest work that the powers of Heaven ever gave into the hands of

man — the freedom of an entire people. They had inscribed their names among the highest ranks of that roll which gives down the patriot and the hero to immortality. Yet, in those countenances, which I now saw gazing on the measureless current of human existence that flowed far and wide at their feet, I saw no human exultation. There was no touch of scorn for the defeated, none of pride for the conquest. All was joy; but it was the elevated joy of beings who could know mortal passion no more. Their features were filled with a sublime hope. Gratitude, never taught by man, gave a lofty and sacred animation to features originally formed in the mould of grandeur. They looked up to heaven, and seemed to be filled with the spirit of Heaven. They looked on earth, and seemed to reflect upon it the lustre which they had caught from the skies. I could have fallen at their feet and worshipped. I could have grasped the skirt of their robe, and felt virtue proceeding out of it into my heart. I could have kissed the dust on which their glorious footsteps trod, and bade them be my gods, and the gods of my children, and my children's children, for ever.

But I was yet only at the gates of the temple, that temple not built by hands; I was still an outcast idolater, an alien from the white-vestured family of the truth and the life. Yet my hour was not far off. While I still lingered in a tumult of contending thoughts, I heard the hymn of an advancing tribe; it was richer and more triumphant than the fullest song of triumph

that I had heard among all the host. It told of victories to come, to which all the conquests of the sword were false and feeble; victories in which worlds were to be the prize, and which the universe was to witness; defeats of beings of terrible might and unwearied malignity, the fallen throne of the god of this world, the captive prince of the powers of the air; the triumph of beings whose rejoicing was to be for ever, the sons of immortality, the elect of inscrutable wisdom, the heirs of the kingdom which shall shine when the diadems of earth are ashes, when the stars grow dim, and the fabric of the universal world shrinks and consumes like a garment in the flame.

In the midst of this tribe was borne on the shoulders of a band of priests a small temple. As it paused at the foot of the rock, the Hebrew leaders prostrated themselves, the priests prostrated themselves, and the whole multitude fell with their faces to the ground. All was sacred silence. A blaze, of a brightness exceeding the broadest intensity of the sun, exceeding the keenest flash of lightning, yet gentle and undazzling as the moonlight, stooped calmly down from the opening skies, and sat upon the temple, a pillar of splendour to the very heights of heaven.

In that moment of prostration, its light seemed to enter into my inmost frame. The darkness of my soul was driven away like the mists of night before the sunbeams. In that hour I made my vow. It was irrevocable. I threw myself at the feet of the holy

leaders of the people, and implored them that I might be suffered to follow their path through the world. The altars of my country stood before my thought, and were from that instant an abomination to my soul. The people rose from the ground again. The hymn began. The march moved onward. I plunged into the first rivulet that wound across the plain, and mystically washed away with its water all the impurities of my old nature. I was thenceforth an Israelite! I worshipped the King of Kings! and, with a broken spirit, yet with a rejoicing heart, I gave the last look to Egypt, and followed the chosen people into the Wilderness.

Ἱερευς.

A BANQUET SCENE.

BY N. MICHELL, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "THE SIEGE OF CONSTANTINOPLE," &c.

The starry lustre lights the banquet-room,
The flower-crowned urn exhales its rich perfume;
With dreamy music cooling fountains fall,
And paintings breathe their beauty on the wall.
The feast is spread, the goblet circles fast,
And Health and Mirth exult o'er the repast;
Bright faces now from faces grow more bright,
And youthful eyes to eyes are darting light;
The jovial scene e'en brooding Care beguiles,
And pensive Age through all his wrinkles smiles.

H. Richter. del. Pub.d by K. Ackermann London. W. Finden s. sc.

NIGHT.

NIGHT AND LOVE.

The air is blowing wild and sweet
From paths bestrewed with violet;
And sweet from skies as softly blue
On bud and blossom falls the dew;
Enthroned on Ocean's golden breast
The mighty sun is in the West;
But still his parting glories shine
In flame upon the mountain's spine,
Flooding its forest-sheeted side,
As if a molten topaz tide
Were loosened from its fiery brow,
To whelm in light the world below.

I love to see the day's decline,
Tinting the clusters of the vine
Through their rich shade of emerald,
Like eastern kiosks jewel-walled,
That through their deep-veiled luxury
Shew glimpses of a cheek or eye —
A cheek to which the rose is pale,
An eye that speechless tells its tale,
A coral lip that sends its dart
Straight to the gazer's conscious heart.

So Twilight comes, and Twilight goes!
Her emblem, her own weeping rose,

Delicious, deep, but transient too,
As fairy footsteps in her dew,
A lover's oath, a beauty's sigh,
A zephyr's floating minstrelsy,
A morning vision, noonday dream,
A glimpse of joy on life's dark stream —
The softest, sweetest, of all things
That poets ever plumed with wings.

But come, thou, of the soul the queen;
Come Night, grand, solemn, and serene,
Disdaining all Earth's gaudy dyes:
Sultana of the holier skies,
Not thine the purple-tinctured zone
That girds the West's descending throne;
Not thine the solitary star
That studs the Evening's pale tiar;
Dark queen, upon thy turbaned brow
No solitary splendours glow;
But thine 's the mighty galaxy,
The whole vast treasure of the sky.
I see thee in thy palace dome,
Too vast for eye or thought to roam;
With lamps ten thousand thousand hung,
Blazing since Earth and Time were young;
Ten thousand thousand founts of fire,
Blazing till Earth and Time expire.
I see the sweeping of thy robe,
That in its folds enwraps a globe;

I see the lifting of thy hand,
That sheds the spell, deep, silent, bland,
On all wild things beneath the skies,
On lover's ears and woman's eyes,
And with divine oblivion flings
Peace even upon the couch of kings.

But, stooping from the central sky,
What new-born star enchants the eye?
A veil of light, a silvery cloud,
Is round two lovely forms embowed;
Far o'er the hills the meteor streams,
Pavilion of the moon's pale beams:
There lip to glowing lip is prest,
For Night is made for Love's sweet rest;
And there, in murmurs of the dove,
Night tells her gentle tale to Love.

NEW FACES.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, ESQ.

Oh give me new faces, new faces, new faces!
I 've seen those around me a fortnight or more;
Some people grow weary of things or of places,
But persons to me are a much greater bore:
I care not for features — I 'm sure to discover
Some exquisite *trait* in the first that you send;
My fondness falls off when the novelty 's over —
I want a new face for an intimate Friend.

My heart is as genial as Italy's summers,
Attachments take root, and grow green in a day;
Like bloom on the plum, there 's on all the new-
comers
A charm — that must sooner or later decay;
The latest arrival seem'd really perfection,
But now — for some reason I can 't comprehend —
She wearies me so, I must cut the connection —
I want a new face for an intimate Friend.

To-day I may utter a tender expression
To one I to-morrow may probably drop,
But Friendships should come "*hot and hot*," in suc-
cession,
Just like mutton-pies at a pastrycook's shop.
The gardener, too, with *new* crops is provided,
When *one* crop of marrowfats comes to an end;
And why should *my* new crop of Friends be de-
rided?
I want a new face for an intimate Friend.

Mama would persuade me my Friends do not vary,
But that *I* have fickle vagaries forsooth!
Discernment ought not to be called a *vagary*,
I deem it a virtue precocious in youth.
"Be civil," she says, "to a common acquaintance,
Rash Friendships are sure prematurely to end;"
Oh cold hearts may credit so frigid a sentence!
I want a new face for an intimate Friend.

I am not to blame if I seize the most striking
And very *best* points about people at first;
I am not to blame if they outlive my liking,
And leave me at leisure to point out the *worst:*
I am not to blame if I 'm somewhat less gracious
To some I so fluently used to commend;
To *feel* that they bore me is really vexatious!
I *want* a new face for an intimate Friend.

When Mrs. A. came here my joy was uncommon,
I never was happy when not by her side;
"Oh! what an agreeable, sweet little woman!
She will be a great acquisition," I cried.
I called there so often, so fondly I sought her,
My calling so seldom I fear must offend;
But, dear me, she 's not *half* so nice as I thought her!
I want a new face for an intimate Friend.

When Mrs. B. came I forgot *her* completely,
For *we* became just like two leaves on one stalk;
She looked and she spoke so uncommonly sweetly,
Unless we met daily, how dull was my walk!
I thought that her manners were simply enchanting,
But now—what false colours can novelty lend!—
A slight indescribable *something* is wanting!
I want a new face for an intimate Friend.

Miss D. was delightful, till Mrs. E. proved her
By force of comparison flaunting and free;

Then came Lady F. — oh, how fondly I loved her,
Until I was dazzled by dear Mrs. G!
Oh give me new faces, new faces, new faces!
Let novelty sweeten each sample you send;
A fortnight would rub off all grace from the Graces!
I want a new face for an intimate Friend.

FAME.

Say what is Fame? Is it perchance to raise
Such monuments as those of ancient days,
Which, on thy banks, mysterious Nile, withstand
The unceasing ravage of Time's ruthless hand?
These, towering o'er old Egypt's sands, proclaim
The utter nothingness of earthly fame.
Who rear'd those giant piles? We know it not!
Their planners, founders, uses, all forgot.
Or, is it fame to dare the martial strife,
Reckless of right and prodigal of life,
To wade to triumph through a sea of gore,
To conquer the round world and weep for more?
True glory — can it be Ambition's meed?
Ask "Macedonia's madman or the Swede;"
Ask him of late who made and hurl'd down kings,
Swept like a whirlwind on Destruction's wings,
All-grasping — and now owns a narrow grave
In yon lone isle amid the Atlantic wave.

S.

JACK SHADDOCK.

BY ISABEL HILL.

Of all pen-feathered songsters, blest her fate
Who shall preserve sweet Concord with her Mate.

"He deserved to have sat to Sir Walter for his Altamont Bunce, though 't is certain he was never heard of by so great an author!" exclaimed I, as I accidentally stumbled on some long-hoarded scrawls, which reminded me of a departed original.

At my hearer's request I became the oral historian of this poor lad, with some effect. On paper I may not succeed so well; as many a tale which, aided by a tolerable imitation of its hero's manner, may amuse a fireside circle, would ill stand the test of pen and ink, the ordeal of type, or the disenchanting voice of an unconcerned reader. This constitutes, I suppose, the distinction between wit and humour; little as I may have of the latter, I possess not half so much of the former, but feel its infinite superiority.

The reported jests of celebrated wits we take on faith. Great names dazzle us all; but the oddities of an unknown tar may prove dull enough, when narrated by an obscure chronicler, like myself; though I can assure my readers that "they made a great laugh at the time."

Much as hath been done for nautical adventurers, the differences of time, place, individual fate and

nature, will ever vary even portraitures of the same class; and, twenty years ago, the merchant-seamen of Bristol boasted many characteristic peculiarities.

Liverpool was not then what it is. Steam was in its warm cradle — the tea-kettle. We were at war with France and America. Our West India traders sailed under convoy. Their masters (not unfrequently owners also) were called captains. To become so, the sons of respectable families were apprenticed, and quite as much distinguished from those who worked more for hire than promotion as are the midshipmen in men-of-war. Their elders, even while instructing them in their duties, usually preserved some shew of deference. "Sharp there, Master Gardner! — Mind your eye, Master Baker! — Mr. Robinson, sir, bear a hand! — Steady, you young gentlemen!" — was the common cry. So ceremoniously were they all fagged!

On shore there was much buckism among these youths. They cultivated curls and coral brooches, sported pink-striped trowsers, short, but fringed, full, compared with pantaloons, tight, in reference to cossacks. Their shining buckled shoes, their well fitting jackets, adorned with galaxies of metal buttons, their smartly ribanded straw hats, and their loosely knotted black silk handkerchiefs, set off to no mean advantage the personal merits so liberally bestowed on the boys of the West. My betters treated them as equals. I was a child, and looked up to them. They had seen so

much of the world, that is, had travelled so far over the earth, that I fancied they must know a vast deal of life and human nature. And no doubt they thought so too, forgetting that the monotony of ship-board, the necessary confinement with a limited number of beings, uniformly mechanised by discipline, till they resemble Wordsworth's "forty oxen feeding like one," does — no matter what — towards increasing a man's stock of ideas, so it gives him a good one of himself and his own experience.

There was one ship's crew — why should I conceal what can reflect no discredit on any party concerned, while secure of pardon from my friends and fellow-citizens? Why not "tell the tale as 'twas told to me?" The Concord, then, was as trim a sea-boat as ever swam; well fitted for the accommodation of passengers, and the envy of many, from the high rank of her guests. Blithe was the hour when the Warner announced "the good ship's return;" and well requited was the Nigger who first informed the Barbadian dames, that "him see de sarcy queen o' de fleet makin Carlisle Bay."

Her commander, William Wilson — methinks I see his lovely daughters now, and his son, who I suppose reigns in his stead — was a peppery little personage, who would be obeyed, and see his work done; but so brave, skilful, honest, warm-hearted, yet withal so well-bred, that there was not a true man in his service but would have died for him. Three Shaddocks

graced his holy-stoned deck. This is no "purser's name." That race had borne it long ere one of them had even heard of the tropical fruit, with some reference to which it must, notwithstanding, have originally been conferred. George, the first mate, was a large, dark man, of excellent character, who is still, I believe, afloat, though where I know not.

His brother John, second ditto, for symmetry, grace, and comeliness, had few equals; he was rather picturesque and sparkling than majestic, being a slight, agile creature, with a pretty foot, elegant, just rosy hand, deep-hued but shining curls, eyes longer than full, but shapely, clear, and of a liquid grey, curtained by black lashes. His teeth and forehead were splendidly white, his blooming cheeks scarcely freckled, his entire self, in spite of his undaunted spirit, "too fine for working-day wear." His was the candid foppery which burlesques itself, assumed under the confidence of meeting in others a mood as kindly as his own. This was softened by a dash of sentiment, an enthusiasm for poetry, music, and the charms of nature, a sensibility to the good and beautiful, as well as to the ludicrous. Add to this that he was very temperate, moral, and modest, with a piety of his own, which enabled him to defy superstition; that he never swore, though his exclamations had all the energy of oaths: can we then wonder that he was the idol even of those whom he plagued the most, and that his conquests extended from our White Ladies (the house

which sheltered the fugitive Charles II.) to those of Barbadoes?

Edward, the youngest Shaddock, was making one voyage, as a hanger-on or follower, preparatory to his apprenticeship. Besides these relatives, "Jack," with his familiars, had a sworn brother a-board, Thomas Cooke, from his passion for spouting Shakspeare dubbed Horatio by our self-elected Hamlet: this appellative, however, had been so corrupted by the black steward, that its bearer was better known as "Old Rasor." Then there was Peter Jones, the Welsh 'prentice, called, of course, Blue Peter, remarkable for his mountaineer aversion to shoes and stockings; and, finally, added to this human live stock was an amphibious whelp, the size of a (young) donkey, tutored to obey his leader's every word, tone, gesture, and look.

Thus protected, at sea and in port, Jack rose in favour by the very scrapes into and out of which it pleased him to get himself and friends. Was any thing to be smuggled, a more daring yet ingenious agent could not be trusted, as "Doctor Barber," the officer, were he still alive, would confess. Oft as that worthy defeated the contraband schemes of Jack's compeers, for Jack himself the able functionary was no match.

Among the lads of the Venus, Jack had one prime crony, Master Chubb; and once, when he and his shipmates were puzzling themselves, like loyal sub-

jects, how to cheat the revenue, Jack, having previously settled all such matters for the Concord to general satisfaction, volunteered a mischievous diversion in favour of his darling goddess's less fortunate votaries. Accordingly, about noon, he took care to be detected by Mr. Barber, in assisting Blue Peter to hurry through the by-lanes about our quay, carrying a large and heavy sugar-bag. As soon as they were hailed, the young men bore away, till heat and laughter obliged them to rest their burden, and let the enemy gain upon them.

"I zaay, what be a doin wi thic zack, measter?" panted forth the pursuer.

"Zackerdang! castn't guess?" shouted Jack; "'t is full of preserves, and I'll preserve 'em."

"I'd want knaw thy right to 't, Jan Shadduck."

"'Says th' exciseman, let 's see your permit,'" hummed John.

"I tell ee, if you war a gwayn to the Cussum-ous, you oud n't run——"

"T 'other way, likely not. Sure sign that duty 's paid, or the article not liable, my hearty."

"That cock ont vight — what be 't?"

"Stuff that may have been made in England, though one of its names be outlandish. Just my own case; you 'd as good seize me."

"Can't tell but I may, when I 've a auveraul'd thee a bit, like; down we 't, dee hire? put un in thic carner, dreckly, mun!"

"I should n't wonder, and yet again I should. 'To do a great good do a little wrong.' 'Here 's money for my meat.'"

"I wunt be bribed, nor outarg'd, this time, lad, I 'm 'termined. I 'd knaw thee tricks, drat tha! gi'et ta I!"

"I 'd see you sky-high first, and then I would n't."

"Dang it, then, I zeize!"

Barber would have felt as much pride in uttering those words over a pound of tamarinds; but Jack rejoined, "Thou art no Cæsar, Barbarossa! Eyes and old shoes! at thine own peril touch! Wait for some boy, with three-ha'porth of ginger."

A mob, in which more than one of Barber's own brethren shewed themselves, now formed round the disputants. The contested bag seemed inevitably the officer's prize. Even the doughty Jones exclaimed, "Nam a Cod, Master Shaddick! look you, ton't go apout to preak the peace; if you disopey the law, Plue Peter washes his hands of you."

"Stars! never will I basely yield!" cried Jack, with vehemence; "sooner shall my sweet load enrich the murky kennel. Yes, doctor, I will one way satisfy thy curiosity; now, 'lend a serious ear to what I shall unfold,' and well for you if I return what I borrow."

Down went the sack, the string was loosed. "Nelson!" was the cry; and the huge ship-dog, springing from amid the shavings and oakum which had concealed the outline of his form, hung barking at the collar of Barber, who fell into the mud, with a roar of

dismay. A general laugh, even from his own party, was the sole reply; for few of them exercised their ungracious duties with a relish or a rigour equal to that of Nelson's prisoner; and those who had most emulated his zeal had a thousand motives for enjoying, or seeming to enjoy, this catastrophe.

"I be killed! He'll tayr I to witter bits! Help! murder!" cried the fallen.

"He shan't hurt the tip of a whisker," returned John. "Hold him gently, sir. Quiet, I bid you; respect his age, Nel, or you'd better you had. Now, Master, no shindey; don't provoke me to give the word for action, cause if he once claps his flipper upon you in right earnest, why he'll prove worthy of his name, that's all. So, now for terms——"

"Aunlee you put um to me, I'll promuss any thin. Mayk the bargain, an I'll stick to't, Muster Jan."

"'Tis well. Swear then to keep the oath I shall propose—(Silence! you must, Nel)—As you hope to save your neck, and lose your wife——"

"Bayr witness, Marggin, Ivvins, all on ee, I da zwayur."

"That you forthwith repair with Peter Jones, the azure, and as many of your own filthy trade as are here present, none of ye being fit company for 'my dog and I,' to Hole in Wall, Crab in Well, or any house of entertainment, where, at my expense, ye shall consume half an hour in sober tippling, naming your own beverage. Also that you do efface every vestige of your

capsize, and bear no malice. If your clothes be torn, my tailor shall splice 'em; so that this scene, 'like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wreck behind'—nor before neither. This do and thrive; but quit your inn, to prowl and persecute, before the time expires, and my friend here shall send your soul beyond his father-land, to that yet unfound one for which 't is freighted."

The words were nothing; but the mock solemnity of Jack, the upturned looks of the bewildered seizer, the firm, still, attitude of the black, gigantic dog, and the diverted countenances of the bystanders, formed a picture so grotesque, that the poor officer himself, as his conqueror motioned Nelson to let him rise, could not forbear a laugh.

"Bless ee! I da vow t' obey ee, and thankee too," he cried.

"Then here, fine fellow!" said John, to his four-footed bravo, "carry this dollar to the old gentleman. Be comfortable to my Barber, and make much of him!"

The overgrown puppy hugged his late captive most bearishly, licking his face with a vivacity which renewed his alarm. "He has lathered and shaved you nicely, doctor; so, adieu! Mind you drink 'Success to the sons of Venus, and immortality to the glorious memory of Nelson!'"

So saying, John departed, followed by his favourite. The officer understood this farewell hint, and stamped with vexation; but fear and thirst conjoined urged

him to follow his guide; while Shaddock sought his friend Chubb, whom, in less than half an hour, he saw seated at home, amid bales of arrowroot and kegs of rum, which had been safely landed during the scuffle.

That autumn the Concord was nearing Barbadoes, in rather rough weather, when Edward, who frequently pestered his brothers with the frivolous questions natural to an inexperienced boy, interrupted John, while giving some order, by asking—"How 's her head now?"

The reply I forget, but it was about as likely to be a correct one as the old lady's description in the Red Rover, of a vessel "gallantly cutting the waves with her taffrail." Ned was satisfied, and went below; but, in a minute, re-appeared, with George following Captain Wilson, who approached his second mate, muttering betwixt his teeth, "Accustomed as I am, sir, to the liberties you take with your superiors, I did not expect that, at a moment like this, you would dare to send me a false and impertinent answer."

"I received no message, no question, from you, sir — Ned never said ——"

"Suppose he did not, sir; are you, instead of fitting him for service, to teach him nothing but a pack of ridiculous lies?"

"I am no liar!" John retorted. "Tell me I lie before the whole watch!"

"Instead of blustering, it would better become you to ask pardon."

"Sir, the answer was unwise, but the offence unintentional. Between men of honour that would be enough; yet, since you doubt my veracity, sir, some apology is due to *me*."

"Hold your rash tongue, John!" said George, gloomily; "don't make things worse than they are, if you love me."

"If I love you!" repeated Jack. "You, and Ned, Horatio, Peter, Steward, who don't I love? and who that I love don't I play my fool's tricks with?"

"Mighty fine, sir!" cried Wilson; "but let me tell you, I am less than ever to be classed with your playfellows, for you are no longer the Concord's second mate. If you choose to earn a common sailor's wages till we see Barbadoes, do so. There I discharge you; and every captain in the fleet shall hear of your misconduct."

"As you please, sir. I can have a character from a gentleman who knew how to take my jests better than you do."

Wilson clenched and slightly raised his hand; Edward clung to him, sobbing bitterly, and poor George, motioning the refractory Jack to retire, asked—"Who is to take his place, sir?"

"Tom Cooke," was the reply.

"If I do I'm——etcetera'd!" ejaculated that hero from behind them. "What! rise by his fall! Not I! If Jack goes afore the mast, I go too; and, when he's sent adrift, dash me, but I follow in his wake!"

"Teed to cootness, put that's prave, though!" shouted Peter.

"Him jolly boy, Old Rasor!" joined in the Steward; "what a lady-passenger say, if Massa John go worky like nigger? Ki! dat nebbaw do!"

"Eyes, but we shall have a mutiny!" laughed Jack.

"Silence, all hands there!" cried George. His fine face was flushed; and, though he hung his head, the chaste moon betrayed as chaste a tear, which paid tribute to his sense of the favouritism enjoyed by that brother, who, foibles and all, was the pride of his heart and the delight of his eyes.

"Shaddock," said Wilson, taking his hand, "I respect and feel for you, and for little Ned, whom I cuffed for his elder's transgression."

"The devil you did?" muttered Jack, fiercely. Then, relenting, he continued — "Oh, sir! don't visit my sins upon the innocent! He 's vexed enough at my disgrace; and 't is no *lie* for me to say that I feel it most on account of my brothers and friends. I might add more, as I know you hate to be severe, but you would n't believe *my* word."

"Stop, John!" answered Wilson, softening apace; "all I meant was, that what you said in joke to Ned could not be true; you ought to set him a better example, by following that of George. If you were as free from impudence as you are from artifice, I don't think that I could find a fault in you; so, as Cooke won't take your station, go back to your duty, and behave like a

man. And you, fellows, who were so ready to rebel in his cause, follow Blackey, and bid him serve out an extra-allowance of grog, to drown all hostilities."

Jack bowed. George and Thomas cordially shook hands with the reinstated scapegrace, while Ned and Blue Peter danced for joy to Steward's shout of "Wilson por ebbaw! nebbaw say die!"

"Captain," said John, with emotion, "you shall find that gratitude can make even me respectful."

Well and wisely did he conduct himself, till they were safe in port; then his love of land broke forth, and "leave to go ashore" was his constant request. On one occasion Wilson very mildly remonstrated. "Your brother and I," he said, "dine with Mr. Cumberbatch to-day. True, you've nothing to do, and may easily be spared; but don't now, there's a good fellow, run wild, and mix in scenes beneath a lad of your situation. You can't deny that you sometimes stoop even to junket with the free coloured people, at—what do the beasts call their sweltering hops?"

"Dignity balls, sir! Oh, I assure you, we've great fun there, and no harm neither. Such ceremony, such finery, amid the quadroon and mustee damsels; some travellers indeed prefer the blacks; but—I say nothing, except that I'll neither drink nor dance with any of 'em this evening, but take Ned with me, to shew him the charms and wonders of the isle."

This promise John kept. As he was returning early to the vessel, he fell in with George and Cooke. The

former hinted that the captain, a little elevated by Madeira, had just parted with him, to go on board, whither he was following. John confided Edward to his elder brother, proposing to join them, after a quiet stroll on the moonlit beach with his Horatio.

Scarcely were the friends left *tête-à-tête*, when the sound of music, if such it might be called, attracted them towards the gaily illumined store of their mulatto laundress, "Ma'am Lilywhite."

"So that I don't break my word, I may stand by and see the sport," said Jack.

Instead of courting the boisterous welcome with which his appearance at a Dignity was invariably greeted, he concealed himself and companion under a portico, to watch the revels of his "little, tawny, tight ones."

"For Heaven's love!" whispered Horatio, "who do I spy footing it with the dingiest of yon gigglers? Look, Hamlet, look! by jingo, 't is he himself!"

Jack, cramming his handkerchief into his mouth, to check the explosion of a laugh, dragged his friend from the scene. When out of hearing, their risibility would bear no longer control, but burst forth in peals—in roars.

"Belay, belay!" cried John, at last; "I 'll serve it out to him, in fine style! Precious timbers! here 'll be a yarn for all our townsmen! I 'll work up old junk with him yet. To quarters, Rasor, and mum!"

On board they went; but for another hour George had to wonder at the protracted absence of their cap-

tain. At last he came. Jack was keeping watch, and, as Mr. Wilson rather unsteadily approached him, he closed his eyes. The inspector paused to contemplate this supposed breach of duty, and then shook him by the shoulder.

Jack was very apt to babble in his sleep, and now murmured, gradually raising his voice, "Eh? what? 't is false! who says so? I did not enter. Can Horatio have betrayed? — What! Captain Wilson, after warning me, caper with his black washerwoman? Well, sir, if you confess to 't, where 's the shame?" And here he seemed to wake himself with laughing.

His words had been overheard by others besides their subject, and a suppressed chuckle ran from lip to lip. Wilson, ever good-humoured in his cups, hurried his tormentor down the companion into the state-room.

"You rascal!" he began; "you sham-Abraham! I was just going to give it you for napping; but now, I ask you, what do you deserve?"

"Why, a glass of shrub, sir, for keeping myself sober, as I said I would."

"And for coming out with your glowing descriptions, which tempt your betters into the tom-fooleries you are the first to expose?"

"Lord, captain!" exclaimed John, very *naïvely*, "as if you had never done so before! Bless ee! we 're used to all your ways. Are you the only man of us who never heard the songs in which the dusky improvisa —— what 's the word? — celebrated your last

year's condescensions? You stare! Wigs, sir! I could sing you a dozen of their extrumperies."

"One will do, if you can have the face to try it," answered Wilson, not so much crediting this statement as curious to hear our wag's imitation. John instantly assumed such a Coast of Guinea expression of countenance that a beholder might almost have fancied his complexion, features, and hair, changed to match it. He rose, and, tying a silk handkerchief round his waist, by way of an apron, threw himself into a dancing attitude, made a little tray his tambourine, and thus began, though in a louder tone than his auditor desired:

"Ob all da sarcy Concord's crew
Hers cappun's my delight;
Him raly clebbaw man, por true,
Him dancy all a night,
Mid Diana
An Rosanna
Lilywhite.
King ob all da Buckra! nebbaw see da day
Such anodaw come, sa, when him go away!

"Billy Will-sin lucky be,
Cause him genrous cretur;
Blackee Steward no more free
Mid de galls at Dignity;
Nor Blue Peter:
Spose him kissee
Colour missee;
Massa Johnny teach 'em well
Nebbaw, nebbaw, tell!
Duty boun um sing a one cord,
Bless da sarcy Concord!"

The Captain laughed so heartily at this choice lay, that he left himself no right to complain of the numerous echoes which his mirth found in the other listeners to Jack's minstrelsy.

When the ship returned to Bristol, I again met Hamlet and Horatio at a farm-house, whither I was sent for my health. Wilson had recommended his second mate to the Niobe, of which our hero was to be the first.

"I never yet sailed without George and Rasor," said Jack. "I shall miss Ned too, and all of 'em; but — she 's a fine craft, well manned, and prettily armed. I'd like no better chance than to fall in with a Yankee; let one of 'em come athwart my hawse, and, stars! but we 'd shew her some sport. We 're sure of merry weather, for that 's our captain's name. This crying woman will be my third missis; my first is now little better than the pleasure yacht of my old commander. There are no more such masters — though Wilson 's a capital fellow, I must say; but my earliest patron was a cut above that — a reg'lar first-rate. He was *always* called Captain, and eldest brother Master. Well, *he* retired on his fortune, but could not part with his floating palace, though he only airs her about the coast now-a-days, taking his daughter with him. They say he has not met one squall since her name was on the ship's books. Methinks he might brave the wickedest sea that 's known to mariners, with such a venture between decks! Shove your boat off, Tom! 't is no laughing matter; she and I were neither old

enough nor ugly enough to be of the same mess; but 't is all one. He, by this time, maybe, forgets my last voyage with him; but I can't. Never did we think to make the harbour. Badly off enough we were, to be sure, nearing a dangerous part of our shore, in a foul October, and, what's worse, not all of a mind. There were those amongst us who made mouths behind the captain's back, laughed at his nice slippers, and dancing-master legs; just because he did not drink and bully, they thought he was not fit for a sailor; so they hated his favourites. I happened to be one of 'em then — no matter. I felt for him trebly, as master, merchant, and married man; yet I hoped on, in spite of appearances, in spite of all the croakers, did n't I?"

"Ay, ay, sir!" answered Horatio; "and as you hoped you sung. Tip us the stave you made on the occasion; but first I 'll put in my oar, and say for you what you won't say for yourself. Hark to this, my little dizzy, you that 's so fond of 'da mortal bird,' as Steward calls Shakspeare, even afore you're too big to be slipped up the sleeve of my pea jacket — In the midst of toil I caught Hamlet there, humming some words, which he told me he must have picked up out of a book, and now remembered, without trying for it; but the burden was 'ever and anon' part of the sailor-like address with which our captain had inspired us; for sea-phrases, unless in orders, were so rare from him that they went to one's very heart. In a short lull I scrawled down the rhymes, and Jack sung 'em to

our shipmates. They ran like wild-fire from mouth to mouth; and, in the next breeze — a blessed one, I can tell ye — these verses were heard above the storm, from every quarter. I do believe Jack's poetry did as much as his *nous* to save us — and that *was* much."

"Soap! that's a good one! — with a long hook!" uttered John, blushing. "Sing I can't, God help us! but, if you think 't will amuse little Miss, why, take the will for the deed, and here goes!"

Thanked by all present, John, in a sweet, light voice, and to a very appropriate air, chanted with great enthusiasm the following

SONG.

"To't with a will, and hang Despair!
Though storms may rave above us,
We'll nerve our arms by honest prayer,
And thoughts of those who love us;
We'll ne'er desert our gallant bark,
Though breakers heave around her,
And e'en the heavens be frowning dark;
The Matchless must not founder;
Stick to your posts,
Old England's boasts!
This gale brave hearts may weather,
By a long pull,
And a strong pull,
And a pull all together!

"On shore, mayhap, 'twixt friend and friend,
When no man dreamt of danger,
There might be tiffs; but let's defend
Our craft 'gainst slave or stranger;
And with our skipper sink or swim,
As each were born his brother,

For, whatsoe'er we 've known of him,
We 'll ne'er find such another:
Confound his foes!
He toils for those
His heart to life who tether;
With a long pull,
And a strong pull,
And a pull all together!

"He 's like his ship, seen from without,
Old Ocean's brightest rover;
But all the strength which some folks doubt
Shall hours like these discover.
He calls our Matchless *buoyant* still,
And I for one believe him;
I feel as though 't were not God's will
Such hope should e'er deceive him.
While logged at sea,
What *pumps* heeds he,
Save these, of toughest leather,
For a long pull,
And a strong pull,
And a pull all together?

"From little Bob, the cabin-boy,
To honest George, the master,
There 's but one strife of pride and joy —
'T is which shall work the faster.
We sail upon no foreign sea;
Oft in these waves we 've sported;
And 'neath the rocks that loom a-lee
Our sweethearts oft we 've courted:
Let pirate fear,
Or privateer,
We 'll shew not one white feather,
But a long pull,
And a strong pull,
And a pull all together!

"And see, my boys, the clouds disperse,
The billows cease their tumbling;
We've had a squeak; thank God, no worse!
The thunder walks off grumbling.
My blessing on that bonny moon!
She gilds our princely river;
Cappun! we'll dance beneath her soon,
On deck, as gay as ever.
The peril's o'er;
We'll drink on shore—
I scent its blooming heather;
So, a long pull,
And a strong pull,
And a pull all together!"

I have little more to say. John had his wish. They did fall in with an American, and bravely fought. His conduct and courage helped to enable the Briton, though she could not make the enemy her prize, to escape capture herself, and with the loss of only one man, but in him Niobe mourned her fairest child, for that one was Jack. At the age of five and twenty the interesting merchantman fell, mortally wounded. His last words, save a prayer, were reported to me; he smiled as he spoke them.

"Bless all hands, of all colours, for me; men, women, and children. Bid Peter tell Wilson to keep up his dignity, and tell Steward 't is well to be him; his suit of sables is ready made, and a good fit—he need not put himself to the cost of mourning. Give Chubb my dog, but say he must n't set him at old Barber, for the puppy never obeyed any commands to be civil, save from me. Beg Horatio not to let dear

George and poor Ned be too downhearted, for the sake of mother and sisters. My loving duty to my first commander, and — the young lady. Ah! now, I feel the leak! but I never was afraid of going aloft yet. Good bye; we shall meet again. Lay me ship-shape and Bristol fashion. Good bye!"

And so he died, and lies in a grave, briny as the tears which traced their course in furrows on his brother's cheek, deep as the regret with which all who once had seen him must have long remembered poor Jack Shaddock.

LIBERTY.

BY CAPTAIN CALDER CAMPBELL.

WHERE liveth Freedom? To the busy bee,
In the balm incensed gale that bears him on?
He hath his task before him — nor is free
To rest at ease until that task be done!
Each thing on earth that is hath in its core
The stamp of slavery; chains and fetters bind
The thews of our existence. But the wind
That sweepeth, as it listeth, sea or shore,
Alone is free! — All else, man, beast, or bird,
Or weed, or wave, controll'd by time and tide,
Are slaves of circumstance, whose hours of pride
Bend to the influence of the despot-word
Fate utters in its malice! Then, for me
The winds! the charter'd winds! the wild winds, fresh and free!

AN EVERY-DAY TALE.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

WRITTEN IN BEHALF OF A SOCIETY FOR RELIEVING DISTRESSED FEMALES IN THE FIRST MONTH OF THEIR WIDOWHOOD, TO SAVE THEIR LITTLE HOUSEHOLDS FROM BEING BROKEN UP BEFORE THEY CAN PROVIDE MEANS FOR THEIR FUTURE MAINTENANCE.

"The short and simple annals of the poor."
GRAY.

MINE is a tale of every day,
Yet turn not thou thine ear away;
For 't is the bitterest thought of all,
The wormwood added to the gall,
That such a wreck of mortal bliss,
That such a weight of woe as this,
Is no strange thing; but, strange to say,
The tale, the truth, of every-day.

At Mary's birth, her mother smiled
Upon her first, last, only child;
And, at the sight of that young flower,
Forgot the anguish of her hour;
Her pains return'd; she soon forgot
Love, hope, joy, sorrow — she was not!

Her partner stood, like one bereft
Of all — not all — their babe was left;

By the dead mother's side it slept,
Slept sweetly; when it woke, it wept.
"Live, Mary, live! and I will be
Father and mother both to thee!"
The mourner cried, and, while he spake
His breaking heart forbore to break:
Faith, courage, patience, from above,
Flew to the help of fainting love.
While o'er his charge that parent yearn'd,
All woman's tenderness he learn'd,
All woman's waking, sleeping care,
That sleeps not to her babe; her prayer,
Of power to bring upon its head
The richest blessings heaven can shed;
All these he learned, and lived to say,
"My strength was given me as my day."

So the Red Indian of those woods
That echo to Lake Erie's floods,
Reft of his consort in the wild,
Became the *mother* of his child;
Nature (*herself* a mother) saw
His grief, and loosed her kindliest law;
Warm from its fount, life's stream propell'd,
His breasts with sweet nutrition swell'd;
At whose strange springs his infant drew
Milk — as the rose-bud drinks the dew.

Mary from childhood rose to youth,
In paths of innocence and truth:

Train'd by her parent, from her birth,
To go to heaven by way of earth,
She was to him, through downward life,
Both as a daughter and a wife.

Meekness, simplicity, and grace,
Adorn'd her speech, her air, her face;
The soul shone through its earthly mould,
Even as the lily's leaves unfold;
While beauty open'd on the sight,
Like a star trembling into light.

Love found that maiden; Love will find
Way to the coyest maiden's mind;
Love found and tried her, year by year,
With hope deferr'd and boding fear;
To the world's end her hero stray'd;
Tempests and calms his bark delay'd:
What then could her heart-sickness sooth?
'The course of true love ne'er ran smooth!'
Her bosom ached with drear suspense,
Till sharper trouble drove it thence:
Affliction smote her father's brain,
And he became a child again;
Ah! then the prayers, the pangs, the tears,
He breathed, felt, shed, o'er her young years,
That duteous daughter well repaid,
Till in the grave she saw him laid
Beneath her mother's churchyard stone:
There first she felt herself alone;

But while she gazed on that cold heap,
Her parents' bed, and could not weep,
A still, small whisper seem'd to say,
"Strength shall be given thee as thy day."
Then rush'd the tears to her relief,
A bow was in the cloud of grief.

Her wanderer now, from clime to clime,
Return'd, unchanged by tide or time,
True as the morning to the sun;
Mary and William soon were one:
And never rang the village-bells
With sweeter falls or merrier swells
Than when the neighbours, young and old,
Stood at their thresholds to behold
And bless them, till they reach'd the spot,
Where woodbines girdled Mary's cot;
And there, no longer forced to roam,
William found all the world at home;
Yea, more than all the world beside,
A warm, kind heart to his allied.

Twelve years of humble life they spent,
With food and raiment well content:
In flower of youth and flush of health,
They envied not voluptuous wealth;
The wealth of poverty was theirs,
Those riches, without wings or snares,
Which honest hands, by daily toil,
May dig from every generous soil.

A little farm while William till'd,
Mary her household cares fulfill'd;
And love, joy, peace, with guileless mirth,
Sate round their table, warm'd their hearth;
Whence rose, like incense to the skies,
Morning and evening sacrifice,
And contrite spirits found in prayer
That home was heaven, for God was there.

Meanwhile, the May-flowers on their lands
Were yearly pluck'd by younger hands;
New comers watch'd the swallows float,
And mock'd the cuckoo's double note;
Till head o'er head, a slanting line,
They stood — a family of nine,
That might be ten; but ere that day
The father's life was snatch'd away;
Faint from the field one night he came;
Fever had seized his sinewy frame,
And left the strong man, when it pass'd,
Frail as the sere leaf in the blast;
A long, long winter's illness bow'd
His head; spring-daisies deck'd his shroud.

Scarce was he buried out of sight,
Ere his tenth infant sprang to light;
And Mary from her child-bed throes
To instant, utter ruin rose.
Harvests had fail'd, and sickness drain'd
Her frugal stock-purse, long retain'd;

Rents, debts, and taxes, all fell due,
Claimants were loud, resources few,
Small and remote: yet time and care
Her shattered fortunes might repair,
If but a friend, a friend in need —
Such friend would be a friend indeed!—
Would, by a mite of succour lent,
Wrongs irretrievable prevent:
She look'd around for such a one,
And sigh'd, but spake not — "Is there none?"
Ah! if he come not ere an hour,
All will elapse beyond her power;
And homeless, helpless, hopeless, lost,
Mary on this cold world be toss'd,
With all her babes! * * * *

Came such a friend? — I must not say;
Mine is a tale of every day;
But visit thou, in their distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And thou shalt know the worst of all,
The wormwood mingled with the gall;
And thou shalt find such woe as this,
Such breaking up of earthly bliss,
Is no strange thing, but, strange to say,
The tale, the truth, of every day.
Go, VISIT THOU, in their distress,
The WIDOW and the FATHERLESS.

NYRNBERG.

NUREMBERG.

BY H. D. INGLIS, ESQ.

Of all the countries I have visited, save and except Spain, I like no one better than Bavaria. Its charm does not, however, like that of its neighbours, the Tyrol and Switzerland, lie in the beauties of nature, but is chiefly centered in its cities, and the pictures it offers of a happy and contented people. Walk into what city of Bavaria you will, and you will have proof of this; you will see the hand of improvement every where at work; and industry directed in every channel in which it can be made subservient to the wants of opulence, and to the desires and caprices of taste and refinement. You will see a respectable and well dressed population; no rags, no squalidness, no discontented faces: every one carries with him the look of *aisance*. Nor are these signs of prosperity confined to courtly Munich; they are equally visible in the sober and respectable antiquity of Augsburg or Nuremberg.

And where shall we find a more fascinating spectacle than that which is offered to the eye on a holiday evening, in the royal garden of Munich, the public walks of Augsburg, or the square of Nuremberg? Novel, tasteful, and beautiful, are the national dresses

of the Bavarian *bourgeoises.* Take the following picture of the waiting-maid in the hotel at Nuremberg: —a silver head-dress, confining all the back hair, and forming a tiara in front; and a gown, all above the ceinture entirely of silver, with a flowered silk skirt. These silver head-dresses, and silver or gold waisted gowns, form the distinctive national costume of the women of Bavaria, whose countenances and figures are very worthy to be so set off; and, truly, customs like these give great life and beauty to the picture of a street population.

But, apart from these objects of interest and attraction, Nuremberg possesses claims of another kind, claims that arise from its antiquity, and from the sober grandeur of its structures. Who that has strolled through the ancient precincts of Nuremberg, on a fine autumn evening, can have forgotten its old wall and round towers, its castle, called Reichfeste, which carries one back to the middle ages, when the emperors held court there, its fine antique Council House, and, above all, its venerable Cathedral!

It was a burning hot day in July, when, after having admired all that the reader is now admiring in the annexed engraving, from just about the spot where those two women are sitting with their fruits, I took refuge from the noon-day heat within the ample porch of the sacred edifice. How cool, how silent, how imposing! A distant footfall might be heard among the aisles; or,

as the small door occasionally swung open, the hum of life from the busy square would for an instant fill the Cathedral. An inviting retreat in the countries of continental Europe is the cool tranquillity of a sacred fane, from the bustle of streets and the oppression of sunbeams.

What need is there of other illustrator than the pencil of Prout? It tells more, and better tells, than a thousand pens. I have strolled twenty times through the square, and twice twenty times cast my eyes upwards to that noble porch and to those fine Gothic windows, and yet, what more can I tell you than Prout has told? Believe me, if you ever return, as I have, from Nuremberg, you will turn with double delight to the delineations of Prout's graphic pencil.

When I was in Nuremberg, one Franz Hutter kept the *Speisehaus*, which you perceive on the left, under the special protection of the Virgin, who stands above. Many 's the specimen of Bavarian cookery I 've had there. It would now seem, however, that no other than Samuel Prout himself has purchased the lease of the premises. He must be an ambitious man, this Prout; for, not satisfied with administering to the gratification of one of the senses, he now aims at captivating another. Delighting the eye, he would tickle the palate also.

SONG.

BY H. C. DEAKIN, ESQ.

They tell me she 's no longer fair,
That time has swept aside
The lustre of her youthful brow,
Her beauty's blooming pride:
But, if her heart is still the same,
Still gentle as of yore,
Then is she beautiful to me,
More lovely than before.

They tell me that her cheek is pale
As is the twilight hour,
And that her eye hath lost its light,
Her glance its former power:
But, if her soul is still as chaste,
Still gentleness is there,
Then is her eye to me still bright,
Her cheek to me still fair.

For, oh! 't is in the shrined soul
Where Beauty truly dwells,
Where Virtue lives, and Faith exists,
Like pearls in ocean shells.
Give me a feeling, faithful, heart;
Perfection's richest prize —
That is the temple of all love,
Where Beauty never dies.

TRUST NOT TO SEEMING.

BY MISS LAWRANCE,

AUTHOR OF "LONDON IN THE OLDEN TIME."

"Out on thy seeming! I will write against it."

SHAKSPEARE.

THE prosperous and spirit-stirring reign of our maiden queen, that era so abounding in wild, and splendid, and romantic, incidents, that to the eye of posterity it shines like some gorgeous pageant, was yet a period of much anxious excitement and alarm. Plots, that required all the acuteness of Walsingham to detect, and all the patience and laborious skill of Burghley to unravel, followed in almost unbroken succession; while the hosts of conspirators sent over from the continent by the indefatigable enemies of Elizabeth, together with the spies and intelligencers in pay of the government at home, kept the public mind in a constant fever of agitation, and awakened suspicion and distrust in the breast of many a sober, straightforward, citizen, who might otherwise have passed through life undisturbed by thoughts of danger, and unalarmed by fears of impending ill.

At the period at which the events we are about to relate took place, that blow, so long delayed against the unfortunate, but certainly dangerous, Mary, Queen of Scots, had been struck; and that rigorous measure of policy, hailed by the nation as a pledge of internal

security, was viewed by the Papists with feelings of intense indignation. The Pope had issued a bull, declaring the crown of England forfeit; Philip of Spain was preparing that immense naval armament which in the following year suffered so signal a defeat on the shores of our native land; and "most true stories" of most impossible plots, and most outrageous tales of French intrigue and Spanish vengeance, all vouched for by "divers sober and discreet persons," kept the good citizens of London in a constant state of strong but indefinable apprehension.

The autumn evening was fast closing in, when an elderly citizen, Master Wynfield, the mercer at the Indian Queen in Cornhill, wrapped in his long, sad-coloured gown, and leaning on his ivory cross-handled ebony staff, knocked at the door of Master Geoffry Lambarde, the goldsmith, at the Three Dolphins, on the opposite side.

"Come up stairs, mine old friend," said the goldsmith: "come up stairs, and take a cup of sack. Alas! times are sore altered since you and I were first friends."

"That I cannot, good Master Lambarde," returned the mercer; "though I well know who is above stairs, happy as a king. Well! 't is a good youth; and, when young folk have toiled hard through the day, 't is but just that they should enjoy themselves at eventide. But I must take him away, my good neighbour, though Millicent will give me scant thanks for my pains."

"Frank is not here," returned the goldsmith; "he hath made of late his company more scarce than he was wont. Ay, 't is a sad world, and a strange one, too!"

"Frank not here, Master Lambarde?" cried the mercer. "Gramercy, where *can* he be! He hath no loadstars to draw him from home, save your pretty Millicent's bright eyes."

"Alack! there be too many loadstars, I fear me, to draw youth astray in these perilous times," responded the goldsmith mournfully; "why, 't is three days since Master Frank honoured *us* with his company."

"Three days, Master Lambarde! three days! where was he then yester-even?"

"*That* Master Frank best knoweth: but Skelton, our constable, can avouch that, long after nine of the clock — ay, nine of the clock, Master Wynfield — my young springal passeth him, his cap pulled over his brow, his cloak muffled about him, as though it had been a bitter east wind, and some one, he knew not who, was with him. But, what I like worse, and truly these are dangerous times, what with lying varlets who pretend to court-favour, to cozen young men out of their money, what with beggarly gold-makers, who will soon bring your noble to nine-pence, what with cunning gamesters, subtle Papists, and banquerout men who plot against the state, the youth of this good city are, soothly, in no small jeopardy. Come withinside,

my good old friend, for if the saying be true that '*walls* have ears,' public streets have fifty. Sit down, good Master Wynfield; 't is little comfort, Heaven knows, for me to speak or think ill of your nephew, but I may not shut my eyes. Well! this very afternoon I went to Paul's Walk — a young gallant, with long rapier and short purse, having at last promised to pay at the font for a gold chain I sold him full two years ago — thither I went. Well! on I walked, little heeding the clamour, and betting, and boasting, and newsmongering, around me, when, in company with one whose face I could not see, behold you, there was Frank!"

"It could not be he, Master Lambarde," cried the uncle; "Frank had other work to do than to stand hearing idle stories in Paul's Walk."

"Nay, good Master Wynfield, I saw him plainly as I do my own sign. Heaven grant that he were only hearing idle stories! Well! I went onward, and, having made sure of my young gallant's marks, I came back, and there was he still standing, and talking most earnestly."

"It never could be he — I'd wager the best piece of uncut velvet in my shop that it was not he! Ye are clean mistaken, Master Lambarde — many a flat cap and city gown walks there; it was one like him, but not he."

"Nay, Master Wynfield, do but hear me. I got close beside him, and heard his companion say, 'Now ye

will not fail me.'—'Never, by mine honour,' saith he. —'Shall you not be missed?' said the man; to which Frank made so low an answer, that I could not hear it, save the words, 'At eight of the clock.'—'Be secret, then,' said the man, when Frank, turning round, saw me. Gramercy, an I shall soon forget his looks! Had he been taken up for treason against the queen's highness, he could not have turned paler, nor looked more aghast; and then, ere I could get speech of him, he and his companion slunk away."

Master Wynfield sate silently revolving his anxious thoughts for some moments. "This is strange hearing," at length, said he; "but yet, Master Lambarde, I am loath to suspect aught of ill, when I think how toward, and diligent, and well disposed, Frank hath ever been. Hath he not alway shunned evil company? hath he not alway been a very pattern to the youth of the city? Surely, therefore, we should not take all against him at once. If he were in Paul's Walk, it might be no blame; for, though 'tis the very high 'Change of roisterers, rufflers, dicers, and spendthrifts, yet we know that many a poor scholar and many a broken gentleman hath been forced to make Paul's Walk his ordinary."

"Alas, my good old neighbour, 'trust not to seeming.' How many men have we known who for years promised well, and then, behold, all was changed! 'Tis a sorrowful thing, Master Wynfield, to see a thrifty citizen laying up marks and rose-nobles in his double-

locked chest, only for his scapegrace son to waste them at bowling-alleys, cock-pits, and dicing-houses; or, if my young master have higher notions, he shall readily find adventurers to take him a discovery-voyage, from whence he will return poor as the Prodigal; or, spies to draw him into some dangerous service, for which the state will take not only his purse but his head. Ye mind in what peril young Saintlowe fell through carrying a letter, about which he knew nought; and William Fenwick, as stout a Protestant as you or I, had near lost his hand, like Master Stubbes, for speaking out before some intelligencers about Anjou's match."

"Alack! I well remember both. But, good Master Lambarde, what did the man in Paul's Walk look like?"

"Soothly, I could not see his face; and I could discover nought of his dress, he was so wrapped in a grey cloak. I fear me, he was no good, for what could he mean by asking Frank whether 'he should be missed;' moreover, by bidding him to be 'secret;' and, more than all, wherefore, if all were right, should he turn pale when he saw me? Now, good Master Wynfield, pray make strict search, and question him narrowly."

"That will I, Master Lambarde; I will search into this matter diligently, as did my good Lord Burghley into that plot of Babington's. I'll ferret all out, as closely as an intelligencer hunts out popish re-

cusants and seminary priests; I'll be a very Topcliffe in this matter—and yet, it *cannot* be so—'t was alway a worthy youth. Farewell, Master Lambarde."

"Farewell, good neighbour," responded the goldsmith. "On my life, 't is passing strange that a young man bred up in all christian strictness, with the promise of a good trade and a good wife to boot, should take to any underhand courses. Alas! we must 'trust not to seeming.'"

With very different feelings from those with which he entered did the astonished mercer depart from his old neighbour's door. "O! my own nephew, Frank!" said he to himself; "I had liefer six courtiers had gone to the Low Countries in my debt, or, that all my money had gone on a voyage of discovery, than that I had heard this news. Would that I knew all!—and yet, scant pleasure, I fear me, I should have in hearing it."

With a heavy heart he knocked at his door, and, having learned that his nephew was still from home, he forthwith took his way to Master Francis's chamber, determining to commence his new character of intelligencer in the most approved way, by making a rigorous search. He looked into the tall, carved press, which served the purpose of a wardrobe; there, nothing but doublets, cloaks, nether-stocks, all the usual apparel of a young citizen of the days of Elizabeth, whose wealth and station permitted his having "every thing handsome about him," met his view. He care-

fully inspected the bookshelf, where, in sober livery of black velum, stood Hollybande's "Italian Scholemaister," Fox's "Book of Martyrs," Maister Robert Fabyan's "Concordance of Hystories," Robinson's "Handefull of Pleasaunt Delites," and that splendid extravagance, Sydney's "Arcadia," together with many a small thin quarto, for which the learned bibliopole of the present day would willingly give as many pounds as the pence of its original cost: but no suspicious billet dropped from the half-opened leaves.

The cupboard, with its miscellaneous contents, was next ransacked; but among bows and arrows, racquets, quarter-staves, the viol with its gay-coloured ribbon, and the masquing dress of "grene serge, set about with oake and ivy leaves," in which dress twelve city youths welcomed the Lord-Mayor's pageant with most delectable music at the Cheapside conduit — each and all were carefully searched, but no suspicious article detected; and, thankful that his curiosity had been so far foiled, Master Wynfield was leaving the room, when, from beneath the thick quilted coverlet of the low square bedstead, he espied somewhat that shone in bright and glittering contrast. He hastily turned back, and drew out a large cloak of purple plush, edged with rich gold lace, and lined with white watered taffeta. "Gramercy!" exclaimed the mercer, as his well practised eye examined every part, "right Italian plush, real Lyons taffeta! Why, 't is a cloak fit for Sir Walter himself to wear in the presence, and to make with

it a stepping-stone to his fortune. Alack! who could have been in this house rich or noble enough to have worn it!"

The well known knock of his nephew now cut short his soliloquy; and, carefully replacing the mysterious cloak, Master Wynfield descended from the chamber, prepared to meet his nephew in his usual manner, but determined to seize every opportunity of gaining information. Nothing satisfactory, however, could he obtain; the answers of the young man were constrained and guarded; and, mutually ill pleased, both uncle and nephew, before their usual hour, retired to rest.

"There is somewhat that should not be, good Master Lambarde, over yonder," said the constable, the following morning; "do warn poor Master Wynfield: for, behold you, there was Master Francis peeping out at the door, just before daybreak, and a tall man, wrapped in a grey cloak, was walking in view of the house, as though there was some concert between them."

"'T is passing strange," replied the goldsmith; "truly, I know not what to think of it."

"Why, as to that, Master Lambarde," returned the constable, "time will show; and, truly, your honour, such times as these show much in a short time. I shall be wary, I promise you, and see as though I saw not, and hear as though I heard not, as Bayning, who hath been so many years intelligencer, saith is

best. But, good master, have ye heard the last news: how, as Captain Weldon, who hath just come from Portingall, saith, four and twenty young men in the Low Countries, set on by the devilish Jesuits, have bound themselves by an oath to come over and kill the queen's highness and divers of her council; and how that sundry noble ladies (French and Spanish, he saith, but I warrant me there are some nearer home) have sent both money and jewels toward the furthering of that cursed enterprise."

"What, more plots still!" cried the goldsmith. "Alack! then it is time to look about us."

"Truly it is, good Master Lambarde, for Master Bayning saith divers suspicious persons are abroad, and they will doubtless be seeking to entrap the young and the unwary. Heaven grant young Wynfield may be safe! but methought the man in the grey cloak looked not unlike some Jesuit. I will keep sharp look-out, good master; for, truly, in such times, it behoveth us, the city authorities, to be most watchful."

Duly impressed with the magnitude of his office, Master Constable stalked away, fully determined to "comprehend all vagrom men," and, with a valiancy superior to Dogberry's, bid even the greatest man in the city "stand in the queen's name."

Master Lambarde withdrew into his shop, and sat down, absorbed in anxious thoughts of his intended son-in-law, when his old friend, the mercer, entered. "There is somewhat passing strange in Frank's man-

ner," said he, after relating the mysterious incident of the cloak. "He changes colour when I speak to him, and is as wary in his answers as though he were under examination at the council-table. He hath again gone out I know not whither; and here hath been my Lord Hertford's steward to bid me send forthwith to his lordship three pieces of carnation or orange tawny velvet, and sundry pieces of changeable taffeta, for a gown; and I would that Frank could have gone with our serving-man with them, for he is wondrously well spoken, and his words are put forth as though in print; but I know not where to seek him."

"Lord Hertford in town, say you, Master Wynfield? What thoughts of gain, or plans of mischief, could have brought *him* up from Elvetham? 'T is well known all the county round that *he* never goes abroad save to do some despite or to gain some money; and yet, of money he hath more than half our noblemen."

"I know not," replied the mercer: "'t is thought he hath come up on a suit to the queen's highness; but I asked nought. Alas! what need have I to talk or think of other men's matters; I have troubles enow of my own."

"Truly, have you, my good neighbour. Heaven grant things may be better than we fear! But here is Giles; what doth he want with ye?"

"Why, marry, master," said the half-witted boy, who occupied the unenviable station of "servant of

servants" in Master Wynfield's household, "as I came home with the bucket, there was a tall, civil-spoken gentleman prowling about, as it were; so, as neither young master nor you were within, to say 'What do ye lack?' methought I would: whereat he spoke most graciously, and gave me a groat for my pains, and bade me give a letter to Master Wynfield, and be sure to be secret: but, master, as ye well know that I was 'born in cucumber time, and so my brains are water,' I 've clean forgot which of you was to have it. So, methought, I would bring it to the eldest first."

The mercer, with trembling hand, seized the small billet, and tore it open. "I can make nothing out of this; can you, my good friend?" said he, putting it into the goldsmith's hand. Master Lambarde placed his spectacles on his nose, and, with an important air, read it over to himself, and then shook his head mysteriously. The contents were as follow:

"Marks are scarce enow, but of jewels are no lacke. As ye have beane our Palinurus to guide us, our starre to watche for us, so now be our alchemiste. We wille not praye you to turn tinne into golde, but, by aide of the adepts of Lombarde Street, to effecte transmutatione more easily. The younge lyon muste lye perdue, but the faithfulle jackal can be abrode withoute daunger. We shall watche for you alle day — at night, '*te favente*,' eastwarde hoe."

"What meaneth it, think you, Master Lambarde?" cried the mercer, anxiously scanning the features of his neighbour. "Heaven grant poor Frank may not have been inveigled into any danger! 'T was alway a good youth, a stout Protestant too; otherwise, I might

almost fear that some Jesuit had a hand in this letter. I like not figures of speech, Master Lambarde; for wherefore should plain and honest men use aught but plain and honest words?"

"There is truly somewhat most strange here," replied the goldsmith: "but I would counsel ye, my old friend, to go home, and cause strict search to be made after Frank; and, as soon as he is found, take him with you to our alderman, and we shall soon know somewhat more of the matter."

Sorrowfully the mercer departed. When he arrived at home, he found that, in the interim, Francis had returned, had learned the misdirection of the letter, and, apparently in much agitation, had gone away.

Slowly and heavily the day passed on, and it was now twilight; and Millicent, the goldsmith's fair daughter, was sitting disconsolately musing on the mysterious events of the last two days, when a well known tap was heard at the door. "Come in, Master Francis," said she mournfully, "an ye have not forgotten the way." The door was quickly opened, and Francis Wynfield entered. "Well, Master Francis, and what hath brought *you* hither?" resumed Millicent, hiding, beneath an appearance of unconcern, her bitter feelings. "Are ye tired of your new friends, whoever they may be, that you turn again to your old?"

"Speak not so bitterly, Millicent," answered Francis, mournfully. "Alas! I am in great straits, and unless *you* can aid me, I know not what can be done."

"*I* aid you!" replied Millicent, with an expression of indignant surprise. "Ay, truly, new friends may be well enow at revel and banquet; but, for true and hearty service, ye may no more seek it of *them* than songs from the summer birds in winter-time. But, how can *I* aid ye?"

"Indeed you can, dear Millicent, and only you; do not deny me."

Millicent looked earnestly up at the speaker, and marked with surprise the difference that three short days had made on that pale and anxious countenance, so lately beaming with light-hearted pleasure. "Your new friends, Master Francis," said she, bitterly, "have done ye scant service, to bring ye to these ill looks so soon: alas! with so many proofs of the danger of these secret doings, why were ye not warned!"

"Dear Millicent, ye believe me then to be engaged in some plot. Wherefore should ye think so? and yet, wherefore should ye not, since your father and even my uncle think the same. Alas! the enterprise I have embarked in must be gone through with; but do not *you* believe aught wrong of me."

"How can we avoid it, Master Francis?" replied Millicent. "But hasten, and tell me in what way I can serve ye; my father will ere long be home, and he must not see you here."

"No, truly," said Francis, as hesitatingly he drew a small box from beneath his cloak. "It is but a little boon I ask, and yet you will perchance think yet more

ill of me. You well know Master Lacey, the goldsmith, opposite; it would raise suspicion did I go thither; so, if ye would only go to him, and tell him, that as your father is from home you have brought this, for him to give you the value for it immediately, ye would do me great service: it belongs, as he will see, to a noble lady." He opened the box, and put into Millicent's unresisting hand a rich bracelet.

"A noble lady!" cried Millicent, a flush of anger, which was soon succeeded by deadly paleness, mounting to her cheek; "a *noble* lady!" and she looked earnestly at the rich bracelet which she still held in her hand. Even to her unpractised eye, the rows of large pearl and the rich enamelling of the clasp proved it indeed to be a jewel that few beneath the rank of nobility could purchase; and then, anxious thoughts of how Francis could have become possessed of it crowded on her mind.

"Dear Millicent, will ye do mine errand? I will explain all, every thing, in a few, a very few days," said Francis, much agitated: "but we must raise the money to-night—yes, *to-night*, or all will be in vain."

The truth seemed now to flash on the mind of the unhappy girl. Francis Wynfield had certainly been inveigled into some plot; his safety, perhaps his life, depended upon his obtaining means of escape that very night. And then this bracelet—doubtless it had been the gift of some fair popish lady, some foreigner, perchance, who had drawn him into the plot, and the

pleasing, and at this period very popular, ballad of the "Spanish lady," who, with jewels "rich as may be, wooed the Englishmanne," came to her mind, corroborating her suspicions with proofs irrefragably convincing. "Well, Master Francis," said she at length, "I *will* do your errand. Heaven forbid that I should forsake you in your need! So go, stand withoutside Master Lacey's door, and I will there give you the price. Farewell! — alas! this will be the *last* kindness I ever shall do for you."

"Dear, dear, Millicent, say not so," cried Francis.

"Away!" answered she, coldly; "my father must not see you here."

Almost unconsciously did Millicent sink down on the window-seat, when the door opened, her father entered, and, ere she was aware of his presence, he had snatched the bracelet from her unconscious hand. "What is this? who brought it?" said he.

"Francis," murmured Millicent, looking up bewilderedly.

"Francis!" cried the goldsmith; "the young serpent! wherefore?"

"O what have I done!" cried Millicent, now awakened to a sense of the danger to which her unconscious answer had exposed her former lover. "Alas! he is in great distress — let us aid him this once, for I doubt an we shall ever see him again."

"The thankless villain! the ungrateful scatterling!" muttered the goldsmith, as, leaning beside the case-

ment, he anxiously examined the fatal bracelet. "Foreign workmanship — Milan enamelling — ay, ay, he's neck-deep in the plot: but to think that he should try to draw *me* into it — that he should bring my own Millicent a bracelet given him doubtless by some of those vile papist queans! Ay, my fair sir, it shall prove the bitterest bargain ye ever made in your life. — Master Skelton," cried the enraged goldsmith, peeping, as though unwilling to be seen, from his door, "is not Frank Wynfield over yonder?"

"Ay, that's he," replied the constable; "and skulking beside Master Lacey's, as though ashamed to show his face."

"And well may he, Master Constable, well may he; here hath he brought a bracelet to my house, worth, at the least, ten pounds. 'T is as you said; and this is doubtless some part of the jewels. Take him up forthwith: *I*'ve matter against him enow to hang twelve honest men."

Off went the delighted constable, well pleased to find his prediction verified, and yet more pleased with the hopes of secret service money, and laudations of his active zeal, and elevation, perchance, even to the important office of intelligencer.

"Alack! Master Skelton, here's a sore coil; what's this? who have ye been putting in there?" cried Mistress Joan Whitelock, who, in her best three-piled velvet gown, was returning from a friend's house, duly guarded by her two apprentices with club and lantern,

while the rear was brought up by her serving-man. "Nought dangerous to the state, Master Skelton? and yet," looking with much curiosity at the crowd that surrounded the gate-house, "here's somewhat more than common."

"Ay, Madam Whitelock, truly is there, when young men well born and bred get into plots, and consort with Jesuits, to the disgrace of our honourable ward, and to the sore jeopardy of the state," replied the constable, doffing his cap with all due respect to the deputy's lady. "'T is young Wynfield, madam, he of the Indian Queen, and put in here, too, at the charge of worthy Master Lambarde."

"Young Wynfield!" screamed Mistress Joan Whitelock. "Gramercy! on a plot, too! Ay, truly, all Christian folk have reason enow to pray—'From the bishop of Rome, and all his detestable enormities, good Lord deliver us!' Who are the prime movers? as the proclamations say."

"That we know not at the present, madam," returned the constable. "There is one I would we might have caught — a Jesuit at the least, I promise ye. We went to work warily, madam, and, you see, I and two of the watch seized him, as he was standing just beside Master Lacey's. He struggled hard, though, and had like to have got away, for what can Gerrard Batt do, whose one side hath been struck with palsy ever since last March winds? But 'he'll do for one of the watch,' saith Alderman Leatherhead; and so we

are behoved to keep him. So, seeing my young springal was like to get away, I called out for help in the queen's name, and up comes the very grey-cloaked scatterling that, with Master Francis and some more of his crew, hath been playing at barley-break these three nights. 'Take this,' saith our prisoner, throwing him a large, sealed pacquet; and off flew Master Greycoat, like the devil in Doctor Faustus. Now, there were doubtless important papers in that."

"Ay, truly; but I am sorely grieved for poor young Wynfield; 'tis as fair a youth as one might see in a long summer's day. Now, as to old seminary priests and grim-looking Jesuits, like Ballard and Parsons, and all that crew, I 'd care not an they were hanged by the dozen: but there is no danger of *this* kind to the poor youth, I trust, Master Skelton?"

"Why, truly, by my halidom," replied the constable, with a mysterious shrug," things, methinks, will go hard with him. 'Twill be a wondrous cast of fortune an he have not a ride up Holborn-hill at the city's cost and charges, and a dinner of hemp-seed at the thirteen-penny ordinary."

"Ill news flies apace," nor did this form any exception to the proverbial rule. Nothing else was talked of throughout the whole city. Fears of all sorts of dangers, not the less alarming because undefinable, perplexed the minds of many a moneyed man, and dreams of plots and papists haunted the slumbers of many a

sturdy protestant; and when, on the following day, at St. Michael's, Dr. Bound gave out, at the close of the sabbath service, that favourite hymn which supplicates defence "from Pope and Turk," the whole ward of Cornhill joined in the melody with tenfold zeal and with tenfold noise. And warmly and kindly did his neighbours crowd around poor Master Wynfield, each offering condolence and advice, as he disconsolately returned from church. "But, alack, poor man!" said Mistress Joan Whitelock to her gossips, "he was not in tune for it, and all our comfortings were just as much thrown away as the music of the city waits is on a man in a dead swoon. Ah, well! great folk have their troubles as well as we citizens, for ye have heard, I trow, about my Lord Hertford, and wherefore he hath come to town. A worse than Turk, a complete Sarazin, that he is, to come raging, like a roaring lion, like a very Tamburlaine, because his son, my young Lord Beauchamp, hath been married to a knight's daughter; whereupon he locked him up, and sought to take measures to dissolve the marriage. Well! the poor young lord escapes, and comes, they say, to London; and now after him comes this vile Lord Hertford, swearing he will petition the queen to put his own son in the Tower. So, my worthy lord forgot his own nine years' durance, for his marriage with my Lady Catherine Grey. I bid poor Master Wynfield send a petition to him, praying his kind offices for his nephew; for the poor lady, his wife, stood god-mother to

young Frank. Alack! poor soul! 'trust not to seeming,' saith Master Lambarde; and, truly, an young Wynfield be found guilty, I 'll never trust to seeming so long as I live."

"Good Master Wynfield," resumed the kind-hearted and indefatigable Mistress Whitelock, entering, early the next morning, the small back parlour, where the poor mercer sate almost heart-broken, "have ye the petition to my Lord Hertford? For, an it be ready, the Deputy, and Master Lacey, and Master Maynarde, and Dr. Bound too, will take charge of it. They will be here erelong; so keep up your spirits, good neighbour; all yet may be well."

"I *have* kept up my spirits, Madam Whitelock," replied the mercer, with a deep sigh; "but this last news hath quite overset me."

"What news, what, good Master Wynfield?"

"Alas! woe worth the day! Frank is even now under examination before the council—ay, when it comes to examinations, we all know what will be the end. I saw the order, Madam Whitelock, signed by Lord Burghley's own hand; and he was taken away two hours ago, Heaven knows wherefore!"

This sad and unexpected news interposed a temporary check even to the everflowing current of Mistress Joan Whitelock's conversation; for the intelligence sounded almost like a sentence of death against the unfortunate young man. Nor was her alarm groundless. So wary and so profound was the policy

of the court of Elizabeth, that, of the almost countless number imprisoned during her reign on suspicion of treason, scarcely one who was *wholly* innocent was ever committed; while there is scarcely an instance on record of a single individual being brought for examination before the council, who did not receive sentence of long and rigorous imprisonment, if not of death.

Silent and sorrowful did the poor mercer sit, absolutely bowed down with the weight of this unexpected trouble, when the door opened, and several of the neighbours entered. "Ay, come in, good people," sobbed Mistress Whitelock; "here 's a doleful chance! here 's a sorrowful fortune for a sober, responsible, housekeeper of our ward!"

"A right goodly chance, Madam Whitelock," cried the constable; "and, soothly, though methought I might gain somewhat by ferreting out this plot, which after all is no plot at all, yet for Master Francis's sake I am fit to throw up my cap and cry holiday."

"No plot!" cried Master Lambarde; "was there not the cloak, and the man that nobody knew, and the pacquet, and the bracelet?"

"Ay, truly, there were all these," replied a handsome young man, very richly dressed, coming forward, "but, remember, good Master Lambarde, ye must 'trust not to seeming.' Good morrow, Master Wynfield; ye remember this cloak, I trow." The old mercer raised his eyes, and gazed bewilderedly at the speaker.

Yes, it was the self-same cloak—purple plush, guarded with gold lace, and lined with white watered taffeta.

"Off with your cap, Master Wynfield!—'t is my Lord Beauchamp!" whispered the constable.

"My Lord Beauchamp!" screamed Mistress Joan Whitelock; "that sweet young nobleman, who was put in durance by his cruel father! Ay, I see it all. Frank hath aided his escape, and gained over my Lord Burghley to speak to the queen's highness about him."

"It is even so," replied Lord Beauchamp, smiling; "and this is the only plot we have been engaged in. Ye well know, good people, how fierce my father was when he discovered my marriage, and how I escaped from the durance in which for many months he kept me. When I arrived in London, I knew not to whom to fly; when I bethought me that, as my lady-mother had stood god-mother to Francis, he perchance might aid me."

"Noble sir, would ye had come to me!" cried the mercer.

"So could I," replied Lord Beauchamp, "but then my father would have known it; whereas, had he ever so closely questioned you, ye could tell him nought. Well! I sent a petition to my Lord Burghley, praying him to take me as a ward of the court; but, receiving no answer, and finding that my father was actually in London, I sent for my lady, and determined to go beyond seas. Money was scarce, but jewels

were plenty; and it was in the attempt to dispose of one of my lady's bracelets that my kind friend met his sad mischance. The man in the grey cloak was my faithful serving-man: when poor Francis was taken, he chanced to be by, and he threw him the pacquet, which contained the remainder of our jewels. But, how could we quit England, and leave our faithfullest friend in such jeopardy? I immediately took horse, rode to Theobald's, and surrendered myself to my lord-treasurer. Well was it that I did so; for, through his kind offices, I have gained the favour of the queen's highness, and Francis was this day sent for to the council, only that he might be honourably discharged. Come forward, Master Lambarde, and retract your hard sayings, for Frank hath never been otherwise than he seemeth."

"Soothly, my lord," replied the goldsmith, timidly coming forward, "I was sorely enraged against poor Frank, and, truly, as things appeared, had I not full cause? Well! forgive me, Frank, forgive me for the sake of Millicent; but, soothly, as to my hard sayings, methinks I have now more cause than ever to say 'trust not to seeming.'"

Six weeks after, the bells of St. Michael's rang their merriest peal, and every inhabitant of the ward of Cornhill, except those who were bed-ridden, crowded round the church-door, to gaze on the gay wedding procession that returned from thence to feast sumptuously at Master Lambarde's. A splendid array it

was: for not merely one of the sheriffs, but two scarlet-robed aldermen, and Lord and Lady Beauchamp, were among the train; while the very bracelet that had caused Francis Wynfield's sorrowful mischance clasped the slender wrist of his beautiful bride.

FOREST SCENERY.

BY THE REV. R. POLWHELE.

THERE was a time, when all the pomp of woods
Curtain'd the sacred carnes, and swept the floods;
When, far within the forest, white cascades
Flash'd o'er the steeps, and verdure cloth'd the glades:
Then, to the torrent's roar, the rock-stone's yell,
Down Fraud or Ignorance adoring fell!
And night-birds shriek'd, and flew the lightning's shaft,
Wing'd by despotic power or priestly craft.

In other climes, a crag, a stream, a bird,
('T was the same influence) sway'd the unletter'd herd.
There, bold Ambition bade her minions rear
To dastard Guilt or superstitious Fear
The amazing monument and tower sublime,
To send her glories down to distant time;
And, where the Tyrant over millions trod,
Nail'd to a narrow niche the future god.
There, as Caprice scoop'd out re-echoing dells,
Domes sprang from bowers, and pyramids from cells:

And, idly wrapt in one stupendous gloom,
A province frown'd a temple or a tomb.

Hence dire Anubis scared the Egyptian crowd;
And swart Assyria to her Belus bow'd.
Snatch'd from the flaming altars of the East,
Her Baal-fires blazing to the new-moon feast
Pale Danmon view'd; and kneel'd in every dell,
From every cromlech, to the Assyrian Bel;
Oft from her vipers hiss'd, or sent a groan
Prophetic from her mighty Logan-stone;
Blew from her shrilling trumps the blasts of war;
And mow'd down thousands from her scythed car;
And bade cold Horror all its rites exhaust,
Triumphant, in the unearthly holocaust.

Thus many an age survey'd thy wilds, Dartmoor!
Scene of Druidic rites, Druidic lore;
Till Superstition the drear heathland fled,
And with a milder aspect rear'd her head;
Amidst those vales, that skirt the forest, shrined,
To Roman auguries drew the common mind;
Soft for another Flora smooth'd the green,
And won to gentler sighs the Cyprian queen.
And scarce a whispering tree could Zephyr fan
Ere some young Dryad danced to sylvan Pan:
A blushing nymph peep'd from each shady nook,
And sparkled to some Naïad every brook.

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THE EMIGRANT'S DAUGHTER.

THE EMIGRANT'S DAUGHTER.

BY MISS PARDOE.

There is a willow grows askant the brook,
That shews his hoar leaves in the glassy stream:
Therewith fantastic garlands did she make,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples.

SHAKSPEARE.

How I first became acquainted with the emigrant marquis de St. Ange imports not to any one; we were neighbours, and, in spite of national habits and national prejudices, we were friends also. Monsieur de St. Ange was one of the *ancien régime;* tall, and stately, proud of his high birth, and, even amid her crimes and her degradation, of his country. He subsequently recovered a large portion of his ancestral possessions; and, with a buoyant heart, he disposed of his estate in England, and passed over to France. For some months his departure made a blank in our social circle, painful to every one: we recounted to each other the most puerile anecdotes of our Gallic friend; hung even on the memory of his failings; talked of his generous attachment to his unhappy country, his courteous suavity, his high breeding, and the sincerity of his heart. But, ere we had exhausted a theme so grateful to us all, he again appeared in the neighbourhood; re-purchased at an immense accession of price his beautiful villa and grounds; and became

once more the courteous guest, the good neighbour, and the trustworthy friend. In one respect only was he changed: there was a gloom, a hopelessness, clinging to him, an unwillingness to allude to himself or his own affairs, which betrayed heart-sickness and despondency. His walks, which before his departure had been long and healthful, were now mere mechanical exertions, made evidently more from a sense of the duty which he owed to himself than from any view to relaxation or enjoyment. For hours he was immured in his own dwelling, inaccessible to even the most esteemed of his acquaintance; and there was a mysterious importance in the bearing of all the members of his limited establishment, which conveyed the consciousness of some secret of magnitude confided to them. That secret was as religiously kept as it was trustingly confided; for not until I heard it from his own lips did I even guess at its melancholy nature.

"Listen to me, Everard," said the marquis, one day, as we sat together in a retired part of his grounds; "listen, and learn how much man may endure, and yet live. Romancers talk of broken hearts — it is but romance, for mine has not broken. In my youth, I was proud and wealthy, and hope sketched visions never to be embodied. On my father's death, I succeeded to his possessions; I mourned for him, but I mourned not in bitterness, for he died in peace, and his son closed his eyes. I married; I became myself a father: my blue-eyed girl was my joy — my pride.

She was the bequest of a loved wife, who died in making it; and I cherished her alike for her mother's sake and for her own. Through infancy, youth, and womanhood, I watched over her as those only can watch, who have set all their hopes and affections on one venture; and she repaid my tenderness. I bestowed her on a worthy husband: one on whom her young heart doted, and with whom, even loving her as I did, I was content to share it. Two years we lived on happily, save that twice I clasped a cherub boy to my fond bosom; and twice the cold grave closed over the fair offspring of my Emilie. *Then* I murmured at this bereavement; but I have since learned to bow my head in thankfulness at the dispensation.

"To you, I need not dwell on the miseries of my unhappy and misguided country: enough that I was hunted down by the blood-hounds of the revolution, and obliged to fly. I parted from my child, my only one: the husband of Emilie was among those who yet hoped that the current of popular fury might be turned; and he would not share my flight. I could not wrench asunder the sacred bond which united him to my daughter, and she clung to him as to existence. My story is a short one to tell; misery needs but few words to paint it. He fell a martyr to his noble trust and confidence in the redeeming penitence of villains; but they told me—despise not these tears; *you* are not a father, and to you they may seem but weakness

—they told me that my child, my gentle, blue-eyed child, was among friends, and reconciled to her irremediable bereavement! I would have flown to comfort her, but I was checked by the assurance that my presence might endanger both myself and her; for myself, as Heaven is my witness, I cared not, but her safety was dearer to me than existence, and I yielded to their arguments. It may have been, nay, it surely was, a pious fraud, for it saved me some bitter months of suffering. You remember how joyously I hurried back to my native country, when I could do so, as I fondly thought, with safety to us both. I found my child—do I live to utter it?—a *maniac!* When I clasped her to my heart, she laughed out as she clung to me, and told me that Eugène was gone to bring back her boys——"

St. Ange paused: deep and heavy sobs burst from him, as it seemed, unconsciously, and I was scarcely less affected. At length, he grasped my arm, and, struggling for composure, he said hurriedly, "She is here, in a strange country, and she is insensible to the change. She is under the roof of her father, and she knows him not: this, *this* is the most painful blow of all! Did she but remember me, when I hold her to my heart—but no, no, it is vain." After a pause, he drew his hand suddenly across his eyes, and motioned to me to follow him. I obeyed in silence. We traversed a court beside the house, and St. Ange opened a low door, which led from it. I started, as a wild,

sweet, monotonous, chant fell on my ear. "Fear nothing," said the wretched father, with forced and unnatural composure; "it is the voice of Emilie." Still more affected, I followed him in silence, as he led the way to her apartment.

When we entered, a respectable, kind-looking matron rose, and retired, casting, as she did so, a look of respectful sympathy on the marquis. The room was spacious; and the windows opened on a lovely terrace, gay with the choicest flowers. In the centre of the floor knelt the maniac, sketching with a pencil an outline of the murderous guillotine! There was a coldness in her large, finely-set eyes, which marred in some degree the brightness of her beauty; but sufficient still remained to strike the least observant. She wore a black dress, over which her long, loose, auburn hair fell like a cloud of gold; she had entwined a few rosebuds carelessly in it, with intuitive taste; and they hung there, as though in mockery of the pale cheek and the cold, blank eyes beneath them. She rose as we entered, and clung to her father; while she gazed eagerly on me, as if to recognise some face familiar to her in happier days: but at length she turned away, murmuring to herself, "No, no; he is young; and there is a fire in his eye, and a glow upon his cheek, but he is not Eugène. Do you know Eugène? he is gone to bring back my boys. Look at that old man — they say that he is my father! but they are mad; they say, too, that I am a wife, yet Eu-

gène is not here; that I am the mother of two blooming boys, but it cannot be, for I am alone, and dear ones do not forsake those who love them. There was a shouting of the multitude — I remember it well — the sun was shining through the stained glass of the chapel-windows, and I was on my knees: I believe I prayed that day, and it is well that I did so, for I have never prayed since. There were loud shouts, curses, and maledictions; and some one told me the world was visited with madness, and that there lacked space to hold the maniacs — I told them *they* raved also, for the world is wide enough for all. There were groans, as of men about to die, and women were shrieking out their requiem — poor fools! what had they to do amid scenes like these? I prayed long and fervently that day, and then I slept — oh, I love sleep! Last night, Eugène and my boys were with me: they love not the broad light, or the gay flowers, and they come to me only in the night season. Do you know Eugène? I will talk to him of you when he comes again; but now I am too weary."

And she turned away, and sang, at the pitch of her voice, one of the revolutionary ballads! The transition from the low, soft murmur in which she had hitherto spoken, to the shrill, loud voice in which she pealed out the murder-breathing words of the song, was appalling; and I instinctively turned to mark their effect upon St. Ange. He leant, pale and tearless, against the door; but his eyes anxiously followed the unhappy

Emilie, as erect and stately she paced the apartment, uttering words which had probably been the signals of her own misery. With some difficulty I at length withdrew the wretched father from the apartment. I could not utter a word. This was a misery beyond all consolation from human lips, and I forbore to offer any. Again and again did St. Ange essay to speak, but he could not; and finally he pressed me to his heart with a convulsive effort, and turned abruptly away.

I saw the unhappy Emilie but once more; for I shunned a renewal of the wretchedness which I had experienced at our first interview. I was wandering through the retired and beautiful grounds of the marquis, when I heard the sound of laughter: so unusual a circumstance in that spot, consecrated as it had ever hitherto been to solitude and sorrow, startled me; it was like the gay, gladsome laugh of a happy child, so sweet, and thrilling, and graceful, in its hilarity, that I never suspected for an instant whose were the lips which had given it utterance.

I was standing on the border of a small lake, that reflected, like a mirror, the luxuriant outline of the tall trees by which it was nearly enclosed, and the sound came from beyond a superb weeping willow, whose branches cast their shadow far along its waves. This was the accustomed haunt of my unhappy friend, the very spot on which he had told me the tale of his secret wretchedness. I could not bear to hear the

light tone of mirth, mocking, as it seemed to me, the melancholy associations connected with the place; and I hastily thrust aside the pendent branches to dislodge the intruder. I started back: I was within ten paces of Emilie. If I had wept over her blighted beauty, clad in the sables in which I had first beheld her, how much more deeply did I feel for the suffering St. Ange as I looked upon her now! She was dressed in her bridal robe; and, flung carelessly about her, she wore the splendid scarf which the marquis had once shewn to me as the marriage gift of Eugène. Her hair was garlanded with flowers, and beside her lay a branch of white roses: the smile had left her lips, and her cheek was pale as marble. A change had come over the vision of her distempered fancy, and the laughter had turned to tears. She was on her knees; indeed she seldom retained for any length of time a less painful position: the act of devotion in which her mind was exhaled had never departed from her memory, and her sports, her sorrows, and her fears, were alike blended with prayer.

She motioned me to her side, and I obeyed. She bade me remark her bridal dress, and told me that she was waiting for Eugène. Something she said of flowers, and how she loved them, because the spirits of the mourned and martyred dead dwelt among them, and breathed upon their leaves: she pointed to the still water, and to the blue sky, and whispered me to speak low lest I should awaken them from their sleep. Once

she uttered the name of her father, but it was idly and without emotion, with that withering indifference which is tenfold more bitter than passion. Suddenly she raised her finger to her lip, in the attitude of listening; and I caught faintly in the distance the voice of the matron who attended her, and from whom, with the cunning of madness, she had contrived for an instant to escape. Laughing wildly, like a truant child detected and yet fearless of reproof, she sprang from the earth, and bounded towards the voice.

She went alone, for I felt wholly unable to follow. I watched her anxiously, as her figure appeared at intervals among the trees; the white drapery gleaming like streaks of light in the dense shadows of the luxuriant foliage; and I sighed the heart's sigh as I remembered that *mind* was extinct, probably for ever, in the fair being on whom I looked! The hand of Heaven was upon her: to human eyes it seemed to have pressed heavily; and yet surely in its visitation it was merciful, for how many memories of misery and bereavement had it not wiped away!

I turned slowly and sadly from the spot; and, as I entered my peaceful home, I fervently thanked Providence that there was another and a better world, in which even St. Ange might yet know happiness, and be blessed in a re-union of sympathy with his ill-fated child.

Emilie de Villecour now sleeps in peace in the little churchyard of the neighbouring village. For a few

hours, she knew and communed with her father; they talked together of Eugène; of her dead boys; and of her own long unconsciousness of evil. St. Ange hung fondly over her, and could not, would not, be persuaded that life was rapidly ebbing away. At length, a faint, beautiful smile settled upon her lips; her hands were pressed more forcibly together upon her bosom, where reposed a little crucifix, the last gift of her martyred husband! St. Ange bent down to listen for the sound of her low breathing—but he listened in vain—her trials were at an end, and she slept with her loved ones.

Every passenger pauses to look on that narrow grave. Two willows have been planted there by the hand of her fond father; and a plain pedestal of white marble supports an urn at its head, on which is graven the single word—EMILIE. It is enough!

THE FIRST LOOK.

BY LEONTINE.

A STRANGER 's look! Then whence arose
  The magic of its spell?
O neither in that moment knows
  What both shall know too well!
It was a message to the heart,
  The heart sprang forth to hear;
Where thoughts to thoughts instinctive dart,
  Untold by sigh or tear.

What might it mean? Ah! could they guess
The all the heart's wild throbs express!

They cannot guess; or, if there be
A spirit in their dream,
That through the passions' mystery
Sends forth its prophet beam,
The wild revealing doth but glide
Around the veiled shrine,
A whisper rather than a guide,
Half earthly, half divine,
A shadow of that unknown fate
That stands beyond the Future's gate.

And they believe the wizard doom—
Believe, because they feel;
And visions o'er the spirit come,
And round the senses steal
A witchery, a nameless pow'r,
Attraction, charm, and chain;
Illusion binds the panting hour,
Till pleasure's sigh grows pain;
And then around the circle move
The torments, doubts, and fears, of Love.

Perchance it may be theirs to float
On Passion's swelling sea,
While golden clouds look down and doat
On tides of harmony;

Perchance the haunted shore is gain'd,
And gain'd the temple door,
And in the hand the chalice strain'd
That blesseth evermore.
O that first look! Such joy may be,
And still the soul glance back to thee!

Perchance it may be theirs to mark
The tempest with her frown
Descend from her ill-omen'd ark,
To weigh their pinnace down;
Perchance, with baffled heart and brain,
Dash'd on an adverse coast,
The ice of torpor falls on pain,
Till love itself is lost.
But even then the soul shall go
To find the look it treasured so!

Thou sceptic of the harden'd brow,
Attend to Nature's cry!
Her sacred essence breathes the glow
O'er that thou wouldst deny:
Shake from thy heart the doubts that mock,
Nor in her presence dare
To taunt with scorn the thrilling shock,
Which but forestals her pray'r;
Thy weakness in the stricken hour
Shall pay the penance to her pow'r.

THE VACANT CHAIR.

BY JOHN MACKAY WILSON, ESQ.

You have all heard of the Cheviot mountains. If you have not, they are a rough, rugged, majestic, chain of hills, which a poet might term the Roman wall of Nature; crowned with snow, belted with storms, surrounded by pastures and fruitful fields, and still dividing the northern portion of Great Britain from the southern. With their proud summits piercing the clouds, and their dark rocky declivities frowning upon the plains below, they appear symbolical of the wild and untameable spirits of the Borderers who once inhabited their sides. We say, you have all heard of the Cheviots, and know them to be very high hills, like a huge clasp rivetting England and Scotland together; but we are not aware that you may have heard of Marchlaw, an old, grey-looking farm-house, substantial as a modern fortress, recently, and, for aught we know to the contrary, still inhabited by Peter Elliot, the proprietor of some five hundred surrounding acres. The boundaries of Peter's farm indeed were defined neither by fields, hedges, nor stone walls. A wooden stake here, and a stone there, at considerable distances from each other, were the general landmarks; but neither Peter nor his neighbours considered a few acres worth quarrelling about;

and their sheep frequently visited each other's pastures in a friendly way, harmoniously sharing a family dinner in the same spirit as their masters made themselves free at each other's table.

Peter was placed in very unpleasant circumstances, owing to the situation of Marchlaw-house, which unfortunately was built immediately across the "ideal line" dividing the two kingdoms; and his misfortune was, that, being born within it, he knew not whether he was an Englishman or a Scotchman. He could trace his ancestral line no farther back than his great-grandfather, who, it appeared from the family Bible, had, together with his grandfather and father, claimed Marchlaw as his birth-place. They, however, were not involved in the same perplexities as their descendant. The parlour was distinctly acknowledged to be in Scotland, and two thirds of the kitchen were as certainly allowed to be in England; his three ancestors were born in the room over the parlour, and therefore were Scotchmen beyond question; but Peter, unluckily, being brought into the world before the death of his grandfather, his parents occupied a room immediately over the debateable boundary line, which crossed the kitchen. The room, though scarcely eight feet square, was evidently situated between the two countries; but, no one being able to ascertain what portion belonged to each, Peter, after many arguments and altercations upon the subject, was driven to the disagreeable alternative of confessing he knew not what

countryman he was. What rendered the confession the more painful was, it was Peter's highest ambition to be thought a Scotchman; all his arable land lay on the Scotch side; his mother was collaterally related to the Stuarts; and few families were more ancient or respectable than the Elliots. Peter's speech, indeed, bewrayed him to be a walking partition between the two kingdoms, a living representation of the Union; for in one word he pronounced the letter *r* with the broad, masculine sound of the North Briton, and in the next with the liquid *burr* of the Northumbrians.

Peter, or, if you prefer it, Peter Elliot, Esquire, of Marchlaw, in the counties of Northumberland and Roxburgh, was for many years the best runner, leaper, and wrestler, between Wooler and Jedburgh. Whirled from his hand the ponderous bullet whizzed through the air like a pigeon on the wing; and the best putter on the Borders quailed from competition. As a feather in his grasp, he seized the unwieldy hammer, swept it round and round his head, accompanying with agile limb its evolutions, swiftly as swallows play around a circle, and hurled it from his hands like a shot from a rifle, till antagonists shrank back, and the spectators burst into a shout. "Well done, Squire! the Squire for ever!" once exclaimed a servile observer of titles. "Squire! wha are ye squiring at?" returned Peter. "Confound ye! where was ye when I was christened Squire! My name's Peter

Elliot—your man, or ony body's man, at whatever they like!"

Peter's soul was free, bounding, and buoyant, as the wind that carolled in a zephyr, or shouted in a hurricane, upon his native hills; and his body was thirteen stone of healthy, substantial flesh steeped in the spirits of life. He had been long married, but marriage had wrought no change upon him. They who suppose that wedlock transforms the lark into an owl offer an insult to the lovely beings who, brightening our darkest hours with the smiles of affection, teach us that that only is unbecoming in the husband which is disgraceful in the man. Nearly twenty years had passed over them, but Janet was still as kind, and in his eyes as beautiful, as when, bestowing on him her hand, she blushed her vows at the altar; and he was still as happy, as generous, and as free. Nine fair children sat around their domestic hearth, and one, the youngling of the flock, smiled upon its mother's knee. Peter had never known sorrow; he was blest in his wife, in his children, in his flocks. He had become richer than his fathers. He was beloved by his neighbours, the tillers of his ground, and his herdsmen; yea, no man envied his prosperity. But a blight passed over the harvest of his joys, and gall was rained into the cup of his felicity.

It was Christmas-day, and a more melancholy-looking sun never rose on a 25th of December. One vast, sable cloud, like a universal pall, overspread the

heavens. For weeks, the ground had been covered with clear, dazzling snow; and as, throughout the day, the rain continued its unwearied and monotonous drizzle, the earth assumed a character and appearance melancholy and troubled as the heavens. Like a mastiff that has lost its owner, the wind howled dolefully down the glens, and was re-echoed from the caves of the mountains, as the lamentations of a legion of invisible spirits. The frowning, snow-clad precipices were instinct with motion, as avalanche upon avalanche, the larger burying the less, crowded downward in their tremendous journey to the plain. The simple mountain rills had assumed the majesty of rivers; the broader streams were swollen into the wild torrent, and, gushing forth as cataracts in fury and in foam, enveloped the valleys in an angry flood. But at Marchlaw the fire blazed blithely; the kitchen groaned beneath the load of preparations for a joyful feast; and glad faces glided from room to room.

Peter Elliot kept Christmas, not so much because it was Christmas, as in honour of its being the birthday of Thomas, his first-born, who that day entered his nineteenth year. With a father's love his heart yearned for all his children, but Thomas was the pride of his eyes. Cards of apology had not then found their way among our Border hills; and, as all knew that, although Peter admitted no spirits within his threshold, nor a drunkard at his table, he was nevertheless no niggard in his hospitality, his invitations

were accepted without ceremony. The guests were assembled; and, the kitchen being the only apartment in the building large enough to contain them, the cloth was spread upon a long, clear, oaken table, stretching from England into Scotland. On the English end of the board were placed a ponderous plum-pudding studded with temptation, and a smoking sirloin; on Scotland, a savoury and well seasoned haggis, with a sheep's head and trotters: while the intermediate space was filled with the good things in this life common to both kingdoms and to the season.

The guests from the north and from the south were arranged promiscuously. Every seat was filled — save one. The chair by Peter's right hand remained unoccupied. He had raised his hand before his eyes, and besought a blessing on what was placed before them, and was preparing to carve for his visiters, when his eyes fell upon the vacant chair. The knife dropped upon the table. Anxiety flashed across his countenance, like an arrow from an unseen hand.

"Janet, where is Thomas?" he enquired; "have none o' ye seen him?" and without waiting an answer he continued, "How is it possible he can be absent at a time like this? And on such a day, too? Excuse me a minute, friends, till I just step out and see if I can find him. Since ever I kept this day, as many o' ye ken, he has always been at my right hand in that very chair, and I canna think o' beginning our dinner while I see it empty."

"If the filling of the chair be all," said a pert young sheep-farmer, named Johnson, "I will step into it till Master Thomas arrive."

"Ye are not a faither, young man," said Peter, and walked out of the room.

Minute succeeded minute, but Peter returned not. The guests became hungry, peevish, and gloomy, while an excellent dinner continued spoiling before them. Mrs. Elliot, whose good-nature was the most prominent feature in her character, strove by every possible effort to beguile the unpleasant impressions she perceived gathering upon their countenances.

"Peter is just as bad as him," she remarked, "to have gone to seek him when he kenned the dinner wouldna keep. And I am sure Thomas kenned it would be ready at one o'clock to a minute. It is sae unthinking and unfriendly like to keep folk waiting." And, endeavouring to smile upon a beautiful black-haired girl of seventeen, who sat by her elbow, she continued, in an anxious whisper, "Did ye see naething o' him, Elizabeth, hinny?"

The maiden blushed deeply; the question evidently gave freedom to a tear, which had for some time been an unwilling prisoner in the brightest eyes in the room; and the monosyllable "No," that trembled from her lips, was audible only to the ear of the enquirer. In vain Mrs. Elliot dispatched one of her children after another, in quest of their father and brother; they came and went, but brought no tidings

more cheering than the moaning of the hollow wind. Minutes rolled into hours, yet neither came. She perceived the prouder of her guests preparing to withdraw, and observing that 'Thomas's absence was so singular and unaccountable, and so unlike either him or his faither, she didna ken what apology to make to her friends for such treatment; but it was needless waiting, and begged they would use no ceremony, but just begin.'

No second invitation was necessary. Good-humour appeared to be restored; and sirloins, pies, pasties, and moorfowl, began to disappear like the lost son. For a moment, Mrs. Elliot apparently partook in the restoration of cheerfulness; but a low sigh at her elbow again drove the colour from her rosy cheeks. Her eye wandered to the farther end of the table, and rested on the unoccupied seat of her husband and the vacant chair of her first-born. Her heart fell heavily within her; all the mother gushed into her bosom; and, rising from the table, "What in the world can be the meaning o' this?" said she, as she hurried with a troubled countenance towards the door. Her husband met her on the threshold.

"Where have ye been, Peter?" said she, eagerly; "have ye seen naething o' him?"

"Naething! naething!" replied he; "is he no cast up yet?" and, with a melancholy glance, his eyes sought an answer in the deserted chair. His lips quivered, his tongue faltered.

"Gude forgie me!" said he: "and such a day for even an enemy to be out in! I've been up and down every way that I can think on, but not a living creature has seen or heard tell o' him. Ye 'll excuse me, neighbours," he added, leaving the house; "I must away again, for I canna rest."

"I ken by myself, friends," said Adam Bell, a decent-looking Northumbrian, "that a faither's heart is as sensitive as the apple o' his ee; and I think we would show a want o' natural sympathy and respect for our worthy neighbour, if we didna every one get his foot into the stirrup without loss o' time, and assist him in his search. For, in my rough, country way o' thinking, it must be something particularly out o' the common that could tempt Thomas to be amissing. Indeed, I needna say *tempt*, for there could be no inclination in the way. And our hills," he concluded in a lower tone, "are not ow'r chancy in other respects besides the breaking up o' the storm."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Elliot, wringing her hands, "I have had the coming o' this about me for days and days. My head was growing dizzy with happiness, but thoughts came stealing upon me like ghosts, and I felt a lonely soughing about my heart, without being able to tell the cause — but the cause is come at last! And my dear Thomas — the very pride and staff o' my life — is lost! — lost to me for ever!"

"I ken, Mrs. Elliot," replied the Northumbrian, "it is an easy matter to say compose yourself, for

them that dinna ken what it is to feel. But, at the same time, in our plain, country way o' thinking, we are always ready to believe the worst. I've often heard my faither say, and I've as often remarked it myself, that, before any thing happens to a body, there is *a something* comes ow'r them, like a cloud before the face o' the sun; a sort of dumb whispering about the breast from the other world. And though I trust there is naething o' the kind in your case, yet, as ye observe, when I find myself growing dizzy, as it were, with happiness, it makes good a saying o' my mother's, poor body!—'Bairns, bairns,' she used to say, 'there is ow'r muckle singing in your heads to-night; we will have a shower before bed-time:' and I never in my born days saw it fail."

At any other period, Mr. Bell's dissertation on presentiments would have been found a fitting text on which to hang all the dreams, wraiths, warnings, and marvellous circumstances, that had been handed down to the company from the days of their grandfathers; but, in the present instance, they were too much occupied in consultation regarding the different routes to be taken in their search.

Twelve horsemen and some half-dozen pedestrians were seen hurrying in divers directions from March-law, as the last faint lights of a melancholy day were yielding to the heavy darkness which appeared pressing in solid masses down the sides of the mountains. The wives and daughters of the party were

alone left with the disconsolate mother, who alternately pressed her weeping children to her heart, and told them to weep not, for their brother would soon return; while the tears stole down her own cheeks, and the infant in her arms wept because its mother wept. Her friends strove with each other to inspire hope, and poured upon her ear their mingled and loquacious consolation. But one remained silent. The daughter of Adam Bell, who sat by Mrs. Elliot's elbow at table, had shrunk into an obscure corner of the room. Before her face she held a handkerchief wet with tears. Her bosom throbbed convulsively; and, as occasionally her broken sighs burst from their prison-house, a significant whisper passed among the younger part of the company.

Mrs. Elliot approached her, and, taking her hand tenderly within both of hers, "Oh, hinny! hinny!" said she, "your sighs go through my heart like a knife! And what can I do to comfort ye? Come, Elizabeth, my bonny love, let us hope for the best. Ye see before you a sorrowing mother!—a mother that fondly hoped to have seen you and—I canna say it!—and am ill qualified to give comfort, when my own heart is like a furnace! But O! let us try and remember the blessed portion, 'Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth,' and inwardly pray for strength to say, 'His will be done!'"

Time stole on towards midnight, and one by one the unsuccessful party returned. As foot after foot ap-

proached, every breath was held to listen. "No, no, no!" cried the mother again and again, with increasing anguish, "it is not the foot o' my own bairn"—while her keen gaze still remained rivetted upon the door, and was not withdrawn nor the hope of despair relinquished till the individual entered, and, with a silent and ominous shake of his head, betokened his fruitless efforts. The clock had struck twelve; all were returned save the father. The wind howled more wildly; the rain poured upon the windows in ceaseless torrents; and the roaring of the mountain rivers gave a character of deeper ghostliness to their sepulchral silence. For they sat, each rapt in forebodings, listening to the storm; and no sounds were heard, save the groans of the mother, the weeping of her children, and the bitter and broken sobs of the bereaved maiden, who leaned her head upon her father's bosom, refusing to be comforted.

At length the barking of the farm-dog announced footsteps at a distance. Every ear was raised to listen, every eye turned to the door; but, before the tread was yet audible to the listeners, "Oh, it is only Peter's foot!" said the miserable mother, and, weeping, arose to meet him.

"Janet! Janet!" he exclaimed, as he entered, and threw his arms around her neck, "what is this come upon us at last?"

He cast an inquisitive glance around his dwelling, and a convulsive shiver passed over his manly frame,

as his eye again fell on the vacant chair, which no one had ventured to occupy. Hour succeeded hour, but the company separated not; and low, sorrowful whispers mingled with the lamentations of the parents.

"Neighbours," said Adam Bell, "the morn is a new day, and we will wait to see what it may bring forth; but, in the mean time, let us read a portion o' the Divine word, and kneel together in prayer, that, whether or not the day-dawn cause light to shine upon this singular bereavement, the Sun of Righteousness may arise with healing on his wings, upon the hearts o' this afflicted family, and upon the hearts o' all present."

"Amen!" responded Peter, wringing his hands; and his friend, taking down the "Ha' Bible," read the chapter wherein it is written—"It is better to be in the house of mourning than in the house of feasting;" and again—"It is well for me that I have been afflicted, for before I was afflicted I went astray."

The morning came, but brought no tidings of the lost son. After a solemn farewell, all the visitants, save Adam Bell and his daughter, returned every one to their own house; and the disconsolate father, with his servants, again renewed their search among the hills and surrounding villages.

Days, weeks, months, and years, rolled on. Time had subdued the anguish of the parents into a holy calm; but their lost first-born was not forgotten, although no trace of his fate had been discovered. The

general belief was, that he had perished in the breaking up of the snow; and the few in whose remembrance he still lived merely spoke of his death as a "very extraordinary circumstance," remarking that "he was a wild, ventursome sort o' lad."

Christmas had succeeded Christmas, and Peter Elliot still kept it in commemoration of the birthday of him who was not. For the first few years after the loss of their son, sadness and silence characterised the party who sat down to dinner at Marchlaw, and still at Peter's right hand was placed the vacant chair. But, as the younger branches of the family advanced in years, the remembrance of their brother became less poignant. Christmas was with all around them a day of rejoicing, and they began to make merry with their friends; while their parents partook in their enjoyment with a smile, half of approval and half of sorrow.

Twelve years had passed away; Christmas had again come; it was the counterpart of its fatal predecessor. The hills had not yet cast off their summer verdure; the sun, although shorn of its heat, had lost none of its brightness or glory, and looked down upon the earth as though participating in its gladness; and the clear, blue sky was tranquil as the sea sleeping beneath the moon. Many visiters had again assembled at Marchlaw. The sons of Mr. Elliot and the young men of the party were assembled upon a level green near the house, amusing themselves with throwing the hammer and other Border games, while him-

self and the elder guests stood by as spectators, recounting the deeds of their youth. Johnson, the sheep-farmer, whom we have already mentioned, now a brawny and gigantic fellow of two and thirty, bore away in every game the palm from all competitors. More than once, as Peter beheld his sons defeated, he felt the spirit of youth glowing in his veins, and "Oh!" muttered he, in bitterness, "had my Thomas been spared to me, he would have thrown his heart's blood after the hammer, before he would have been beat by ever a Johnson in the country!"

While he thus soliloquized, and with difficulty restrained an impulse to compete with the victor himself, a dark, foreign-looking, strong-built seaman unceremoniously approached, and, with his arms folded, cast a look of contempt upon the boasting conqueror. Every eye was turned with a scrutinizing glance upon the stranger. In height he could not exceed five feet nine, but his whole frame was the model of muscular strength; his features were open and manly, but deeply sunburnt and weather-beaten; his long, glossy, black hair, curled into ringlets by the breeze and the billow, fell thickly over his temples and forehead; and whiskers of similar hue, more conspicuous for size than elegance, gave a character of fierceness to a countenance otherwise possessing a striking impress of manly beauty. Without asking permission, he stepped forward, lifted the hammer, and, swinging it around his head, hurled it upwards of five yards be-

yond Johnson's most successful throw. "Well done!" shouted the astonished spectators. The heart of Peter Elliot warmed within him, and he was hurrying forward to grasp the stranger by the hand, when the words groaned in his throat, "It was just such a throw as my Thomas would have made! — my own — lost Thomas!" The tears burst into his eyes, and, without speaking, he turned back, and hurried towards the house to conceal his emotion.

Successively at every game the stranger had defeated all who ventured to oppose him; when a messenger announced that dinner waited their arrival. Some of the guests were already seated, others entering; and, as heretofore, placed beside Mrs. Elliot was Elizabeth Bell, still in the noontide of her beauty; but sorrow had passed over her features like a veil before the countenance of an angel. Johnson, crestfallen and out of humour at his defeat, seated himself by her side. In early life, he had regarded Thomas Elliot as a rival for her affections; and, stimulated by the knowledge that Adam Bell would be able to bestow several thousands upon his daughter for a dowry, he yet prosecuted his attentions with unabated assiduity, in despite of the daughter's aversion and the coldness of her father. Peter had taken his place at the table; and still by his side, unoccupied and sacred, appeared the vacant chair, the chair of his first-born, whereon none had sat since his mysterious death or disappearance.

"Bairns," said he, "did none o' ye ask the sailor to come up and take a bit o' dinner with us?"

"We were afraid it might lead to a quarrel with Mr. Johnson," whispered one of the sons.

"He is come without asking," replied the stranger, entering; "and the wind shall blow from a new point if I destroy the mirth or happiness of the company."

"Ye are a stranger, young man," said Peter, "or ye would ken this is no meeting o' mirth-makers. But, I assure ye, ye are welcome, heartily welcome. Haste ye, lassies," he added to the servants; "some o' ye get a chair for the gentleman."

"Gentleman indeed!" muttered Johnson, between his teeth.

"Never mind about a chair, my hearties," said the seaman: "this will do!" and, before Peter could speak to withhold him, he had thrown himself carelessly into the hallowed, the venerated, the twelve-years-unoccupied, chair! The spirit of sacrilege uttering blasphemies from a pulpit could not have smitten a congregation of pious worshippers with deeper horror and consternation than did this filling of the vacant chair the inhabitants of Marchlaw.

"Excuse me, sir! excuse me, sir!" said Peter, the words trembling upon his tongue, "but ye cannot — ye cannot sit there!"

"O man! man!" cried Mrs. Elliot," get out o' that! get out o' that! — take my chair! — take any chair in

the house!—but dinna, dinna, sit there! It has never been sat in by mortal being since the death o' my dear bairn!—and to see it filled by another is a thing I cannot endure!"

"Sir! sir!" continued the father, "ye have done it through ignorance, and we excuse ye. But that was my Thomas's seat! Twelve years this very day—his birthday—he perished, Heaven kens how! He went out from our sight, like the cloud that passes over the hills—never—never to return. And, oh, sir, spare a faither's feelings! for to see it filled wrings the blood from my heart!"

"Give me your hand, my worthy soul!" exclaimed the seaman; "I revere, nay, hang it, I would die for your feelings! But Tom Elliot was my friend, and I cast anchor in this chair by special commission. I know that a sudden broadside of joy is a bad thing; but, as I don't know how to preach a sermon before telling you, all I have to say is—that Tom an't dead."

"Not dead!" said Peter, grasping the hand of the stranger, and speaking with an eagerness that almost choked his utterance; "Oh, sir! sir! tell me how?—how?—Did ye say living?—Is my ain Thomas living?"

"Not dead, do ye say?" cried Mrs. Elliot, hurrying towards him, and grasping his other hand; "not dead! And shall I see my bairn again? Oh! may the blessing o' Heaven, and the blessing o' a broken-hearted mother, be upon the bearer o' the gracious

tidings!—But tell me—tell me, how is it possible! As ye would expect happiness here or hereafter, dinna, dinna, deceive me!"

"Deceive you!" returned the stranger, grasping with impassioned earnestness their hands in his, "Never!—never! and all I can say is—Tom Elliot is alive and hearty."

"No, no!" said Elizabeth, rising from her seat, "he does not deceive us; there is that in his countenance which bespeaks a falsehood impossible:" and she also endeavoured to move towards him, when Johnson threw his arm around her to withhold her.

"Hands off, you land-lubber!" exclaimed the seaman, springing towards them, "or, shiver me! I'll show day-light through your timbers in the turning of a handspike!" and, clasping the lovely girl in his arms, "Betty! Betty, my love!" he cried, "don't you know your own Tom? Father! mother! don't you know me? Have you really forgot your own son? If twelve years have made some change in his face, his heart is sound as ever."

His father, his mother, and his brothers, clung around him, weeping, smiling, and mingling a hundred questions together. He threw his arms around the neck of each, and, in answer to their enquiries, replied "Well! well! there is time enough to answer questions, but not to-day—not to-day?"

"No, my bairn! my bairn!" said his mother, "we'll ask you no questions—nobody shall ask ye

any! — But how — how were ye torn away from us, my love? And, oh hinny! where — where have ye been?"

"It is a long story, mother," said he, "and would take a week to tell it. But, howsoever, to make a long story short, you remember when the smugglers were pursued, and wished to conceal their brandy in our house, my father prevented them; they left muttering revenge, and they have been revenged. This day twelve years, I went out with the intention of meeting Elizabeth and her father, when I came upon a party of the gang concealed in the King's Cave. In a moment half a dozen pistols were held to my breast, and, tying my hands to my sides, they dragged me into the cavern. Here I had not been long their prisoner, when the snow, rolling down the mountains, almost totally blocked up its mouth. On the second night, they cut through the snow, and, hurrying me along with them, I was bound to a horse between two, and before daylight found myself stowed, like a piece of old junk, in the hold of a smuggling lugger. Within a week I was shipped on board a Dutch man-of-war; and for six years was kept dogging about on different stations, till our old yawing hulk received orders to join the fleet which was to fight against the gallant Duncan at Camperdown. To think of fighting against my own countrymen, my own flesh and blood, was worse than to be cut to pieces by a cat-o'-nine-tails; and, under cover of the smoke of the first broadside, I

sprang upon the gunwale, plunged into the sea, and swam for the English fleet. Never, never shall I forget the moment that my feet first trod upon the deck of a British frigate! My nerves felt as firm as her oak, and my heart free as the pennant that waved defiance from her mast-head. I was as active as any one during the battle; and, when it was over, and I found myself again among my own countrymen, and all speaking my own language, I fancied — nay, hang it! — I almost believed, I should meet my father, my mother, or my dear Bess, on board of the British frigate. I expected to see you all again in a few weeks at farthest; but, instead of returning to old England, before I was aware, I found it was helm about with us. As to writing, I never had an opportunity but once. We were anchored before a French fort; a packet was lying alongside ready to sail; I had half a side written, and was scratching my head to think how I should come over writing about you, Bess, my love, when, as bad luck would have it, our lieutenant comes to me, and says he, 'Elliot,' says he, "I know you like a little smart service; come, my lad, take the head oar, while we board some of those French bum-boats under the batteries!' I could n't say no. We pulled ashore, made a bonfire of one of their craft, and were setting fire to a second, when a deadly shower of small-shot from the garrison scuttled our boat, killed our commanding officer with half of the crew, and the few who were left of us were made prisoners.

It is no use bothering you by telling how we escaped from French prison. We did escape; and Tom will once more fill his vacant chair."

Should any of our readers wish farther acquaintance with our friends, all we can say is, the new year was still young when Adam Bell bestowed his daughter's hand upon the heir of Marchlaw, and Peter beheld the once vacant chair again occupied, and a namesake of the third generation prattling on his knee.

FAR-OFF VISIONS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

I saw a land of pleasantness,
But where it lay I could not guess;
It might be dream, it might be vision,
But not of earth, that land elysian.
A light, not of the sun, was there,
A breeze, but not of common air;
Hills were there, yet not bare and rent,
But green up to heaven's firmament;
And mighty trees that must have sprung
When that delicious land was young,
Yet were they fresh and undecayed,
As they could neither die nor fade;
Rivers there were, whose waters bright
Rushed on, as if in strong delight,

As if their bubbling, sparkling strife
Were in excess of joyful life;
A thousand plumed birds were there,
That filled with song that blessed air,
But how they sang so wild and well
'T was not for mortal tongue to tell:
And, in the mountains' golden sheen,
And in the far-off valleys green,
And 'mong the groves of ancient trees,
I saw fair shining companies;
Each one in beauty like a star
Distinctly clear, though seen from far;
Man could not deck himself, like them,
In royal robe and diadem,
For, glorious in their deathless bloom,
Their splendour was not of the loom,
Nor had the earth, nor had the sea,
Increased their beauty's radiancy.
Some passed on with deliberate feet,
As friend with friend in converse sweet;
And some, as if enrapt with pleasure,
Danced to a quick seraphic measure,
So full of life, and strength, and gladness,
As if they moved in joyful madness;
And some lay in the pleasant shade,
As if delight their steps had stayed;
Yet in their eyes such kindness beamed,
And in their words such pleasure seemed,
Such simple trust, such earnest truth,
Such wisdom with the warmth of youth,

That while I gazed my soul was wrought
Beyond the quietness of thought:
"Oh beings, blest, and fair, and bright!"
Exclaimed my spirit in delight,
"Of what immortal progeny,
Of what proud family, are ye?
Tell me — and take me to your rest;
For human woe my heart has prest;
And those I love have passed away;
And life is turmoil and dismay;
And men are selfish, stern, and cold;
And Pleasure, Youth, and Hope, grow old,
And I am sad — oh let me be
One of your happy company!"

My spirit-words were all too low,
Or else too full of earthly woe,
Or else they were not understood
In that dear land's beatitude,
For no one bent on me his gaze,
Nor looked in sorrow or amaze;
Therefore, I turned aside in pain,
To think their ear I could not gain;
To think that they were nearer me
Than I to their bright company.

I dried my tears, then turned mine eyes
Again to that bright paradise:
Near where I stood an old man sate,
Noble and gracious, yet sedate;

The beauty of a life well-spent
Was his majestic ornament,
Which all his being glorified,
As sunshine lights a landscape wide;
And with him sate a maid divine,
A creature of a glorious line,
To whom was given whate'er our race
Call beauty, dignity, and grace,
And, what those names still more imply,
Love, gentleness, and modesty.
Oh fair, as never chisel wrought
The marble to creative thought,
As never poet's loftiest dream
Made his divinest woman seem,
Was the benignant maid I viewed,
The visioned grace of womanhood,
Wherein I read what she shall be
That walketh through life worthily.

There sate the old man and the maid,
Beneath a towering cedar's shade,
And each untired attention lent
Unto some lofty argument.
I heard them talk of things sublime;
Unveil the mystery of Time;
Of life and death, of good and ill;
Of man and the Eternal Will:
I heard them tell why Guilt so long
Goes unrebuked, why Crime is strong;

Why poor men toil; why weak men bear
A bondage grievous as despair.
And then I heard that old man cast
His memory backward to the past;
I heard him tell that he had borne
Through seventy years the proud man's scorn;
That he had toiled for daily bread;
That straw had been his wretched bed;
And ofttimes he had wept for sorrow
On looking towards the joyless morrow;
And, though the earth was rich and wide,
His wants were scantily supplied,
Nor, like ten thousands of his race,
Had he on earth a resting-place,
Till life's great mystery was done,
And his reward in death was won.

Then knew I that those creatures bright
Were the redeemed heirs of light;
Then knew I that the land they trod
Was the great paradise of God.

I turned me back with drooping pain
Into the weary world again;
Yet was I glad there had been given
To me a passing glimpse of heaven,
Which, like a star intensely bright,
Shines fairest in the deepest night.

SCENE FROM THE ODYSSEY.

FROM THE MS. TRANSLATION

BY WILLIAM SOTHEBY, ESQ.

We reach'd a beauteous port, whose sheltered bound
High towering rocks on either side surround,
And beetling cliffs, that beetling cliffs oppose,
O'er the near entrance hang, and half enclose:
There they the ships within the harbour moor'd,
And nigh each other duly rang'd, secur'd.
No dimpling wave there glides, no billow sweeps,
But the smooth sea one silver level keeps.

Thus they: but I, without the harbour's round,
Fast to a rock, far off, my vessel bound:
I scal'd its crest, yet from its topmost height
No works of men or oxen met my sight;
But, where I saw from earth the smoke ascend,
Bade two selected friends their footsteps bend,
And, with a herald, search the unknown land,
What race there dwelt, and whose the chief com-
mand.

They, where the cars along the level road
Brought from the wood-girt mounts to town their load,
Pursued the track, and met, where gush'd a spring
That ceaseless flow'd, the daughter of the king,

Who, bending o'er Artacia's fountain side,
Drew from the source whose stream the town supplied.
Of her they sought how nam'd that stranger land,
And o'er the realm who held supreme command.
She to the palace led them: there, the queen
Huge, like the summit of a mountain, seen,
Struck them with horror: down they shrank appall'd,
While the fierce monster from the forum call'd
Antiphates, her lord, a giant, fraught
With evil deeds that dire destruction wrought.
One man he seiz'd, and slew, and raw devour'd,
The others gain'd the fleet by dread o'erpower'd.
Rous'd at their monarch's call, the town, the land,
Pour'd down the Læstrygonians' countless band;
Not men, but giants, whose vast prowess flung
Rock after rock the shatter'd fleet among.
Dire rang the crash of ships, and dire the sound
Of death from mangled heaps that fell around.

While, spear'd like fish, they upward drew their prey,
The living banquet from the straiten'd bay,
I bar'd my sword, and with its trenchant blade
Sever'd the hawser that my vessel stay'd,
And bade my comrades strain at once each oar,
To 'scape from death and that accursed shore:
All row'd at once — and from those rocks again
My willing vessel singly cleav'd the main;
The rest all perished in one common grave,
Confus'dly crush'd beneath th' encumber'd wave.

THE RICH GOLDSMITH OF ZURICH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE NEW GIL BLAS, &c.

"Go to thy embroidery, child," said Martin Freckenstern, while his daughter Jessica stood demurely before him. "I, the richest burgher in Zurich, and a councillor, too! thou dost well to hang down thy head, and look upon the ground; well thou mayest: get thee to thy embroidery, child!"

Now, nobody liked Martin Freckenstern, the rich goldsmith of Zurich, for he was at the same time greedy and ostentatious; and nobody was ever the better for his wealth; and an odd story was current besides, that at his death nobody would be the richer: for it had been predicted at his birth, that he would walk to his own grave, and bury himself with his gold. These were dark days, in which the black art was taught, alchemy pursued, and augury believed in; and not only did most of the good people of Zurich put faith in the prediction respecting Martin Freckenstern, but the goldsmith himself had the strongest belief in its authority. He publicly gave out, that his daughter should never inherit a florin of his: and one day, when Zwingli, the celebrated reformer, preaching before the councillors of Zurich, told them that a man could carry nothing into the grave with him, Martin Freckenstern was heard to say, in a whisper, that he would one day

prove the reformer a liar. It is no doubt a singular fact, that a shrewd man like the goldsmith of Zurich, whose superior sagacity had got him his wealth, should put any faith in so ridiculous an augury; but, as I have already said, those were dark days, and some men have weak points.

But, notwithstanding this prediction, Mistress Jessica was looked upon as the richest prize in Zurich; for many treated the augury with ridicule, and believed that the goldsmith's daughter would inherit the goldsmith's wealth; and Jessica was in consequence not without suitors, among whom there might be some who argued that, if Martin Freckenstern should take his gold to his grave, he would scarcely be in a condition to keep it there. But it would be unfair to suppose that it was the goldsmith's wealth only that attracted suitors to his daughter; for Jessica was beautiful as she was gentle, "good as she was fair;" her smile was like day-break upon one of her own sweet valleys; and even the harsh dialect of her country was, in Jessica's mouth, like the melody of one of her mountain rills. I do not wish to be poetical in my description of the goldsmith's daughter; but, if you had seen her, reader, standing, as I have said, demurely before the stern burgher her father, in her close bodice and loose jerkin, her fair, silky hands meekly crossed before her, and her eyes fixed upon her little, sandalled feet, there is no telling what extravagances you might have been guilty of.

But it is proper now that the reader should be informed upon what occasion Jessica stood before her father, and why she stood so demurely, and cast down her eyes.

I have already intimated that the goldsmith's daughter had no lack of suitors; but no one among them could ever boast of a smile: and for this there were two reasons. First, she desired to be wooed for her own sake, not for the sake of her father's wealth, which she could not help suspecting to be as attractive as her own sweet self; and, next, Jessica did justice to the modest qualities and humble admiration of Rupert, who, although but her father's apprentice, was almost worthy of his daughter.

But let it not be supposed that Jessica counted upon inheriting her father's wealth. On the contrary, she believed in the prediction; and this was indeed the only source of uneasiness that clouded the mind of the gentle Jessica. Zwingli, the reformer, declaimed against all the superstitions of these unenlightened times; and, having heard of the prediction respecting the goldsmith, who was indeed the most important burgher in Zurich, he one day hinted that such a prediction could only be accomplished by a paction with the powers of darkness; and Jessica often ruminated upon this, and considered within herself whether any means could be devised by which her father might be buried like other men, in place of walking to his own grave, and burying himself along with his gold.

It was just at this time that Roger Marmes, lord of the castle of Marmeck, the ruins of which are still to be seen on the western shore of the lake, having heard much of the surpassing beauty of the goldsmith's daughter, and having somewhat wasted his substance by the revels which he held in his castle, thought to solace himself with the charms of Jessica, and to repair his fortunes with the wealth of her father. One day, accordingly, Roger Marmes, at the head of a numerous retinue, was seen to alight at the goldsmith's gate, as every one guessed, to ask the hand of his daughter in marriage: and it was upon this occasion that Martin Freckenstern, calling his daughter into his presence, told her how the lord of Marmeck had demanded her in marriage; and that she — after alleging all that a discreet maiden who is averse from a proposed alliance may modestly urge — that she is too young, too inexperienced, wishes not to be other than she is, and is unworthy of so mighty a lord — at length being unable to satisfy the goldsmith, who saw in this alliance increased importance to himself, told him, with many blushes, and with downcast eyes, that, if she wedded the lord of Marmeck, it would break the heart of Rupert; and it was upon this that the goldsmith said, "Get thee to thy embroidery, child!"

There can be no doubt that the rejection of Roger Marmes' addresses by the goldsmith and his daughter created as much sensation in Zurich as any thing of

the kind could, in so money-getting a place. But, farther than this, I can venture to assert nothing. I cannot tell whether the goldsmith dismissed Roger Marmes, or whether Roger Marmes, learning that his daughter would not inherit a florin, dismissed himself: this latter supposition is, however, improbable; for the lord of Marmeck was not a man to stand upon trifles, and would have thought little matter of seizing the old goldsmith, and pitching him into a draw-well. It is certain, however, that the rejection of Roger Marmes put new hope into the Zurichers; and that Jessica, as she sat at her embroidery, marvelled at the numbers of gay apprentices, as well as of staid and portly burghers, who were constantly pacing to and fro upon the walk which lay in front of the goldsmith's house.

It chanced that, at this time, Martin Freckenstern resolved to undertake a long journey, as far as Strasburgh, in order to be present at the annual fair, and, before setting out, he delivered his keys to Jessica, telling her to be discreet and womanly; and recommending to her particular care the key of the chamber where he kept his gold and jewels; for, of late years, Martin Freckenstern had become so much of a miser, that he did not care to trust his gold out of his own keeping, and preferred the pleasure and security of having it about him to the advantage that would have accrued from laying it out at usury. Jessica promised that the key should never be out of her sight; and

the goldsmith set out on his journey betimes next morning.

Scarcely was his back turned, when Jessica, ascending the stairs to her embroidery, suddenly stopped, and recollecting, by the jingling of the keys which she had hung round her neck, that the key of her father's treasures was in her custody, thought there could be no harm in glancing at the gold, which, upon more than one account, gave her so much uneasiness; and she accordingly turned aside, and, unlocking the door, entered the room. There, she counted twelve jars full of gold coins, several bars of gold piled up, and a casket full of jewels; and Jessica, standing in the middle of the room, fell into the following train of thinking:—"'T is a great misfortune to be believed the heiress of all this gold. Other maidens are wooed for their own sakes; but I am wooed for my father's riches. I wish my father had not a florin. It is impossible," said Jessica, half aloud, and trying the weight of one of the jars, "that my father can carry these twelve jars to his grave, unless by magic: would it not be better to throw all this gold away? I should then be no longer called the rich goldsmith's heiress, and Zwingli could not any more taunt my father in his sermons." After Jessica had again tried the weight of all the jars, she left the room, locked the door, and went to her embroidery.

It was the custom in those days for the apprentices to serve their masters and mistresses at table. Jessica

sat down at table by herself; and Rupert set before her a venison-pasty, a fine capon, and a dish of that indifferent fish called *grotzen*, which are caught in the Limmat: and Jessica, having little appetite, ate of nothing but the fish.

"'T is a dainty fish, Master Rupert," said Jessica, as with her little delicate fingers she peeled a small morsel off the flat bone. "If I mistake not, it is to-morrow that the council let to the highest bidder the fisheries of the lake, and the fisheries of the Limmat, and the fisheries of the Greiffensee, and the hunting of the forest of Albis. I wish my father were here, Master Rupert, to buy the fisheries of the Limmat; the grotzen is so dainty a fish." All this Jessica said for want of something better to say; and because it would have been uncourteous to be silent.

I cannot tell what Rupert answered to this: but he was delighted to think that he had so easy a way of recommending himself to Mistress Jessica; for the fishery of the Limmat was let for next to nothing, and Rupert resolved to be a bidder, not that he would have grudged the value of the fishery of the lake for her sake; but his means enabled him to bid for the one and not for the other.

The next evening, when nine o'clock had chimed from the old church, and Zurich was all silence and darkness — for, in those days, the burghers kept early hours — Jessica sought the room where the jars of gold were deposited. She stooped down, and lifted

one of the jars from its place, and then, shutting the door and extinguishing the light, she took the jar under her arm, and stepped out on the balcony, and from thence to the river-side, and, walking as swiftly as the weight would allow her, she soon reached the wooden bridge over the Limmat. As Jessica walked along the bridge, she was often startled by the sound of her own footsteps, and alarmed by the rushing of the water; she nevertheless found courage to reach the middle, and, leaning over the wooden railing, she dropped the jar into the stream. Frightened at the plunge, she turned, and fled with lighter footsteps than she came.

It was but a step from the goldsmith's house to the bridge, and did not occupy many minutes: and Jessica, recovering her courage when she found herself within her own house, thought she might as well complete the work she had begun; and so she did with all the remaining jars as she had done with the first. But the bars of gold and the casket of jewels she allowed to remain, for she judged that they might be needed for her father's business. "Now," said Jessica, when from the bridge she saw by the starlight the bubbles of the river, as they rose over the twelfth jar, "I am no longer an heiress. If Rupert loves me, he will woo me for my own sake: and my father is now a respectable burgher, who, in due time, will die and be buried like other men, in place of walking to his grave, and burying himself with his gold,

which nobody could do without the help of magic." And, at the same time, Jessica resolved to tell her father when he should return what she had done, and the motive of her doings; and she, who knew nothing of the passion of a miser, naturally enough argued that it could make little difference to him whether his gold lay in the bottom of the Limmat or was buried with him in the earth.

Now, it so happened that the farther the goldsmith of Zurich separated his body from his treasures, the more closely he found his mind drawn towards them; and, when he arrived at the end of his first day's journey, he discovered that the pain of separation was greater than his power of enduring it. Martin Freckenstern therefore, after a disturbed night, turned his horse's head towards Zurich, and reached the gate, just as eleven o'clock chimed from the old church tower. Councillor as Martin was, he could not prevail upon the old Lieutenant Michael Stackerhaus to throw open the gate, that his horse might enter; and, being therefore forced to leave his horse at an inn in the suburbs, the goldsmith was admitted through a small wicket, and made his way along the narrow streets to the bridge over the Limmat, which he must needs cross, in order that he might gain his own house.

It chanced that Martin Freckenstern reached the further extremity of the bridge at the same moment that Mistress Jessica was stealing along the river-side

with the last of the jars under her arm; and he, perceiving at that hour of the night a person coming, as if from his own house, was filled with alarm, and, creeping back to the middle of the bridge, cautiously posted himself behind one of the large square boxes which are placed at intervals there, that he might be able to identify the face of the person who, he had every reason to fear, had found the way to his gold. It was just on the opposite side of this projection that Jessica stopped; and, as a miser's eye is to the full as sharp as that of a father, the star-light was quite sufficient to reveal to him the features of his own jar, as well as those of his own daughter. But Martin Freckenstern was so stupified with the horror and magnitude, as well as the marvellousness, of the discovery, that he saw the jar dropped into the Limmat, and heard the ejaculation of Jessica, without finding power to prevent the one or interrupt the other. It may be, too, that the goldsmith, being a bad man, and his wealth ill-gotten, doubted if his jar were in the grasp of human hands or not — or if the vision he saw might not be an illusion of magic. And it was doubtless this impression which induced him to delay till morning questioning his daughter upon the matter. But morning never visited the eyes of the goldsmith of Zurich.

Martin Freckenstern, when he recovered the power of motion, walked towards his own house. Mistress Jessica handed him his keys through the door of her

chamber, and, when he had visited his treasure, or rather the room where his treasure had been, he threw himself upon his bed. Sleep, no doubt, overcame him: and there can be as little doubt that in his dreams the goldsmith stood upon the wooden bridge, and saw his jar dropped into the Limmat, and believed that all his riches were buried beneath its waters. No wonder the goldsmith dreamt that he went in search of his treasure, and that he stretched his arm towards the water, and bent over the railing.

Michael Stackerhaus, the lieutenant of the watch, having, according to usage, opened the gate at the first streak of dawn, hastened to his own house, which was at no great distance from that of Martin Freckenstern; and he relates that, as he turned upon the bridge, he saw the rich goldsmith of Zurich, whom he had that morning admitted at the gate, walking hurriedly along, in his usual dress, but with his head and feet uncovered; and that, when he reached the centre of the bridge, he stopped, and leaned over the wooden railing, and stretched down his arms towards the water, and stooped lower and lower, and at length fell in, head foremost: and so the prediction was accomplished, that Martin Freckenstern should walk to his grave, and bury himself with his gold.

* * * * * * * *

The day after Mistress Jessica had praised the flavour of the grotzen fish, Rupert hired the fisheries of the Limmat; and the same afternoon he placed his

nets in the river, across the centre of the bridge. The draught of fishes was heavier than that recorded in the thousand and one nights; for it restored the goldsmith to Christian burial, and his wealth to his rightful heir: and in due time Jessica made Rupert a partaker in what he had thus preserved.

TO MY NATIVE VALLEY.

BY N. MICHELL, ESQ.

Vale of my childhood! haunt of raptures o'er!
Must I ne'er tread and ne'er behold thee more?
Still gaze on Evening's calm, unconscious star,
Envying the beam that lights thy shades afar?
Oh, I remember, flushed with youth and joy,
When 'mid thy shades I roam'd a reckless boy:
Those happy morns still bright to fancy rise,
When, girt by hills, and arched by laughing skies,
With her I loved I sought the dewy mead,
Or tuned to glad her ear the rustic reed,
Or launched my skiff across the dimpling lake,
While birds' glad voices rang from copse and brake.

Those years are fled! yet still, though far away,
Amid thy shades my fancy loves to stray:
Yes, lovely vale! in life's wide waste of ill,
A fount of joy thy memory charms me still;
And time and envious distance but impart
Strength to the bonds that knit thee to my heart.

MAC NAB'S BURYING-GROUND.

A BRIGHTER day never shone from the heavens or shed its gladdening influence over a fair landscape than that on which we quitted the pretty village of Kenmore and lordly domains of Taymouth, and pursued our course along the southern bank of Loch Tay towards the village of Killin. The air had all the balmy softness which belongs to a more favoured climate; the Loch, sometimes gently stirred by the breath of a south-western breeze, sparkled in the sunbeams; at others, still and unruffled in the failing wind, reflected back the majestic Ben Lawers, which spread his purple bosom and scarred brow to the summer sky in unobscured sublimity. An early shower had called forth all the fragrance of the birch woods which frequently bordered the road; and, fascinated by the beauty of the day and of the scenery, we lingered so often and so long under their shade, that evening had set in before we emerged from the woods of Auchmore, and amidst the glories of a golden sunset first beheld the magnificent mountains and romantic village of Killin.

The more obvious attractions of this most interesting spot are well known to Highland travellers; but it is not the few hours, or even days, which travellers can generally devote to the pursuit, that will suffice

for exploring its more secret beauties. The artist will linger for weeks among its shades, in its deep romantic dells, and by the side of its roaring torrents or still deep waters, ever discovering some new charm to enchant his soul and to employ his pencil; and few who are acquainted with the place can suppress their astonishment that any man should have abandoned the wild beauties of Killin and the noble, old family seat of Finlarig, with capabilities and advantages of situation inferior perhaps to none in Britain, to rear a modern palace in the comparatively tame and uninteresting valley where the castle of Taymouth now stands.

The following day was well advanced; and we had wandered for many a mile through scenes of exquisite and various beauty, when for a second time we found ourselves approaching that most interesting spot of all, the ancient burying-ground of the chief of the Mac Nabs. It is a place which few could view with indifference; and I gazed upon it with a strong emotion of melancholy pleasure. The situation and appearance of our residence, during this earthly pilgrimage, its comforts and convenience, its salubrity, its beauty or deformity, are objects of concern and even of anxiety to most men; and we seldom see either trouble or expense spared in the attainment of what is respectively desired in our dwellings either in town or country. But there is an abode in which our choice is more rarely consulted, regarding which a choice is

more seldom felt; for it is not every one who feels a wish or care concerning the locality or aspect of his long resting-place. It is enough in general to know that our dust, when we are dead, shall lie in consecrated ground, or, at most, that it shall moulder beside that of our progenitors and friends. With me the case is different. I have ever felt a powerful anxiety as to the place where my bones shall rest. The damp, rank greenness of a city burying-ground has, from the earliest time I can remember, been loathsome to me; and it was with a serious delight I first beheld the beautiful spot where in all probability I shall now be laid: yet how infinitely more impressive and romantic was the singular cemetery* which we now looked upon!

Springing from the rocky channel of the Dochart, Inchbuy, or the "Yellow Island," as it is called in the language of the country, itself a mass of rocks, but richly clothed with wood and verdure, stands surrounded by a world of waters, foaming and dashing around it on all sides: but to conceive the full interest and witchery of the scene you should hear the

* No one was better aware of the singular beauty of this burying-ground than the eccentric old Highlander, the late laird himself. It is told of him that once, when paying his addresses to a lady, and endeavouring to recommend himself to her acceptance by every means of attraction, he told her that, although indeed his *house* was none of the best, he could boast of the finest *burying-ground* in all Scotland. Kinell, the family dwelling of the laird, is in fact a poor residence, situated in a lovely though wild domain.

thunder of these rushing streams, as it mingles with the ceaseless cawing of the rooks which have built in the tall fir-trees; you should inhale the fragrance of the birch, and see the mist curling and floating among the magnificent mountains.

From under the solemn shade of the old pine trees, and amid this glorious scenery, gleam forth the white walls of the cemetery, a fit resting-place for a Highland chief: yet, alas the while! it has passed into the hands of strangers: the father slumbers there in peace amid the dust of his kindred and clan; but the representative of this ancient race is a wanderer in a foreign land. Many a one of the family and name, we were told, followed their young master to America; and never again but in their dreams will they revisit their highland homes, or look upon the lofty peak of Craig Caillach* or the quiet beauties of Kin-ell: but ties stronger than those even of clanship bound others to their native glen; and they remained, to wander among the lonely hills and deserted dwellings, or the not more silent mansions of the dead, to hover over and protect, as it might seem, the ashes of their fathers.

Among these last was old Duncan Gorram, Iascher†, whom we first saw standing upon one of the shelving rocks upon the river banks, and throwing his line into the waters, while from time to time he turned his head with an anxious glance at a young woman

* "The Crag of the Old Woman." † The Fisherman.

near him, who was gathering primroses and other wild flowers, and carefully depositing them in a little basket.

The air was close and oppressive; and, wearied with our walk, we were glad to seat ourselves beside the old fisherman in the shade, and enjoy the freshness of the waters. We talked of days gone by, and spoke of those who had formerly been possessors of Kin-ell. In adverting to the voluntary exile of so many of his kindred, we remarked that he had shewn his wisdom in preferring to remain among his native hills, while they had abandoned them for a strange land and an uncertain fate. The old man shook his head. "God only knows, sir, how things might have turned out had I gone wi' them," said he, with a sigh; "but a heavier load of sorrow than I have had to bear in this place could scarcely have befallen me there. See to my poor bairn there; she is all that God has left me, and yet surely I would rather have laid her head in the quiet grave, where I must soon have followed her, than look on her bonnie face when the light of reason is no longer shining there."

The old man stopped; for she of whom he spoke had now approached to where we sat, and, quite unconscious, or unheeding, of our presence, seated herself beside her father, and busied herself in arranging the flowers in her basket. "Weel, Mary, methal, ye 've got plenty of bonnie flowers there; what will you do wi' them all?" said the old man to the poor

girl, with a voice of great kindness, but with an absent air. She did not answer, but, pointing to a green hillock in the burying-ground, she looked in her father's face and smiled—but a smile so full of anguish may I never again behold!

A favourite spaniel, which had followed us in our walk, at this time came up, and claimed the attention of the party by his wanton gambols. "Here, Carlo! here," said my companion, calling the dog, and throwing in a bit of stick, "you shall have a swim this hot day; here, boy!" The dog gave a sudden leap, from the rock where we were seated, into the dark pool below. A piercing scream made us both start; and on looking round we saw the poor girl clasp her hands with a look of agony, and throw herself upon her father's bosom.

"Good God, what means this?" exclaimed my companion; "surely it is not the dog that has frightened her? I could not have imagined it would have terrified her in this way."

"No, sir, no!" replied the man, shaking his head, while he still supported the inanimate form of his daughter; "no stranger could have thought it; but the poor thing couldna stand the sound of yon plunge; and, if ye kent all, sir, ye wouldna wonder. But dinna be frightened, sir, she'll often take these kind of fits, and maybe she'll be better for a while after them, at least I think so whiles—so I'll just carry the poor thing hame, and leave her wi' auld Elspat, who kens

how to sort and please her better than me; and, if ye like, sir, I'll come back here and tell you my poor bairn's story."

It was a melancholy tale. I will not attempt to relate it in the old man's words, as at this time we obtained little more than its outlines. For the lesser incidents and dialogue I am indebted to sundry subsequent conversations with old Elspat, with whom, during our stay at Killin, we made it a point to become acquainted; and, where it was possible to do so, I have made use even of her very words.

Duncan Gorram, like many of his line, from generation to generation, had been born and brought up upon the place of Kin-ell. He was hereditary fisherman to the old laird, and the young Mac Nab from infancy to boyhood had been his daily companion. When the estate passed away into the hands of strangers, many thought that Duncan was more grieved upon the occasion than the young laird himself. The old man, however, bore with firmness the sale of the family estates, for he knew that the sacrifice was required by justice; and, when he saw the young, the mature, and even the aged, of his clan preparing to leave their native glen and follow their master to the distant land, he half-wished to do the same: but "No," said he, "the living may go, but the dead remain, and with them I'll stay. My master lies yonder in Inchbuy; the mother and the sister of Mary are there also; and so long as I can call that

bit o' ground Mac Nab's, and cast my hook into the waters of the Dochart, Duncan Gorram will seek for no other country."

And such was the reply which he gave to the young Mac Nab, when urged to accompany him beyond the seas. The young chief could not look old Duncan in the face, and tell him that the resting-place of his fathers was now the property of a stranger. It reached the old man's ears at last, however, and, groaning in the bitterness of his soul, he exclaimed: "Ay, they have fairly uprooted me now: if Mary, poor lassie! will go wi' me, I may as well go too;" and, quitting the bank of the pool where he had so often angled, he cast a wistful, melancholy look on all around, and walked slowly homeward to consult with his daughter.

Till this time that daughter had never known another will than her father's; but to leave Killin was a measure which to her appeared impossible — for she was bound to the spot by ties more powerful than those even of nature. Long ere this period had she plighted her faith to young Ronald of Glen Lochy, the fair-haired son of Ruary More; but their marriage had been delayed until Ronald should have cleared off some small debts incurred during an illness of his father's; and now that the glow of health had revisited the old man's cheek, his son worked at his task with cheerfulness an hour earlier and later than his comrades, in order to gain the good-will of his in-

tended wife's father, and to enable him to support his Mary in comfort.

To the young man himself Duncan could find no manner of objection, for he was the best son and the most active and expert young fellow in the parish; yet, with the natural pride of a father, he had indulged the hope of seeing his only child maintained in at least the same degree of comfort which she had hitherto enjoyed, and with this intent he would have encouraged the addresses of Allaster Campbell, who was by far a richer man than Ronald could ever expect to become.

It was while matters were in this situation that the sale of Inchbuy, with the last remnant of the property, reached the ears of the old fisherman; and bitter were the tears which Mary shed when he told her the painful news. "Oh, father! dinna bid me leave Killin," said the weeping girl. "I could die here beside you; but dinna speak of crossing the seas. I couldna break poor Ronald's heart, and him working day and night for me."

"But, Mary, dear," replied her father, "there are others who would work for you as weel as Ronald; and I met one this night who would sell house and land for your sake, and follow wherever we might go, if ye would but say the word. Dear Mary, tak' time to think what you are doing! I'm an auld man now, and canna learn a new trade; but I hae cast my line for the last time into the waters o' the Dochart,

for it's easier for me to follow those who have gone than to call another man my master. Mary! I couldna bear to look upon your mother's grave, and think that I might seek for a place aside her in vain — but I'll no say another word; only tak' time to think on it, and dinna refuse to hear what Allaster has to say."

"Oh, father! dinna speak to me of Allaster! my very flesh creeps when I see him look at me: has he na come of the Campbells — the false Campbells of Glen Lyon? — of him who ate his uncle's bread at night and murdered him in the morning! — O! I was but a bairn on my mother's knee when first I heard the bloody story o' Glen Coe! — but who could ever forget that tale? — and rather would I starve in Ronald's bothy, than marry Allaster Campbell wi' a' Braidabin in his gift!"

Duncan said no more; he saw that this was not the time to urge his daughter further, so he kissed her cheek, and promised that he would mention Allaster no more: his time on earth, he added, could not be long, and he would leave it with her to settle all as she thought fit. The old man then wandered into his little garden, which, through his daughter's care, had become by far the best stocked and most thriving in the village. He placed himself upon the green turf seat, where Mary would often work of an afternoon, and cast his eyes upon the small circle of daisies before it, which inclosed a plot of flowers. They were not

rare of their kinds, it is true, but they were more precious in her eyes than all the kalmias and azaleas that deck the gardens of the great, for they were selected and given to her by Ronald of Glen Lochy; and, as her father thought of the care with which she had tended them, and remembered how she loved the giver, he felt how cruel it would be to bid her leave the giver — how vain the hope that she could tear her heart from him who had so long exclusively possessed it.

Mary, in the mean time, had summoned old Elspat, her nurse, to aid her councils; and, after relating all that had passed, she bade the old woman go up Glen Lochy to find out Ronald himself: "for I *maun* see him, Elspat," she exclaimed with earnestness; "I maun see him before I sleep; so tell him to meet me at Inchbuy after my father 's till his bed: tell him I 'll be waiting him in the burying-ground, and that he maunna fail me, for I 've that to say that winna bide delay."

And in the resting-place of the Mac Nabs, accordingly, did the lovers meet, when all was silent in the village of Killin. No sound, but the dashing of the waters or the murmuring of the cushat-dove among the branches, interrupted their earnest conversation.

"Sair, sair did they greet, and muckle did they say—"

for Mary declared to the young man all her father wished and hoped. "And how can I gainsay his

wishes, Ronald," added the weeping girl, "when I have no means of aiding, far less of supporting him? Ye ken, Ronald, he will never give his consent until the whole debt is paid; and even then how can I think o' bringing another mouth on you to feed, and your own father so helpless?"

"But the debt *shall* be paid, out and out, Mary," said Ronald, with vehemence. "I ken a way to pay it, and I am a fool to stand swithering sae lang about it. So, Mary dear, keep up your heart. We 're both young and stout, and with God's blessing we shall be able to maintain both the old folk and ourselves. Only keep your father till his promise, Mary; let him remember that when the debt is paid off you are to be mine."

"But how can ye get the money, Ronald? Ye maunna borrow—that would only add to trouble; and, except the wee pickle o' barley, ye ha' nae thing in this world that I ken o'."

"And what would ye say, Mary, if I could mak' the pickle o' barley pay the whole yet?—but I'll ha' nae questions, lassie; ye maun just trust to me, and I'll meet you here again before it 's lang, Mary, and ye'll hear all about it."

"And you, Ronald, to whom are *you* going to trust?" rejoined Mary, with a look of anxious dread; "remember your own words—'that *with the blessing of God* we should do well'; and can ye expect God's blessing on any thing ye 're feared to tell me about?"

"I'm no feared to tell you about it, Mary," rejoined her lover, with a slightly embarrassed air; "for there's nae ill that I can see in making the most o' what I hae; but the matter concerns others as well as me, and that's the reason why I canna tell it to you,— so dinna turn your head awa', Mary, but gi'e me a kiss before we part."

Just at that moment, the fall of some loosened earth into the water startled the lovers; and, on looking round, they saw by the moonlight the figure of a man, who had just leaped a narrow part of the stream near where they stood, and who was now making for the wood on the other side. "Lord guide us! wha may that be?" exclaimed Ronald; "I wish he may na hae been ow'r near us — but who cares — I'm easy about it."

So was not poor Mary. The same foreboding shudder which she was always sensible of when Allaster Campbell approached her now crept through her veins, but she dared not tell Ronald upon whom her suspicions fell. Urging him therefore to make the best of his way home, with a sinking heart she returned to her father's cottage.

Slowly and heavily to the anxious girl did the next ten days wear away. Little passed between her and her father; and the subject of their leaving Killin was not again mentioned. But old Duncan no longer in the grey of the morning or the mellow stillness of evening grasped his rod, and the salmon leapt un-

heeded in the Dochart; for, from the moment that the old fisherman became acquainted with the sale of Inchbuy, he would not again set foot upon the "Yellow Island."

Mary, on her part, saw but little of her lover. Ronald was no longer to be found the first at his work in the morning; for whole days was he absent, and more than once enquiries had been made in vain regarding him at Duncan's cottage. The uncertain mutterings and broken hints of her old nurse were in no degree calculated to lessen the alarm of the poor girl; for Elspat, when forced by the earnest entreaties of her foster-child to speak out, informed her that 'she had observed Allaster Campbell sneaking ow'r often about the doors of late, asking thieveless questions; and that she had seen him whiles skulking in the gloaming wi' strange folk, and that the hale town was talking o' a gauger*, who was biding at Cameron's public, up by, wi' a hantle o' his men.'

"But what can all this hae to do wi' us?" exclaimed the terrified Mary; "surely you canna think that Ronald has any thing to do wi' these strange men?"

"I dinna ken," replied Elspat; "but I pray the Lord they may hae naething to do wi' him. I canna but jalouse Ronald's being sae aften frae hame, and I dinna ken whatn' a market the poor fellow's taen his barley till, but I'm hearing the neighbours wishing it may prove a good one."

* Exciseman.

Poor Mary clasped her hands upon her eyes in silent misery for a space; then, starting up, "I maun hear all this frae Ronald's sel; Elspat, at whatever hour he may come hame, I maun see him this very night at Inchbuy; and you, Elspat, maun watch yoursel, that no one follows us there."

It had been a day of roaring winds and heavy rain at Killin and in Glen Dochart; and the night, though calm compared with the stormy day, was still wild and cheerless; the wind sighed in gusts among the branches of the tall fir trees, and the noise of the swollen torrents sounded fearfully in the ears of the agitated girl, as she entered the burying-ground. "Surely he cannot be from home in such a night!" said she, as she leant upon the head-stone of her mother's tomb; for the grass was all too wet to afford her a resting-place; and scarcely had the thought embodied itself in half uttered words before Ronald himself appeared advancing through the trees. He came not with the heavy step of sorrow, nor was his countenance clouded with the look of doubt or apprehension. Lightly did he spring forward; and, clasping the trembling girl to his heart, he whispered: "Mary, dear, I have been a sad wanderer of late; but I will soon mak' up for it all: the debt will be paid to-morrow, and then, Mary, I may claim my bride!"

Where now were all her doubts and fears? the cheerful voice of Ronald had dispelled them in an instant. Scarcely did she remember the vexatious

reports which had induced her to summon her lover; for one happy moment she lay upon his bosom, fearing to dispel the blissful trance and awaken doubt or sorrow by a word or by a breath. It was but for a moment. Ere a word was spoken the voice of Elspat was heard at its highest pitch, exclaiming, "Flee, my bairns, flee! the bloodhounds are upon you! Oh! not that way, Ronald! not that way! they are fast upon my heels, the gauger and a' his men; ye maun cross the Dochart, and awa to the hills." Ronald started to his feet, for a glance shewed him the truth; and, darting to the bank of the stream, he stood for a moment, arrested by the furious rush of the fearfully swollen torrent. "Oh, not there! not there, for God's sake!" exclaimed Mary; "he will be dashed to pieces!—My God! is there no escape for him?" and, casting a glance round, she saw the officers of justice, led by the miscreant Campbell, closing around them, just above the spot where she stood. Ronald saw them too, and he heard their deep curses as they levelled their pieces at him, commanding him to yield himself their prisoner. The sight determined him: hesitating no longer, but casting one eager glance at Mary, he took the fatal leap. But he never reached the opposite shore. Deep was the plunge; and fearful, even above the roar of the torrent, the cry which told his fate. That piercing shriek rung like a knell upon the ear of Mary; she darted forward as if to save him, and fell senseless among the broken rocks, which,

jutting far under the troubled waters, had given the death-blow to her lover.

Bleeding, and lifeless as it seemed, the unhappy girl was carried to the house of her father. For many weeks did the old man and Elspat watch the wavering spark of life, until at length it glimmered with a more steady ray; and Mary rose from her bed of sorrow, and sat once more in the sunshine; but the light of reason had fled for ever. She never spoke, nor took interest in aught around her; but it soon became apparent that her indifference to the present proceeded from no forgetfulness of the past. Not long after her partial recovery, old Elspat, who had gone to draw water from a neighbouring well, missed the unfortunate girl upon her return to the cottage. She hastened into the garden, but Mary was not there; a nameless but fearful apprehension led her to the island of Inchbuy; and there indeed she found her unhappy charge, resting her head upon a still fresh grave — it was that of her lover. From that day forward, poor Mary wandered constantly to the burying-ground; and thither did her broken-hearted father follow her, and, aimless of purpose, save that of tending and providing for his ill-starred child, he once more casts his line into the waters of the Dochart, while she sits silent and mournful beside him, or gathers wild flowers to plant on Ronald's grave.

A SCENE IN CORNWALL,

ON THE 10TH OF MAY, 1824.

BY THE REV. R. POLWHELE.

HERE, from these russet moors, those granite hills,
These vales, that sicken to polluted rills;
Here, where along the horizon's lurid verge
Whitens with restless foam the Atlantic surge;
Say, shall the Muse her madrigals send forth,
Her dulcet strains, to calm the blust'ring North?
E'en now (though Maia from her cloud, serene,
Bends in soft whispers o'er some gentler scene,
Nor from a dreary depth of darkness lours,
But mild on grove and meadow melts in showers)
Here sails the North-sprite round, and, wild and harsh,
Sweeps the pale upland and the sedgy marsh;
The broom, the fainting heathflowers, floods o'erwhelm;
The scathed oak whistles to the stunted elm.
Yes, the sod smokes; the rain descends in sheets —
Here flash the lightnings, there a sunblaze fleets.
I see yon mill the sudden rays refract;
Flares, like a torch, its wintry cataract;
The huge clouds into fragments break — and, hark!
It is the seagull's dirge! The quivering lark
Is mute. The marten, that had skimm'd aloof
The unpeopled air, distrusts the friendless roof,
And disappears; nor vernal notes relieve
The dun, cold tenor of the untinted eve.

THE WISH.

On the bank of the Arno, where that river discharges itself into the Mediterranean, dwelt Filippo, a peasant of Tuscany. He was married, and the father of a young and numerous family, who were dependent on his labour for subsistence. His utmost efforts were scarcely sufficient for the supply of their daily increasing wants; but a strong constitution and a cheerful temper enabled him to bear up under present exigencies, and to cherish a hope of better times.

He had but one subject of sorrow; and this, although arising from a legitimate source, yet indulged beyond due bounds, caused him incessantly to murmur against that Providence which, with a hand seemingly partial, so unequally distributes this world's wealth. He had an aged father, whose infirmities threatened soon to disable him for the constant labour to which his necessities doomed him, and whom Filippo was unable essentially to relieve. His sole wish was to have the ability to place his father in a situation of moderate comfort for the remainder of his days.

They pursued their daily occupations in company; and when Filippo parted from his father one evening, and saw him totter home to his cabin, his heart was oppressed with grief, and he groaned forth a prayer that some power in heaven or earth would be propitious to his pious wishes.

He stood upon the shore; and, as the stars twinkled above the sea, and were reflected like diamonds on its surface, he thought of the vast treasures of the deep, of the untold gold of the shipwrecked mariner, of the unexplored beds of pearl, and sighed for a small portion of these useless riches to gladden the heart of his aged parent. "I covet no man's goods," said he: "I wish not even to diminish the luxury of the great, much less to appropriate the honest gains of industry: let me but draw from the depths of ocean that which would never else behold the sun, and, far from devoting even the smallest portion of it to my own urgent wants, I would bestow it exclusively where the most unquestionable duty dictates."

Deeply engaged with these reflections, he returned home. The welcome of his wife, the caresses of his children, were unable to dissipate them; and even when he should have given his body to repose, his mind continued to pursue the train of thought by which it had been occupied during the day.

He found himself again standing on the beach. The stars looked brighter and the sea more sparkling. Night had set in. No ship appeared upon the sleeping waters, nor was any object in sight save a small speck, which, first shewing itself upon the edge of the horizon, rapidly approached him, and he soon discerned a very small boat rowed by a single person, and that apparently a man advanced in years. He was struck at once with the belief that this was a supernatural

appearance, as a boat of such diminutive size could not be supposed to live on the wide expanse of sea which it had just traversed; but, with that courage peculiar to one deeply intent on a particular purpose, he felt no sense of shrinking from this singular apparition, nor from the solitary boatman, who, with the look of robust age, bent to his oars, until he moored his little bark upon the strand.

Filippo approached without hesitation, and stood still until the boat rested at his feet. The stranger raised his head, and, surveying him with something of kind interest, said in a voice that sounded in his ear like a fine-toned instrument, "Filippo, your pious wish is heard, and I am sent by one who loves you to work its fulfilment."

"And can it be," replied the peasant, "that I shall be permitted to draw from the treasures of the deep sufficient means to place my father beyond the reach of poverty! May I believe in this consummation of my wishes?"

"You may," replied the stranger. "Come with me, and a little way from hence we shall let down our net. I am somewhat of an experienced hand, and have even fished for money, some eighteen hundred years ago."

Their voyage was long. They rowed till, sea and sky meeting on all sides, they seemed to be alone in the creation. Meanwhile the boatman sang, in a low but melodious voice, something that sounded to Filippo

like the music of the church on days of high celebration. Filippo wished much to ask his venerable companion of things that mortal tongue could not reveal to him, but he felt awed by that deep and thrilling strain; and, not daring to interrupt it, sat motionless and silent.

At length the old man ceased his unearthly song; and, drawing forth his net, "Filippo," said he, "name the sum sufficient to make you happy. I have full powers to gratify you."

Filippo named a sum; and, although vast riches appeared to solicit his acceptance, he confined himself to what was barely necessary for his father's comfortable support.

His companion smiled with approbation. "You are disinterested," said he: "you ask nothing for yourself."

"I trust myself to Providence," replied Filippo, somewhat proudly. "Heaven and earth can witness to my singleness of heart."

"Your wish is unquestionably good," said the old man; "but Providence is not unmindful of your father. However, I am not commissioned to advise, but to assist you, and merely to lay before you without comment some trifling circumstances which you may be unaware of. Now, let us see—here are deep soundings."

The net was cast; and the friends waited in profound silence until, by a motion of the water, it appeared that some body of considerable weight had

been received. "I have not forgotten my ancient occupation," said the boatman, as, with an apparent exertion of strength, he drew up his net, and emptied it of something that made the boat rock. Filippo looked anxiously, and saw a casket of iron curiously wrought and fastened. It bore a date engraved on its lid, which shewed that, as the boatman said, "man heapeth up riches and knoweth not who shall gather them." Filippo could read. "NERONE IMPERATORE," said he. "This Nero was a sad fellow: I am glad I did not live in his day."

"Let the dead rest!" said the fisher. "Besides, he rendered me a service once, or rather put me out of one. But let us to the matter in hand. See," said he, opening the casket with a touch, "here is gold sufficient for your purpose: put it up; and now I have no more to say, but," drawing out a small mirror, "to shew you the consequences of your wish."

Filippo took the mirror; and, although night was upon surrounding objects, the scene before him was presented in the aspect of the brightest sunshine.

He saw a cottage beautifully situated, within a short distance of his own, affording comfort even bordering on luxury, and he recognized a much-loved face, though changed by an appearance of contentment and renovated health. He exclaimed with joy, "This is my father! these are the happy effects of my wish! Where the heart is in the right we seldom err." Seeing his guide look grave, Filippo proceeded:

"Have I not done a positive good? Have I not improved his condition?"

"His external condition is improved," said he of the speculum; "but your father was already possessed of the best gifts—and for the house of clay it matters little. But you are going to be further gratified. Do you know this youth?"

"Truly I do—Rinaldo, the idlest of the village school-boys. Padre Geronimo can make nothing of him; though he designs him for the church."

"Well, by your means his destiny is changed. His parents procure him the employment given up by your father: he is anxious to marry, and forsakes his vocation."

"So much the better; he would have disgraced it. And see—he is the spouse of Giulia, la bella Giulia. Poor fellow! I have befriended him unknowingly and unknown. I can say, with pleasure, I have wished wisely and well."

"Look again, Filippo."

The mirror now presented in succession three very lovely children, the offspring of this young couple; and he saw feasting and congratulating friends, and rustic mirth, and the more serious thankfulness of the aged. And the children became strong and beautiful, and gave token of intelligence beyond their years.

Filippo was fast rising in his own esteem. "These children promise well," said he, "and but for me they had not known existence. See how that lovely girl

approaches womanhood: with what luxuriant beauty has not Nature decked her! Pity she is of low degree! If a wish of mine could ennoble her she has it."

"She needs it not," replied the boatman: "she is already destined to exalted rank."

Filippo's countenance brightened. "See," said he, "that young noble fall at her feet. She is now mistress of his wide domains, and disgraces not her exalted station — she is amiable and virtuous."

"Yes," replied his companion, "but her reward is not on earth. See her lord scowl on that young man beside her, and sign to have poison infused into his cup; now behold that gloomy chamber dropping with damps, where she is left to languish out her days. But lament not her; lament her offspring. See that wayward boy, the pupil of a lawless father! Oh for some warning voice to stop him short of parricide! See, how he leads the troop of ruffians! — his father falls — the country is laid waste — the murdered travellers ——"

Filippo placed his hand before his eyes. "My lord," said he ——

"Your fellow-servant, Filippo."

"Well then, my friend! spare me a further view of these bad men: my father's pillow has cost a price I little thought of. But there are other children — they may prove the benefactors of their race, and counterpoise this sad history."

"I will spare your feelings;" said the old man. "But a small part, however, of the evil has met your

view, and of the earthly consequences alone. But look at this picture."

It was a studious youth. He sate beside the midnight lamp, and explored the depths of science, and gave his labours to the enlightening of his fellow-men. But his own time was short — the active mind wore out the frail body, and he died in the flower of his age; but he had immortalized himself on earth, and made discoveries that profited remote posterity; and his memory was honoured, and his family ennobled by his name. His projects were soon realized. Regions were discovered in the far South, and savage men that dwelt there, and mines of gold and gems; and conquests were made, and savage strength was compelled to labour; and blood streamed, and ruins smoked — and Filippo again cried, "Mercy!"

"There remains yet another child," observed the fisherman, "and his lot is cast in the privacy of domestic life. He marries, and becomes the cultivator of his own farm. His wife is kind and faithful, his children dutiful and useful. See, they surround his table like the olive-branches — and he calls himself happy. But time rolls on: his children disperse to settle in the world. Two sons are cut off by war, and fill an honoured tomb: three daughters marry, and rear, each in distant provinces, a numerous family on narrow means. His wife is spared to him for many years, but she precedes him to the grave; and, enfeebled by old age, he is no longer able to procure even

a subsistence. He becomes an object of public compassion, and ends his life in an alms-house. No familiar face appears beside his dying bed, but callous hirelings impatient of his lingering breath. He thinks upon his wife, and the dear circle of affectionate children accustomed to anticipate his wishes ——"

"Oh cease!" cried Filippo, for his tears flowed at the picture. "Spare me the sight of that old man. Blind and presumptuous, why did I attempt to adjust the balance of the All-wise!"

"There are no wishers where I inhabit," said the boatman, "and I gave up my judgment in Nero's time. But take your treasure, for the morning breaks, and I must go far hence."

Filippo drew back. "Return this fatal treasure to the deep," said he, "and row me back to shore. I have learned a lesson of contentment worth a longer voyage."

The boatman prepared to veer his little bark; but the morning sun, rising above the Mediterranean, glared full on the face of Filippo, who, making a sudden motion to turn round, started and awoke—and lo! it was a dream!

"I wish we had a bed-curtain," said his wife, "for the sun nearly blinds me."

"Never let me hear you *wish*," said Filippo.

"*I wish*," said she, in a very angry tone, "I really wish, *caro*, you would hold your tongue."

THE CUCKOO-TOLL.

BY WILLIAM TEALE, ESQ.

HARK! in the windings of the vale
I hear the Cuckoo-toll;
It swells upon the April gale
From yonder elm-crowned knoll.
And hark again! away it floats
Upon the distant breeze;
And now the full sonorous notes
Rise from the neighbouring trees.

Bird of the shy and cowering wing,
How do we pause to hear
Thy first "cuckoo" that in the spring
Falls on the list'ning ear!
There 's not a song I ever knew,
Mem'ry hath not a tale,
To me so sweet as thy "cuckoo"
Heard in the silent vale.

Strange visitant! thy glad "cuckoo"
Is sweeter far to me
That there 's a touch of sadness too
Linked with thy note and thee;
For thousand tender thoughts abide
With each departing spring,
And lie on every far hill side
Where I have heard thee sing.

R.W. Buss pinxt. Publd. by R. Ackermann. London. S. Davenport sculpt.

UNCLE ANTHONY'S BLUNDER.

UNCLE ANTONY'S BLUNDER.

BY HENRY F. CHORLEY, ESQ.

It would be no exaggeration of the fact to state that, on the morning of the 9th of May, 1828, nine-tenths of the young ladies in the populous neighbourhood of Sonnington were discoursing, or thinking at least, on one and the same subject—that subject a masquerade, which had been given on the preceding evening by a lady of rank. The entertainment had been planned to celebrate the twenty-first birthday of her eldest son, and executed with a splendour and good taste totally unprecedented in that quarter of England.

Availing myself of Asmodeus's privilege, I looked in for a few moments on two ladies, who were enjoying the luxury of lounging over a late breakfast-table. The parlour was small, but elegantly furnished; and one or two old family pictures gave it that peculiar air of respectability which no other ornament can impart. Through two large casement windows, flung open, the scents and sounds of spring came pleasantly in; and the eye wandered out over a fair, old-fashioned garden, decked with clipt trees, vases, and statues. Here sate the mistress of the mansion and her niece; the former an elderly lady, with fine open features, upright figure, and perfectly white hair; and, opposite to her, in a huge easy chair, covered with brown damask, a damsel of twenty, not unlike her aunt, but

far more beautiful than she ever could have been. She took my fancy so entirely, that I feel myself unable to give a distinct account of her loveliness: for the benefit of the curious, however, I may say that she had black hair, large, soft, blue eyes, with dark eyebrows and eyelashes, a small, delicate figure, a fairy foot, and a hand that had already twice served as a model to a Parisian sculptor. The two talked together as unreservedly as if they had been of the same age; and the elder lady's ready and good-humoured laugh was a clear evidence that, though unmarried and past the meridian of life, she had not survived a sympathy in the pleasures and the fantasies of the young.

"Go on, Georgina," said Miss Granville, "and I shall feel no regret that my head-ache kept me at home; and now tell me how you fared among all these strangers."

"Why, it was as easy an introduction to a new circle as any bashful young lady could possibly desire. Nobody knew me, and I knew nobody; and still every one seemed to take it for granted that I must be somebody he or she knew. The consequence was, that I was persecuted for the entire evening by hordes of cavaliers, each thinking that he had discovered some acquaintance. Twice I was addressed as *une fiancée;* a score of times as an heiress; and I am sure that once at least I was the innocent instrument of keeping some young lady waiting for her devoted squire."

"And Mrs. Dynevor?"

"The most discreet chaperon in the world; she kept my secret *à merveille*. But the strangest thing is, that I have managed to capture and secure a lover. I flatter myself that the conquest is complete, as my swain allowed me no rest, and at length became so eager for supper time ——"

"Horrid *gourmand!*"

"Nay, dear aunt, do not judge so hastily; it was, I believe, not a longing for the ice and champagne, but to see me unmask, that he manifested so much impatience; but I resolved not to gratify the old gentleman."

"Old gentleman! Pshaw!"

"You shall hear more anon. I resolved not to gratify his curiosity, and returned home before supper. He would insist, however, on escorting me to the carriage, and, I fancy, contrived to discover that I was your visiter."

"But an old gentleman! who ever could it be?"

"I was most curious to discover, for he followed me with the most comical homage imaginable; he held my fan when I danced, and, when I spoke, bent close to me, to catch what he called my melodious tones; whence I conclude that my inamorato is deaf."

"And his dress?"

"He was dressed simply in a dark domino. He is nimble for his years, for I beguiled him into dancing a country-dance with me; and this, I suppose, was my crowning fascination; for, when it was over, he came

close to me, and whispered softly in my ear, 'Ah, then, you *do* not despise these hearty and unsophisticated amusements! What a sweet wife you would make!'"

"Upon my word! Was this after supper?"

"Pray, do not insinuate. I told you that I came home before supper; and then he trusted to be allowed to cultivate my acquaintance. Some gentleman who spoke to him called him Uncle Antony."

At this name the elder lady laughed long and heartily; and, to spare prolixity, it may be as well in a few words to explain the cause of her mirth.

Captain Antony Nesfield, called by common consent "Uncle Antony," had been long an inhabitant of that neighbourhood. He had come thither, on the decease of a relation, to settle, as he said, for the remainder of his life; had bought an estate of a few score acres; and then, being a man of courtly manners, not uncomely presence, and tender heart, had bowed before every neighbouring beauty in succession, in the hope of inducing her to share his cottage; to fill the vacant seat in his gig; in short, to give to his well appointed establishment what alone it wanted—a mistress. 'T was all in vain. There are some men who are tolerated, nay, even thought agreeable, in society till they assume the lover's character, when they become at once objects of dislike and avoidance. And he, with his gentle and feeble voice, his placid smile, his ready and somewhat obsolete gallantries,

who was the very man to be acceptable to a country circle, had nevertheless contrived to run the gauntlet of more disgust than a casual thinker could imagine to have appertained to the possession of so sweet a residence as Nesfield Nook, and so sufficient an income as seven hundred a year.

Years passed, but Uncle Antony was still a single man, bearing still in his soul the settled intention of matrimony, and every year waxing more and more distasteful to the virgins of Sonnington and its vicinity. It was whispered that his last suit had been of a more *suitable* character than some of his previous flirtations; that he had been paying desperate court to Miss Granville, and with his usual success—an implicit and somewhat contemptuous rejection. Thence it was that the young lady affected some wrath at this sudden transfer of his devotion; and, protesting that he was a poor frivolous creature, who did not care whom he married, so that he only got married at all, resolved to treat him in such a way as to warn him from the commission of the like follies in future. Her devices were heartily aided and enjoyed by Miss Granville.

A week after this the old beau might be seen daintily wending his way to White Wells one fine evening. He was more carefully dressed than usual; his wig curled with the most scrupulous formality; his uniform span-new; and his shoes polished till they reflected the rays of the sinking sun. Since Miss

Granville's refusal, he had become, if any thing, more precise and courtier-like in his demeanour than before. He had fitted up his house entirely anew, and made many modernizations and improvements in his grounds; and, so far from appearing dejected, had put on the semblance of greater juvenility and gaiety than of old. He had been, as Georgina Arnold surmised, greatly smitten with her at the masquerade; and, after one or two slight encouragements, insidiously administered by her aunt, was now marching hopefully on his way, to see and to conquer; for this time he had his own secret reasons of being sure of unqualified success; and he vented his soul's contentment somewhat after this fashion:

"Well—to have succeeded at last—for this time I think I am not deceived. After so many years—and with so little apparent difficulty too! I hope—I hope she is worthy"—and he stood still and sighed. "How strange it is that the first time—but here is the gate, and yonder is the angel herself walking in the garden. I feel in no particular humour to encounter Miss Granville's raillery, and will go to her at once and explain myself."

With that Uncle Antony opened the gate, with a trembling hand, and, crossing a small grass-plot, approached the young lady, who seemed rapt in a reverie. Apparently she was somewhat startled by his approach; for, on hearing a step, she let down in some haste a long and thick muslin veil.

"Bashful!" said he, half aloud; "ahem! Good evening, Miss Arnold; I do not wonder to find you abroad enjoying so splendid a sunset."

Miss Arnold courtesied, and murmured some inarticulate reply. "To a mind like yours," pursued Uncle Antony, "the contemplation of the beauties of nature must be a favourite pursuit. Ah! I shall not soon forget your artless eloquence the other evening, when you made that uneffaceable impression——"

Another very slight murmur under the veil.

"Dear Miss Arnold," continued the old gentleman, "never, never before was I placed in so delicate, so embarrassing, a situation; never before did I feel the same anxiety. To plead the cause of one whom I flatter myself you have not forgotten is indeed an arduous task. Hear me but for one moment"—and he ventured to take her small gloved hand. It rested in his own, without any very violent reluctance on her part. "Hear me but for one moment. I am an unfortunate, disappointed man. I have lived—no matter how long—the victim of—but I will not weary you by recounting my misfortunes. To you I must now look for consolation, to you for reparation, to you—pray answer me—the sound of my own voice without reply is fearful to me."

"You are very good—too good," replied the young lady in a low voice.

"Nay," cried he, rapturously, "not to equal your deserts. Let me place this gem on your finger, as a

seal to the first step of so interesting a negociation:" and he drew from his pocket-book a glittering ring, but the lady seemed unwilling to receive it, and gently repulsed his attempt to remove her glove. "Not yet," she said; "I am scarcely sure——"

"What! do you doubt the sincerity of my professions? Can you, for an instant, refuse to believe that I am in earnest—that this alliance is my dearest wish?"

"I *do* believe—I do trust you," replied she, fervently.

"Am I then at last successful?" cried Uncle Antony, in a transport of delight. "Nay, dearest Miss Arnold," continued he, as she sunk gracefully into a garden-seat, still allowing him to retain her hand, "let me hear those charming words of consent once more! Raise, raise, I entreat you, that envious screen which conceals your features, and let me not be tantalized by even the shadow of an uncertainty!" and, as he spoke, he advanced his right hand towards the veil.

"Stop," cried she, rather energetically, withdrawing to the corner of the chair, "none but myself—" and, drawing her figure slightly up as she sate, so that his eyes might fall directly upon her upturned face, slowly she withdrew the muslin curtain.

For an instant Uncle Antony stood motionless, speechless, with dismay and disgust. He took a short and tremulous step backward, and his regular and

well ordered queue coiled itself up in very horror at the fearful apparition revealed to him. Spirit of beauty! he met the dead eyes, he gazed on the flattened nose, and the thick lips, of a negress! and the sum of these features, the face, was animated by that composed and complacent expression, which, if translated into words, would have been — "You see, sir — I hope you are satisfied."

For an instant, I repeat, poor Uncle Antony stood motionless. The lady kept her seat with admirable presence of mind. At length he gasped out — "O worst of all! worst disappointment of all! my poor nephew! poor Frank!" and, turning on his heel, he fled precipitately, in his haste dropping the pocket-book from which he had drawn the *gage d'amour* destined for Miss Arnold's acceptance.

The sorely perturbed old gentleman was not, however, allowed to make his escape without further molestation. Forth from a neighbouring labyrinth of evergreens sailed Miss Granville, with majestic step; and, confronting the discomfited suitor, "Surely, Captain Nesfield," said she, "you were not going to pass me without a greeting!"

"Good evening, then, madam," was his abrupt answer.

"Nay," replied she, detaining him, "that is a very dry reply, and something less than civil. Come, I shall make you my prisoner. Miss Arnold is already waiting for us at the tea-table, and ——"

"Miss Arnold! good heavens! it is more than I can bear; to be rejected in my own person for these last six and twenty years is bad enough; but when, at last, I attempted to plead as my nephew's representative, to find myself so cheated, the victim of so hideous a mistake, is too much!"

"Your nephew's representative! I am amazed, sir! Pray do me the favour of accompanying me to the house; you seem much agitated."

"Madam, I say that it would provoke a saint. It was only a few months ago, when I was yet recovering from certain vexations of which you may guess the cause, that I learned that I had a nephew — that my sister's son, born in Germany, still survived. The poor lad had been long and vainly endeavouring to trace out his relations; and, at last succeeding in his attempt, wrote to me, inclosing proofs that his tale was no fable. Wounded to the heart by repeated mortifications, I resolved to centre my hopes in him, and, should I find him worthy, to make him my heir. I wrote, therefore, in reply, requesting further particulars as to his history, pursuits, &c. I found that the young man had followed his uncle's profession, that he had conceived a strong attachment to a young lady whom he had casually met in Paris, but that he had felt himself bound in honour not to declare his sentiments until he had earned himself a name and a fortune. On this, I hastened up to London; I found him, madam — no matter *now* what he is! He will

be here to-morrow. I speedily learned by a little cross-examination that the lady of his affections was a Miss Arnold, and without much trouble succeeded in identifying her with my fair friend of the masquerade."

"Sir, I am thunderstruck."

"Madam, I am dismayed beyond power of description at my blunder. I thought that I was preparing an agreeable surprise for my nephew. Judge, then, of my consternation! Strangely precipitate as I have been, surely my folly has scarcely merited such a *contretemps* as Fate has pleased to punish me with. And I fear that the — the — *dark* young lady may have misunderstood me — that I had hardly time to explain myself clearly. — Pray, pray, good Miss Granville, apologize for me as well as you can! I have been abrupt; but you must feel what a blow this has been. I am mortified — I am confused — I am ashamed — I can remain in this neighbourhood no longer!"

"Stay, Captain Nesfield," replied his amazed auditor, who had heard his whimsical and disjointed tale in great wonder; "stay, and I pledge myself that all may be right yet. Are you not in a mistake? — Is it possible that you can have mistaken Miss Arnold's black maid, who accompanied her from Jamaica, for her mistress? Let us go in and enquire. I saw the girl in the garden, a quarter of an hour ago."

The old gentleman literally sprang from the ground in extacy at so consoling a suggestion; and followed her willingly to the cottage. They entered the par-

lour, where the tea equipage was, and Georgina was not. On seeking her, Miss Granville found her in her dressing-room, in a deep reverie, and holding a sealed letter in her hand. "So, child," she said, "I hope you witnessed how beautifully Jella performed her part."

"Yes, but ——"

"But what is the meaning of that letter, which you eye with such an uneasy face? I never saw any one whose joke had succeeded so perfectly look so utterly woe-begone as you do."

"Pray, aunt, spare me your raillery, I am really very unhappy;" and out came the confidence, which, as may be foreseen, was a confession of old acquaintance with a certain Ensign Paulet, whom Georgina had met in Paris. The direction of the letter which had dropped from Uncle Antony's pocket-book, and the broken words which she had overheard from the evergreen thicket, wherein she had stationed herself to enjoy his consternation, had perplexed her with the shadow of an imagination that the old gentleman might, for once in his life, be courting by proxy. At all events the coincidence of names was enough to agitate a young lady who was conscious of not being altogether indifferent to the delicate and respectful attentions of the handsome young officer.

There sufficed but a few words from Miss Granville to finish the romance as far as Georgina's perplexities were concerned; and the arrival of Ensign Paulet,

alias Nesfield, Uncle Antony's acknowledged heir, completed the story, as all stories ought to be terminated, with a gay and promising wedding. The young couple resided with Uncle Antony, and made his home so pleasant as totally to extirpate any wandering ideas which he had formed of seeking a helpmate among the five Misses Sims, who took a house in the neighbourhood, all of whom, as he said, were "very accomplished women; and, it would seem, hard to please, as the youngest owned to having rejected seven proposals of marriage before she was five and thirty."

THE CUP OF CRIME.

On Israel's head a crown was bound:
  Her God was Israel's guide;
She trod the desert's fiery ground;
  She passed the ocean tide:
Unhurt the pestilence she breathed,
  Unwounded met the sword,
Met toil and agony unscathed—
  Her angel was the Lord.

And, while she to herself was true,
  The might of earth was vain;
Her footstep scattered, like the dew,
  The spear, the shield, the chain;
Still flamed before her holy eyes
  The presence of her King;

Still o'er her holy sacrifice
Stooped Heaven's eternal wing.

That guiding star, that holy light,
Long saved her from the blow —
Still mightiest in her Maker's might.
She sinned — where is she now?
An outcast through earth's widest range,
Struck from the roll of Time,
Beyond the power of chance or change,
She drinks her Cup of Crime.

And Europe, too! that cup of crime
Has to thy hot lip come;
And is there yet no hand sublime
To save thee from the tomb?
Must perish, too, the laurel wreath
That round thy helmet glowed;
Thy sword be rusted in its sheath;
Thy garment be the shroud!

Ambition, Folly, Frenzy, Guile,
Are stalking through the land;
And Unbelief, with traitor smile,
And with the traitor hand.
King of the Heavens! God, father, friend!
To thee we lift the eye;
To thee the trembling knee we bend;
Lord! save us, or we die!

DEATH AND THE FISHERMAN.

BY A MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.

"COME now, dame Alice," said Hans Holder, the Dutch fisherman, to his wife; "come, take your seat upon the opposite arm-chair, while I tell you the fine new story which I have just picked up from Mynheer Vanderlendt, the skipper from Amsterdam. It is the most wonderful tale you ever heard. Nay, Alice, don't frown, but sit you down like a good housewife, while I tell you all about it."

"A plague upon you and your stories!" said his wife, who was busily employed burnishing her pewter plates and setting them in order upon the shelves—"a plague upon them, Hans! Have I not listened to your nonsense, times without number, and now you want to pester me with more of it? Out upon you, husband, for a credulous fool, who, not content with believing all the idle gossip you hear, must needs force it upon other people!"

"Nay, but, dear Alice, only lay aside these plates for one half hour, and sit down. I dare say half an hour will enable me to get through with my tale—at all events I sha'n't detain you above an hour, or at most an hour and a half: so, just be seated, and you shall be delighted with the surprising adventures related to me by worthy Mynheer Vanderlendt." And, to please her husband, Alice unwillingly suspended

the labour she was engaged in, and seated herself on the great oaken arm-chair, at the opposite side of the chimney.

Of a truth, a most loquacious personage was Hans Holder. He was prodigiously fond of talking; and his stories were not only most marvellously absurd, but he related them in a dry, prosing, tedious style, enough to put the patience of Job to the test. In fact, he was the wonder of the surrounding country, for Dutchmen are naturally too phlegmatic, and too much occupied in smoking, to bestow much time in talk; and such an exception as occurred in the person of our hero naturally excited much marvel among his neighbours, as well as annoyance to his wife, who was sick to death with the incessant harangues and tautological disquisitions in which her lord and master was perpetually indulging.

Well, down she sat once more, and Hans commenced his story. Half an hour passed—then an hour—then an hour and a half—and still the wonderful tale was far from being concluded. Alice meanwhile was all in the fidgets, moving from side to side with impatience, and casting many a wistful look at the remaining plates which still awaited her skilful hand. But, although she felt annoyed beyond measure, she never attempted to urge him on, knowing, by sad experience, that, if she once broke the thread of his tale by interruption, he could by no means connect it again, but was obliged to start anew from the

beginning. At last, however, after sitting for nearly two hours, her patience was completely exhausted, and, starting from the chair in a passion, she told him that he was a prosing fool, and that she was resolved never to listen to any thing he had to relate in future.

"Ah! there you go, wife!" exclaimed Hans—"there you go, like all your sex: no more patience than a crab. I had just got half through one of the finest stories you ever heard, and yet you refuse to hear it out. Well, I shall take especial care hereafter how I waste my good things upon you. So good night, Alice; I to my bed and you to your plates." Then he undressed himself and went to rest, murmuring all the while at the impatience of womankind, and lamenting the miserable want of taste in his better-half, who could refuse to sit a couple of hours longer and hear out the remainder of his story. As for Alice, after finishing the business she was employed about, and setting matters to rights in her little household, she retired to bed also.

The night on which this domestic scene took place was unusually tempestuous. It was in the month of November, and during the whole afternoon a storm had evidently been brewing. The wind blew loudly and shrilly around their cottage; streaks of lightning forced their way at intervals through the lattice; and distant thunder was audible overhead. These symptoms of elementary convulsion, instead of abating, increased as the night wore on; and the couple could

distinctly hear the splashing and dashing of the agitated Zuyder Zee, although more than a mile off. Rain also came down in torrents, rattling against the roof and windows, and hissing in the fire as it descended the chimney. The evening, in short, was one of the very best for the relation of a frightful story; and such a one was evidently that of our fisherman — abounding in shipwreck, ghosts, piracy, murder, and all the other attributes of the wild and wonderful. His taste, therefore, in fixing upon such a time for telling the story was, in his own opinion, as good as that of his wife was bad in refusing to hear it. But, without waiting to discuss this knotty point, certain it is that the scene raging without was soon truly appalling to the two inmates, who lay in bed listening to the tumult, which was so violent as to set all attempts to sleep at defiance. They, accordingly, lay broad awake, reflecting upon the damage which the morning would doubtless present; and visions of wrecked vessels and drowned mariners — scenes with which they were but too familiar — passed before their eyes, and made them anxious and melancholy.

Two hours did they continue in this state of sleepless solicitude, when a knocking was heard at the door. At first they took no notice of it, supposing it to proceed from the violence of the wind or rain; but it was immediately repeated with increased loudness, and, following close upon it, they heard the voice of a man imploring to be admitted. "Good Hans Holder,"

said the voice, "let me have a night's lodging in your house! For the sake of Heaven, let me in, or I shall certainly perish;" and the knocks upon the door were renewed louder than at first.

"Who may you be, worthy friend?" said Hans, pitching his voice on a high key, that it might reach the ears of the applicant; "who may you be, that crave admission at this most untimely hour and in such a night?"

"Nay, husband," exclaimed Alice, putting her hand upon his mouth, and speaking to him almost in a whisper, that not a syllable of what she said might be audible by the stranger, "answer him not. He may be one of a gang of thieves come to rob and murder us, so let us pretend to be asleep."

"Asleep, wife! why the poor fellow may be as honest as ourselves, and would you let him perish?"

"Honest or not honest, Hans, you must neither see him nor admit him. Let him seek his quarters somewhere else. Do, dear husband, and I shall listen to all your stories in future, although they occupy six hours each in the telling." So saying, she threw her arms around him, and attempted to prevent him from getting up.

"As to that part of the matter, Alice, you played me a very pretty trick no later than this very night, when you got up in the midst of the fine tale of Mynheer Vanderlendt, which I was telling you, and which would have made your blood curdle and your

hair stand on end, if you had only heard it out. For this I shall have a nice piece of revenge; and, just to cross you, I shall arise and admit the stranger."

While this colloquy was carrying on, the knocking at the door continued as well as the calls for admission: at last, the claimant for hospitality lost temper and called out, apparently in a voice of anger and impatience, "Hans Holder, you prosing blockhead, must I stand here and perish while you and your wife are wasting words upon the propriety of admitting me? Let me in at once, and be done with it!"—and knock, knock, knock, went his fist against the door.

"A prosing blockhead!" muttered Hans, stepping over the side of the bed, and unclasping the hands of his wife, who vainly strove to detain him; "a prosing blockhead! very polite, no doubt! This must be a rare fellow, who craves favours and abuses one with the same breath. Ah, well! there is no accounting for the impatience of people now-a-days: things are turning upside down; and I should not be surprised if, after lodging and feeding this chap, he were to refuse to hear one of my best stories. However, I shall let him in, and try him with Mynheer Vanderlendt's tale to-morrow morning. It is delightful to have one's self listened to; and at any rate I shall have the pleasure of crossing Alice, and punishing her for the way she used me before going to bed."

Hans opened the door, and a man six feet two inches in height, and apparently not above twenty six years of

age, stood before him. He was well dressed, but rather clownish in his appearance, his face being of a ruddy complexion, his hair of a yellowish red, and his eyes somewhat dull and heavy. At first sight, he seemed rather slightly made for his height, but on closer inspection he was found to be both thick and compact in all his proportions, and to have a frame which indicated great muscular vigour. His chest was uncommonly ample and round, and his limbs powerful and well-turned. On entering the cottage, he shook Hans and his wife heartily by the hand, took off his coat carelessly, and, sitting down, without the formality of an invitation, commenced wringing the rain out of it, and warming his feet at the fire. Altogether, he seemed a plain, blunt sort of person, one who was indifferent about the society among whom he might chance to be thrown, and whose station in life might be supposed to be that of a respectable farmer.

After partaking of a hearty supper, consisting of broiled fish, cold fowl, fine wheaten bread, and some excellent Hollands, his tongue, which had hitherto lain quiet in his mouth, began to bestir itself; and, in the course of a few minutes, he convinced his entertainers that he was one of the most inordinate talkers they ever met with. In point of loquaciousness, he not merely equalled but far surpassed Hans Holder himself, who was completely outshone by his superior volubility. In vain did the fisherman try to introduce the tale of Mynheer Vanderlendt; it was im-

possible. The tall, full-chested, red-haired stranger defeated every effort, and rendered all his endeavours unavailing. Hurt as Hans was at all this, his annoyance was not so great as to prevent him from enjoying the conversational powers of his new friend, which exhibited themselves in ebullitions of the wildest extravagance and absurdity. He seemed to have declared open war against sense of every kind; professed a profound admiration for folly; affected to have a deep respect for stupid people; and declared that, on this account, he held Hans in greater veneration than any other individual on the face of the globe. At these strange extravagancies the fisherman and his wife laughed more inordinately than they ever did before; and the more they themselves were made the butts of his ridicule, the more boisterous did their mirth become. As Midas transmuted all he touched into gold, so every thing which passed through the crucible of the stranger's fantastic imagination became ridiculous. Whatever he laid hold of assumed the nature of an absurdity; even sense became nonsense, and wisdom folly.

Nor were his talents confined to these particulars, for he proved himself to be possessed of astonishing powers of mimickry. He squeaked like a pig, brayed like an ass, and cackled like a goose. Mewing, barking, bellowing, and caterwauling, came alike at his bidding; and, by his singular imitative faculties, the bee, the turkey, the blackbird, the bittern, the cuckoo,

and a hundred others, were successfully rivalled — not to say surpassed — in their respective sounds; for, in the opinion of Hans and Alice, his imitations were even better than the originals. Having amused them in this manner, he proceeded to astonish the couple by displays of ventriloquism*. Human voices were heard proceeding from the chimney-top, from under the ground, from the outside of the door, and from the fisherman's coat-pocket. Then he at once amazed and terrified them with legerdemain, swallowing forks and glasses, making money pass most unaccountably from one hand to another, although far asunder, knocking balls through the table, and thrusting knives and needles into his eye. Nothing seemed impossible to him. He could alter the expression of his countenance, so as to appear in several different characters. He was alternately an idiot, an old man, a raving lunatic, an Egyptian mummy, or, in a word, any thing he pleased. To the great astonishment of Hans, he gave exact imitations of all the principal people round about — both men and women, both old and young. Nay, he mimicked several persons known to the fisherman,

* Talking of ventriloquism, I have no doubt that my great archetype, Pythagoras, was a ventriloquist. We read of his addressing the river Nessus, which we are told answered him in a soft voice like that of woman; and this is exactly the ventriloquial voice when represented coming from a distance. To the same wonderful faculty are we to attribute the responses of the oracular oaks and fountains, and, in all probability, those of the Delphic Oracle itself.

who resided many leagues off, as at Ostend, Brussels, and Rotterdam; and, to wind up the whole, he related the wonderful story of Mynheer Vanderlendt, word for word, as it had been told by that personage to Hans. The imitation of Vanderlendt, in voice, manner, and even in expression of face, was so perfect, that the fisherman stared at him with fear and awe, thinking that he had the devil himself, or one of his emissaries, under his roof. Never before did Hans experience such a variety of conflicting sensations. Ungovernable laughter, amazement, and fear, alternately ruled his spirit, but never for above a minute at a time, the one feeling being succeeded, with fearful and almost supernatural rapidity, by the other.

Supper and the conversation which followed it having concluded, the stranger took up his quarters for the night on a comfortable couch which Alice had prepared for him in the adjoining room. This done, she and her husband returned to bed, where, after a lengthened and not very conclusive discussion respecting the character of their guest, they both fell asleep. But the slumbers of Hans were any thing but profound. They were, in fact, one continued dream, not more incongruous and absurd than the scene which occasioned it — for that was impossible — but even more confused, inexplicable, and perplexing. Now he was in Noah's ark, attending a concert, in which the birds, the beasts, and the insects, were the performers: now in his own cottage, listening to human

voices from the chimney, the floor, and the furniture —some loud, like the thunder-peal; some sweet as the music of the spheres; some low and sepulchral, as from the tomb; some stiller than the "still, small voice of conscience," but appalling from the distinctness which accompanied their almost inaudible murmurs. At one time, the Proteus physiognomy of the stranger appeared staring at him in all its comical diversities of expression; at another, his whimsical guest was supping upon knives and forks, or relating the terrific tale of Mynheer Vanderlendt, or mimicking and turning into ridicule every person in the neighbourhood.

In the morning, Hans and Alice arose; and at ten o'clock were seated with their guest at breakfast. In his demeanour there was no perceptible difference. He pursued precisely the same system as at first, talking incessantly, turning every subject into ridicule, and astonishing his guests by an acquaintance with circumstances which they conceived to have been confined entirely to themselves. He had a perfect knowledge of their private affairs; spoke of their relations, their wealth, and their respective birth-places; quizzed Hans upon his fondness for long-winded tales; ridiculed his credulity; laughed at the enormous dimensions of his trowsers; criticised Dame Alice's gown, cap, and slippers; and proved himself, to their entire satisfaction, to be the most satirical, ludicrous, intelligent, unaccountable, and impudent, fellow they

ever had the good or bad fortune to meet with. With all these feelings, however, were blended emotions of deep awe, not unaccompanied with dread. There was something about the man which terrified them; and, while they laughed at his matchless absurdities, they dreaded what they conceived to be his equally matchless powers for mischief. Glad, then, were they, when, on the repast being finished, he prepared to take his leave. Having shaken Alice by the hand, he thanked her for her attentions, which he promised never to forget as long as he lived. He then left the cottage, accompanied by Hans, who civilly offered to see him fairly on his way. "Now, Hans Holder," said he, as they were parting from each other, "you have been very civil indeed to me, very generous, and very hospitable: for all this I thank you; but thanks, as the world goes, are but cold returns for friendly actions, and, therefore, I am disposed to reward you more substantially. So, my good friend, you have only to ask of me any two gifts, and, however great or apparently impossible they may seem to be, I pledge my word they shall be yours. Nay, don't stand staring at me like a booby as you are; what I say is true, and I give you ample permission to put my capabilities to the proof."

"Honoured sir," replied Hans, perfectly incredulous notwithstanding, "I am much obliged to you for your kindness; but, to tell the truth, I am in no want of rewards for the little service I rendered you. I am

well to do in the world — have a snug house, a thousand guilders in the bank of Amsterdam, six tight boats on the shore, and a tight little wife at home, who, although a little impatient, and not over-fond of listening to my fine stories — the more loss to her! — still loves me sincerely, and makes me as happy a man, always bating her impatience, as I dare say I deserve to be."

"Well, Hans," rejoined the stranger, "I am glad to find you on such good terms with yourself; but, before I go away, only bethink you of my offer, the like of which may never be made to you again."

"Respected sir," quoth Hans, "I see you are good at jesting, and, truth to speak, I can take and give a joke as well as my neighbours. I have only two wishes or desires in this world — absurd ones enough, Heaven knows — but still so powerfully do I experience them, that, to have them accomplished, I would give my thousand guilders, my cottage, my six boats, and my wife herself, into the bargain."

Now, we have just seen that the fisherman was extremely fond of indulging his spouse with long stories, which she was by no means equally fond of hearing. The first gift, then, which he begged to be possessed of was this — that whosoever sat down upon the arm-chair, opposite to his own, should not be able to stir from the same without his permission. This, he knew, would compel Alice to listen to him, however tedious his narratives might be. The second desire referred

to a favourite cherry-tree in his garden, which was frequently robbed by malicious people getting upon it and making free with the fruit. He, therefore, wished that whosoever ascended this tree should have no power to come down again, unless he willed it. Both these gifts the stranger readily granted. By what power he did so it is needless to enquire. Suffice it to say that he did grant them; and Hans returned home half-believing, half-doubting, to put the efficacy of the first into practice upon his own wife.

It answered to admiration. Alice seated herself upon the chair, but had no power to rise till it pleased her husband; and the very first use he made of his power was to compel her to listen to the story of Mynheer Vanderlendt, which she had so unceremoniously broken through on the previous night.

Hans was now a happy man. He could indulge at will the ruling passion of his soul; and, of a truth, he did indulge it beyond all reasonable bounds; for, when he had not his wife at hand to listen to him, he would beg any of his neighbours who might step in to sit down upon the chair, while he surprised and teased them with interminable stories, from which they had not the power to escape till it suited the pleasure of his high mightiness, Hans himself. The wonderful property communicated to the cherry-tree was also made manifest in the fruit season. Thieves would get upon it when the darkness set in, and there they would be compelled to remain till next morning,

when he either had them carried, bound hand and foot, before the neighbouring burgomaster, and severely punished, or he administered summary justice with his own hand, by means of a good oaken cudgel or horsewhip.

Years meanwhile wore on, and things prospered better than ever with him. His boats were more successful than other people's; nay, it was alleged that the fish he caught were better — at any rate they brought higher prices, which came to the same thing. Like unto Job, his substance also doubled. From having one thousand guilders in the bank, he now had two; his boats increased from six to twelve; and the number of people in his employment augmented in a like ratio. Every thing went well with him; in proof of which he sported six pair of trowsers, and his wife at least a dozen petticoats. The number of his marvellous adventures likewise augmented with his wealth and his power of commanding listeners; and he was soon looked upon as the greatest talker, and one of the most thriving men, in the Seven United Provinces.

Much might be written, much said, about the wonderful chair, and tales equally wonderful of Hans; but it suits us not to enter more deeply into this subject at the present time. Suffice it to say that, one morning, while seated alone in his cottage, meditating upon some wonderful stories which had been recently related to him, and waiting anxiously for the arrival

of his wife to listen to their recital, he was rather awkwardly interrupted by the appearance of DEATH, who entered unperceived, and stood before him. Now, a braver man than our friend never existed; but, bold as he was, his valour was somewhat startled at the appearance of this unwelcome guest. However, he plucked up sufficient courage to ask what he wanted, and if he could do any thing to oblige him. "The only obligation you can confer," answered Death, "is to come along with me. You have had a pretty long lease of life, and you must now prepare to march off."

"Donner und blitz! march off!" exclaimed Hans, with astonishment. "You are surely jesting, my good fellow! Why, man, I am in perfect health, and just sixty. Come, come, this is all gammon. You can't mean what you say. Zounds! it's not possible."

"Possible or not, what I say is true; but, as I should feel loath to hurry so very notable a personage as you seem to be, I shall favour you with an hour's respite, but not longer, as I have some urgent business of the same kind to settle in the neighbourhood."

"Upon my word," exclaimed the fisherman, "you are a most respectable gentleman. I never met with greater civility in all my life. Will you be so good as to rest yourself on the opposite chair. You must be greatly tired, moving about in these bustling times."

"Indeed I am," replied Death, laying his dart aside, and seating himself upon the arm-chair. "Times have been rather stirring with me of late. The wars have materially increased my business. Suwarrow is a bustling fellow, and keeps me, as well as other people, to my mettle. I have also been a good deal indebted to famine and pestilence, to say nothing of gluttony and drunkenness, which do more for my trade than all the others put together."

After chatting away in this pleasant style for about an hour, Alice made her appearance, and was, as may be well supposed, terribly alarmed at the sight of such a visiter; but Death very politely told her to keep herself quite easy, for that he should not trouble her with a call till that day twenty years. "My business," said he, "is with your worthy husband; and so, Hans, if you please, we shall just go away together, leaving your wife to look after another yoke-fellow, who, I trust, will be as good to her as the one she is going to lose has been." So saying, he attempted to rise for the purpose of setting off with the fisherman, but, to his utter confusion, surprise, and dismay, he found that he could not stir from his seat. In vain did he pull with all his might, and shake his bony fist, and grin with his fleshless jaws, at Hans, who sat opposite to him, laughing heartily and deriding his exertions.

At last, the fisherman spoke as follows: "Death, you are a very decent sort of fellow, and sorry should

I be to do any thing hurtful to your feelings; but the fact of the matter is simply this: you are as completely in my power as I shall doubtless some day or other be in yours, and off that chair you shall not stir till you give me your word of honour that you will not visit me again for twenty years."

At this insulting proposition "Death looked unutterable things;" but the fisherman was firm to his purpose: and, after a thousand appeals, expostulations, and remonstrances, upon the unhandsome behaviour of Hans, he was compelled to submit. So Hans permitted him to arise; and away he skulked, shaking the dart in his face, and looking as ill-natured and malicious as Lucifer himself.

After this masterly manœuvre, Hans felt quite at his ease. He had the comfort of knowing that he should live till the good old age of eighty, and that Alice would remain united to him till the last moment of their existence. Twenty years of his life were yet to run; and he promised himself much happiness during the whole of that period. Nor were his hopes disappointed; for every thing, as before, went well with him — his wealth still continuing to increase, and along with it his consequence and respectability. His wife, also, came to view him with profound respect, as a man highly favoured by Providence. The wonderful chair, and, in an especial manner, the way in which by means of it he had been able to baffle the grim tyrant, had a powerful influence upon her ima-

gination. Nothing he could now do amiss. Day by day he rose in her estimation as an oracle of wisdom; and she at last began to wonder how she could ever consider his stories either long or tiresome. Nor had this feeling of respect a trifling influence upon her own felicity; for Hans, appreciating the manner in which she now demeaned herself towards him, began to conceive for her a greater regard than he had ever done before. Her amazing patience in listening to his tales he regarded as a proof of eminent wisdom; and, as wisdom was a quality upon which he piqued himself, he naturally respected the possession of it in others, and she rose higher in his esteem every succeeding day.

We must now at one step pass over the wide gulph of twenty years, at the end of which time Death once more made his appearance in the cottage of Hans. The fisherman had now attained the good old age of eighty, and his wife was little less; yet they were both, comparatively speaking, strong, hale people; and, although their activity was considerably diminished, they retained most of their faculties unimpaired, and possessed such vigour of constitution as rendered existence any thing but a burden, and inclined them to wish it protracted for several years. On this account, the re-appearance of their old visiter was far from being welcome, more especially as he wore a look of great asperity, declining to hold any conversation with them, and positively refusing to grant them a

respite of even a single minute. In vain did Hans request him to rest a little upon the arm-chair: the old trick was still fresh in his memory, and he was not again to be caught in a similar manner. The fisherman then saw that there was no help for it; and he and his wife left the house, shedding many tears, and lamenting bitterly the harshness of their inexorable leader.

Away, then, went Death, followed by Hans and Alice, arm in arm. Their road passed through the garden, that beautiful spot in which the aged pair had spent so many happy hours, and in the centre of which stood the favourite cherry-tree. It was now early in August, and the tree was loaded with fruit. Thousands of cherries, beautiful to the eye and tempting to the mouth, loaded its luxuriant branches, and bent them with their weight. The fisherman and his wife paused, to gaze for the last time on this delightful scene; and Death himself stood still for a moment, and looked at it with a grim smile of pleasure. Hans perceived the impression which it made upon his conductor; and, falling down upon his knees before him, he entreated, as a last and only favour, that he would mount the tree, and pull him a few of the cherries.

Death, seeing how completely the old folks were in his power, and perhaps willing to astonish them with a specimen of his agility, instantly mounted the tree with all the ease of an ourang-outang. But, no sooner

had he achieved this feat, than, to his utter surprise, Hans set up a loud laugh, in which his wife joined with all her might. In an instant, Death found out that he was once more caught in the net of the fisherman, and that it was utterly impracticable to descend without his permission. His rage at this second deception exceeded all bounds. He swore at them like a dragoon, raved, kicked, beat his breast, and was soon in such a paroxysm of fury that, had suicide in his case been at all practicable, there can be no doubt he would have killed himself outright with his own dart, and thus ridded mankind of their most formidable foe. But his raving, kicking, and furious gestures, were of no avail; Hans did not mind them the toss of a farthing. He knew he had now the cards in his own hands, and resolved to play them to the best advantage. The result is soon told. Before he would permit the grim tyrant to descend from the cherry-tree, he exacted a fresh promise that he would not visit him or his wife again for twenty years. And, seeing that there was no help for it, he was compelled to enter into this engagement, upon which Hans allowed him to come down, and away he went, cursing him for a knave, and wishing him and his old wife at the devil.

By these ingenious devices the Dutch fisherman contrived to add twenty years to his wife's existence, and not less than forty to his own, a proof that if he was a long-winded he was also somewhat of a long-

headed fellow, and could see farther through a mill-stone than many people of far greater pretensions.

The twenty additional years, like the previous term, passed away, and Death, for the third time, made his appearance. By this time, the desire of longer life had ceased to actuate either Hans or Alice. Infirmity had fallen upon them: their hearing, their sight, their enjoyments, had all become blunted, while their former friends had passed away, leaving them like two aged trees, standing desolate and alone in the midst of a wilderness. Existence was thus distasteful to both; and, when Death appeared, he found them seated side by side, anxiously longing for his approach. Away, then, they went together — he glad to get the mastery of such troublesome subjects, and they themselves glad to go along with him.

The cherry-tree still stands in the middle of what was once Hans Holder's garden, and the chair yet occupies its wonted place at the chimney-nook; but, alas! both tree and chair have lost their mysterious properties. It is to be hoped, however, for the behoof of the next story-telling occupant of the fisherman's cottage, that the same tall, red-haired gentleman who communicated such marvellous powers to them may, if he be still in the land of the living, be inclined to renew the gift, and thus afford some future writer an opportunity of producing a new tale upon the subject, equally veracious with the present, and much more ably told.

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THE HON.BLE MRS. LEICESTER STANHOPE.

WOMAN.

SUGGESTED BY A PORTRAIT OF THE HONOURABLE MRS. LEICESTER STANHOPE, IN THE FOREGROUND OF A BEAUTIFUL LANDSCAPE.

BY W. H. HARRISON, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "TALES OF A PHYSICIAN," &C.

O WHAT a scene is this! so beautiful,
So placid, that if Peace would deign to choose
A sublunary habitation, here
Would be her home. How lovely in repose
Spreads the clear lake in which the sun delights
To bathe its sultry beams! See yon tall grove
Of fragrant lime trees, which, at eventide,
Cast their rich perfume on the minstrel gale
In guerdon of the melody it breathes.
There rears the classic temple its proud front;
Here the fall'n column, emblem of decay,
Gives pathos to the picture; while beyond,
In the dim distance, like a barrier, rise,
The giant hills, as if to guard a spot
So consecrate from feet profane.

To crown
The scene, the climax of its beauty, see
Yon fairy form, imparadised like Eve,
The loveliest, last create of Eden's flowers!
How, like a sylph, descended from the stars,

To gladden and to grace this lower world,
She treads, with printless foot, the verdant lawn!

But not in Nature's silent haunts alone
Shines Woman with a lustre which exceeds
That of all earthly things. Go to the world,
And mark her value as a boon to man,
In every grade and circumstance of life,
In pleasure, pain, in splendour, and eclipse;
When sorrow, like a cloud, is on his path,
And lost, bewilder'd, in the gathering gloom,
He vainly seeks a shelter from the storm:
Or when, awaken'd from Youth's idle dream,
He finds the world the wilderness it is,
Its verdure as the grass that hides the grave,
Its fruits all bitterness, its fairest flowers
Tangled with weeds, and thickly girt with thorns:
When those whom once he fondly deem'd his friends,
Tried by Adversity's unerring test,
Have proved base counterfeits: or, when the grave
Hath mercilessly closed on one whose love
Had been his cherish'd treasure: it is then,
O then that Woman's accents have a charm
To calm the tempest of his troubled mind!
On her fond breast, in grief's abandonment,
He pours the long-pent current of his heart,
Of which, in presence of his fellow-man,
His pride had closed the floodgates!

THE GOODWIVES OF WEINSBERG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF BÜRGER.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Who can tell me where Weinsberg lies?
  As brave a town as any;
It must have cradled good and wise,
  Both wives and maidens many.
Should I e'er wooing have to do,
I' faith, in Weinsberg will I woo!

The Emperor Conrad, on a time,
  In wrath the town was battering;
And near it lay his warriors prime,
  And sturdy horsemen clattering;
And, with fierce firing, rode and ran
All round about it horse and man.

As him the little town withstood,
  Though every thing it wanted,
So did he swear in vengeful mood
  No mercy should be granted:
And thus his heralds spoke — "This know,
I'll hang you, rascals, in a row!"

When in the town was heard this threat,
  It caused a great dejection,

And every neighbour neighbour met
With mournful interjection:
Though bread was very dear in price,
Yet dearer still was good advice.

"Ah woe for me, most wretched man!
Great woe the siege has won us!"
They cried, and every priest began
"The Lord have mercy on us!"
"Oh, woe! woe! woe!" on all sides clanged;
"We feel e'en now as good as hanged!"

When in despair wise men will sit,
In spite of council-masters,
How oft has saved them woman's wit
From manifold disasters!
Since woman's wit, as all men know,
Is subtler than aught else below.

There was a wife to her good man
But yesterday united;
And she a wise scheme hit upon
Which the whole town delighted,
And made them all so full of glee,
They laughed and chattered famously.

Then, at the hour of midnight damp,
Of wives a deputation
Went out to the besiegers' camp,
Praying for capitulation:

So soft they prayed, so sweet they prayed!
And for these terms their prayer was made:

"That all the wives might be allowed
Their jewels forth to carry;
What else remained the warriors proud
Might rive, and hang, and harry;"
To this the Emperor swore consent,
And back the deputation went.

Thereon, as soon as morn was spied,
What happened? Give good hearing!
The nearest gate was opened wide,
And out each wife came, bearing—
True as I live!—all pick-a-pack,
Her worthy husband in a sack!

Then many a courtier, in great wrath
The goodwives would have routed:
But Conrad spake, "My kingly faith
May not be false or doubted!
"Ha! bravo!" cried he, as they came;
"Think you our wives would do the same?"

Then gave he pardon and a feast,
Those gentle ones to pleasure;
And music all their joy increased,
And dancing without measure;
As did the mayoress waltzing twirl,
So did the besom-binding girl.

Ay, tell me now where Weinsberg lies,
As brave a town as any,
And cradled has it good and wise,
Both wives and maidens many:
If wooing e'er I have to do,
'Faith! one of Weinsberg will I woo!

SERENADE.

Oh, sweet the lily's silver sleep,
When the twilight is come, and the dew-drops fall;
And sweet the fresh wind's sighing sweep;
And sweet the wood-dove's evening call!
But to Love, to infant Love,
One smile is sweeter than them all.

Oh, rich the midnight roundelay,
When the nobles are met in the gilded hall,
And gleams the cresset's sparkling ray
On plume and pearly coronal!
But to Love, triumphant Love,
One glance is richer than them all.

Oh, sad the twilight's sweeping shade
Along the convent's ivied wall;
And sad the sight of beauty laid
Beneath the churchyard's sullen pall!
But to Love, unpitied Love,
One pang is sadder than them all.

THE MURDERED TINMAN.

BY WILLIAM L. STONE, ESQ.

Some fear'd and fledd; some fear'd, and well it fayn'd;
One that would wiser seeme than all the reste
Warn'd him not touch, for yet perhaps remayn'd
Some lingering life within his hollow brest;
Another saide that in his eyes did rest
Yet sparkling fyre, and badd thereof take heed;
Another saide he saw him move his eyes indeed.

SPENSER'S FAERIE QUEENE.

SOON after the close of the war which terminated in the establishment of the North American Republic, one of those itinerant gentlemen from Connecticut who deal in tinware and other vendibles — a class of our fellow republicans long since known in every portion of the Union where a "York six-pence" can be obtained in exchange for a tin skimmer or a pepper-box — found his way through the "Nine Partners" and Poughkeepsie into the county of Ulster, in the state of New York. He was a good-looking man, of a free and jovial disposition, glib with the tongue, keen at a bargain, smart at a joke, and 'cute at a swap. As he travelled up and down among the river towns from Saugerties and Æsopus, through New Paltz and Plattekill, to New Windsor and the Highlands, and occasionally back towards the wilderness as far as Minisink, year after year, he became very generally known throughout all that region. Three or four times in a year he was wont to return to Connecticut,

to replenish his stock in trade, and rid himself of the old pewter and other "notions," for which he had bartered his goods, when he could not exchange them for a less cumbersome and more valuable metal. But these absences were short; and far the larger portion of his time was spent among his honest Dutch customers, to whom he was sure to bring something new and still more inviting at each successive visit. So much of his time was passed among these Dutch settlements, that he soon acquired enough of their language to enable him to crack jokes with the old ladies in their mother-tongue, and banter with their plump, simple-minded daughters, from whom he now and then stole a kiss — not much to the dissatisfaction of either themselves or their mothers, for he was a general favourite. At the quiltings and other merry-makings in the settlements through which he leisurely passed, he was ever a welcome guest; and he could always dance the double-shuffle with the prettiest girl of them all, not excepting 'Squire Vanderspeigle's Katrina. Nay, scandal, in after-years, went so far as to say, that there were a number of little flaxen-haired children along-shore, who, unluckily having no fathers to resemble, looked very like the Tinman. But that is neither here nor there.

Eight or ten years rolled away, and the Tinman continued to make his rounds, seated on the box of his cart, and, when alone, whistling Yankee Doodle, or some other grave melody "for want of thought," and

extending his circuits, as the settlements were pushed further into the interior. He extended his business, moreover, in process of time, as the taste for finery increased with the march of civilization — the march of mind not having then commenced — so that in addition to tin pans, cups, graters, and mousetraps, he had a chest constructed within the body of his cart, in which he carried pins, needles, coarse muslins and calicoes, pink and black silk for bonnets, and yellow and flame-coloured ribands. Alas! the frailty of woman! From the moment the pedlar began to sell flame-coloured ribands, his influence was irresistible; and the balance of trade was in a short time so much against the people of Orange and Ulster, that they must have all failed, had not their wheat, butter, and fat turkeys, continued to bring full prices in the city of New York. It is certain that the specie, as well as old pewter and rags — not bank-notes, gentle reader, as that species of rags was unknown in the halcyon days of which I am writing — was very rapidly leaving the country, and, had it not poured in from other sources of supply, it must have diminished with each quarterly journey of the pedlar to Connecticut. But, happily, there were few newspapers and no political economists in those days, so that the worthy burghers never found out that they were ruined because the balance of trade was against them, and because, also, they could not keep their dollars lying idle and without interest in their lockers.

Whenever the Tinman sojourned for a day or two in the rocky and romantic town of New Paltz, he put up at the inn kept by old Mr. Nicholas Van Hoesen, upon whose sign hung the effigy, rather clumsily executed, as the historian must in candour admit, of the patron saint of the Niew Niederlandts, indulging in the luxury of a pipe. The house was of only one story, and the heavy beams, thickly laid across from wall to wall, were not covered by a ceiling. But these beams, with the massive, well-plastered walls, were as white and clean as quick-lime could make them; while the bed-rooms beneath the high, sharp-pointed roof, and the beautiful white homespun linen sheets, were as sweet and wholesome as need be desired for a bridal chamber. Here it was that the weary traveller could find the luxury of repose, after sitting, if he chose, of a winter's evening around the noble fire that crackled and blazed upon the broad hearth, to hear the simple village chroniclers talking, over their mugs of cider, of the news from 'Sopus, or of Sheneral Vashington and King Shorge, while the vapour of the Indian weed was ascending in little misty wreaths from their pipes, or pouring forth in more dense and ample volumes from their clouded and capacious mouths. Here, too, he might learn, from their own lips, their chivalrous deeds in arms, as they fought their revolutionary battles over again, in the relation of the massacre of Minisink, or the burning of 'Sopus by the red-coats, who, to quote their own glowing language, though

poured forth in a rather oddly-constructed climax, had come there "to purn up dare houshish, murder dare sons, ravish dare wives and daughters, and trow down dare fences pesides!"

Such were the comfortable quarters of the Tinman during his quarterly visits to New Paltz. But, *tempora mutantur*:—old Mr. Van Hoesen died one day, and that too, most unfortunately, before the pedlar had ceased furnishing the people in that region with tin milk-pans, dutch ovens, and flame-coloured ribands. The widow of the defunct innkeeper returned to reside with her daughter, who was married to the Rev. Mr. Rip Van Valzer of Tappan. The old tavern stand was rented to a man by the name of Fowler, who had been a tory sutler in the British army while in New York. Soon after these changes, the good old sign of St. Nicholas was taken down, and another erected in its place, having a square and compasses on one side, and a strange mark of five lines, terminating in five acute angles, surrounding a large letter G, on the other. The house was not half so clean as it used to be; "the cider had not half enough apples in it;" and, in short, nothing went on as before. For a time the mysterious characters on the sign were not understood; but, as soon as the honest burghers were told that good St. Nicholas had been compelled to give way to the emblems of freemasonry, they shook their heads, knocked the ashes out of their pipes, and went away, one by one, to visit their old and favourite haunt

no more. Mr. Fowler, the new landlord, was not so well-favoured a man as some; but that was not his fault. His eyes were large and prominent, of a light grey, and lustreless. His frame was heavy-moulded and awkward. His words were few; and he appeared as though he did not care to look an honest man in the face. His wife had red hair, and a sharp slender nose, just reddening into bloom at its tip; she was not over-neat in her person or household; and, having a touch of the snapping-turtle in her temper, it was said that their domestic felicity was not altogether uninterrupted. After the neighbouring burghers ceased repairing thither to smoke their pipes and drink their pennyworth of cider, it was gravely concluded that the new host would never be able to pay his rent, unless —— and it was soon whispered about that a well dressed gentleman who put up at the inn, one snow-stormy night, had never been seen afterwards.

Not many months subsequent to the events which I have just recorded, the Tinman came along, once more to gladden the hearts and lighten the pockets of his friends in New Paltz. He had gone forth on his present excursion with a much more ample supply of wares and gewgaws than usual, and had taken a far wider circuit — having swept up along the western margin of the Hudson, beyond Albany to Half Moon and Schenectady — and was now returning with a cart nearly empty, but, as it was very naturally supposed, with well filled pockets. He drove his horse and cart

directly to the old spot, and put them up under the same shed. He had "passed the time of day" with many of his old customers that morning on the road, and had given Christina Dieffendorff the remnant of a broad, flame-coloured riband that very afternoon, for the privilege, as he called it, of cutting it off on her sweet cherry lips. But that was the last time Christina had the opportunity of purchasing such a beautiful riband of the Tinman at so cheap a rate; for he was never seen corporeally in New Paltz again. Early the next morning, Fowler alarmed the neighbourhood by a story that the Tinman had fled during the night, leaving his horse in the stable, and his cart under the shed. On forcing the locks of the cart-box it was found empty of every thing save a bundle of cast-off clothes. His overcoat, that had shielded him from the peltings of many a pitiless storm, was left in his bedroom, and his hat was found behind the old stone barn. All enquiries for the Tinman proved fruitless. The horse and cart were advertised by written notices that nobody could read; and the result was, that Fowler took both, to pay for the feeding of one. His rent soon afterwards became due, and he paid it without difficulty. Nay, he shortly made some repairs of the premises, and even talked of purchasing! From that time forth, moreover, he had money enough, and small sums to lend at usury.

For several weeks after the Tinman's disappearance, there was much excitement upon the subject,

and many unwelcome remarks could not fail of reaching the ears of the innkeeper. But in process of time it died away, as all excitements do; nevertheless, there were those in the immediate vicinity of the inn who did not believe the story of the honest Tinman's running off after that sort in the night, leaving his horse, cart, overcoat, and hat, which, though rather the worse for wear, were all worth something still. The more the circumstances were pondered over by those who had laid them up in their hearts, and the longer the Tinman had been absent, the graver were the looks of the elder neighbours, and the more dubious and solemn the shakes of the head when he was mentioned, and when the girls sighed over their fading ribands.

Finally, an event occurred which determined what had been the fate of the poor Tinman, beyond doubt or contradiction. It was proved that he had been most foully dealt with, by testimony much stronger than has ever been brought into a court of justice — probably because subpœnas from human tribunals will not be obeyed by such witnesses. The development was after this sort. It happened that, rather late one night, at the dread hour of deepest darkness, "when churchyards yawn," as Conrad Van Vranken was passing Fowler's premises, on his return from a visit he had been making to the fair Christina Dieffendorff, during which the Tinman, and the flame-coloured riband, the last present he had ever made, were subjects of

conversation, he beheld a sight in the road beside him, which froze his young blood and chained him to the spot with affright. It was the shade of the Tinman which he saw, and it was "confirmation strong as proof from Holy Writ" that he had been murdered! There he was, travelling close by his side, seated on the box of the identical cart he had for so many years driven through the country, and drawn, too, by the same horse, with three white feet, although Conrad well knew that both cart and horse had been sold by Fowler to the first family moving on their way from New England to Ohio. Though appalled, and for the moment struck motionless, yet Conrad watched the apparition as it passed slowly by him. It was indeed the pedlar, looking as in life, only that his cheek was deadly pale, and he could not endure the cold, set glare of his eye! In a moment afterwards, to Conrad's further surprise, the Tinman turned his spectre horse and vehicle short off to the right, and, without the slightest impediment from a stout six-railed fence, drove over it, and across a small field, and entered directly into a ledge of high precipitous rocks, by which the field was bounded on its western side — and disappeared! Conrad thereupon hurried home, as fast as his legs could carry him, and crept shivering into his bed, just in the grey of the morning. But slumber was most effectually driven from his eyelids — not by waking visions of bliss with the fair Christina Dieffendorff in his warm embrace, but by the Tinman, whose cold, dull eye

seemed to glare on him still, and the image of the horse and cart, which their master had driven straight into the ledge of rocks.

The vision of Conrad soon became bruited about, nor was a single pleasantry indulged at his expense, as how he had only been frightened by getting into a doze after having staid out late making love in Low Dutch to his sweetheart. Indeed, had any one doubted that he had seen a veritable ghost, such doubt would soon have been dissipated by the testimony of Doctor Vandenhuyvel, who, having been called up to attend one of those delicate though nameless cases which generally occur in the night, was obliged to pass the fatal place at about the same hour in which honest Conrad had encountered the apparition. As might have been expected, both the doctor and the messenger with him saw the Tinman seated, as when of this world, on the box of his cart, his hair queued with an eel-skin, and his horse with three white feet. The vision appeared in the road, as at first, but soon turned off across the field, without disturbing the fence or leaving a track, and disappeared in the ledge. From this time forward, there was — there could be — no doubt as to the fate of the Tinman, or that his unquiet spirit was a frequent visiter upon earth: — for it always happened that those who were compelled to pass the dreadful spot at the witching hour of night were sure of a visit from the Tinman in his spectre cart, who always disappeared, by driving into the rocks. Sometimes, in-

deed, in the eyes of those who possessed more excitable and poetical temperaments, the spectre was invested with more picturesque, if not more terrific, characteristics. The eyes of the steed had been seen to glare like fireballs, while flames and smoke were breathed from his nostrils, and, instead of the Tinman, a skeleton sat upright upon the box —

> "Whose loose teeth in their sockets shook
> And grinn'd terrific a sardonic look" —

guiding the reins, and rattling his bony fingers upon the sideboards, as he whistled the old melancholy dirge of Yankee Doodle. But, for the most part, in these oft-repeated nightly visitations the Tinman appeared as when a regular and substantial inhabitant of this world, in the same plain attire, seated on the same cart, drawn by the same white-footed horse, and wearing the identical hat that had been found behind the old stone barn. He had indeed been seen so many times without injuring any body, that less dread was felt in passing the haunted ledge than for weeks after his first appearance; although it is believed that Conrad ever afterwards contrived to sit an hour later with Christina Dieffendorff than had been his custom before, until, by the intervention of Dominie Waughkerhagen, there was no further need for his hurrying himself. But that is neither here nor there.

It may well be imagined that, under these circumstances, the popularity of the inn did not increase, though its character was in some other respects im-

proved. With the growth of the country, travelling had increased, and the village superstitions, whether well or ill founded, were not known at great distances abroad. Of course Fowler received a share of business, and continued to improve his premises. Still he was sullen and morose in his disposition; and his house was avoided as much as possible, not only by the immediate neighbours, but by all the people roundabout, in the region of Ulster. Not even the Tinman's cart-box, full of Dutch ducats, could have hired any one acquainted with its former owner to have passed a night under his roof. Fowler however purchased and paid for the old homestead of St. Nicholas; and the announcement of this fact caused many more dark surmises and doubtful shakes of the head.

It happened, some five or six years after the occurrences above related, when I was one day riding from 'Sopus down to the Limekilns, that I was overtaken by a storm near the premises of Mr. Fowler, and obliged to seek shelter in his house. It rained with great violence, and "the red artillery of heaven" played tremendously. The storm continued until it was too late for me to proceed by day-light, and I determined to remain where I was for the night. Not that I had forgotten the story of the Tinman; but Fowler knew me, and had no reason to suppose that I could have more than a few dollars of change about me for the exigencies of a thirty miles' ride. There needed therefore be no apprehension of danger in my case, even

though the pedlar's strange disappearance was yet a mystery. Besides, I was ashamed to allow, even to myself, that fear could disturb my thoughts, or that the least particle of superstitious dread, now that I had become a grown-up man, yet lurked within my bosom. So, ordering my horse to the stable, I seated myself upon the broad stone steps at the door, as the storm broke away, to watch the sun, whose beams peered through the watery clouds, and revealed that glorious luminary just as he was sinking into a bed of molten gold. I next busied myself awhile in counting the stars, as they successively began to twinkle with silvery radiance in the heavens.

But, before the orange glow of the departed orb of day had quite disappeared from the western horizon, a stranger rode up to the tavern, mounted upon a spirited, coal black charger, who stood pawing the ground, champing the heavy, plated bridle-bits, and snorting away the foam, as his master enquired for lodgings. The stranger was a tall man, of elegant though rather slender proportions. His hair was as black as his steed, and his dark, quick eye was lighted up with peculiar lustre. A proud curl of the lip denoted a more southern origin; and, as he threw off the oil-cloth cloak which had protected him from the drenching shower just over, his mien was still more graceful and commanding. Like his own attire, the equipage of his horse was nearly new and elegant, and a well filled portmanteau contained his luggage. The traveller took

the portmanteau from the saddle with his own hands, while the host, (our old acquaintance Fowler) stripped the noble animal of his trappings. When the stranger placed the portmanteau upon the stoop, I thought that it descended with uncommon momentum; and I also observed that Fowler took occasion, rather dexterously, and, as he supposed, without being seen, to try its weight, as he placed the saddle by its side, before he led the impatient animal to the stable.

These matters having been arranged, the stranger partook of some slight refreshments at the same board with myself, and requested to be shewn to his apartment for the night.

"I will take my portmanteau to my room," said the stranger.

"Never mind that, sir," said the landlord; "it will be just as safe in the bar, sir."

"But I choose to have it in my room," replied the stranger firmly.

"Very well," said Fowler doggedly; "I will bring it along, sir."

"I prefer taking it myself," returned the stranger, and, the light being ready, he was ushered up stairs into his room.

The apartment assigned to me was next to that of the stranger, and my window looked out upon the memorable field, across which the Tinman was reported so often to have made his trackless journey. And there, too, a little further on, was the formidable

buttress of rocks, into the solid sides of which the unquiet shadows were wont to enter. The moon having risen, objects were distinctly visible to a still greater distance than the haunted ledge. Certain strange, indefinable feelings began to come over me. I strove to repel them. Creeping into bed, I buried my eyes in the clothes, and tried to compose myself to sleep. But the effort was vain. The Tinman and his cart, the stranger and his portmanteau, and the sinister look of Fowler, as he adroitly tried the weight of it, danced through my imagination with vivid and painful distinctness. I got up, and barricaded my door as silently as possible, and crawled into bed again, only to toss from side to side, with feverish restlessness and excitement—starting now and then from a fitful slumber as I dreamed of the Tinman and his cart. Thus, hour after hour passed away, though perhaps I was, for a time, more than once, entirely oblivious. But my courage and feelings were, in the course of the night, put to the severest trial. I heard noises, as of persons passing and repassing upon the stairway, and a whispering, as of people who wished not to be overheard. I likewise heard the stranger's door gently opened. Soon afterwards a groan, followed by a gurgling noise, as of a death-struggle, mingled with the trickling of some liquid into a wooden vessel. Then all was still as death for a moment; and then again the cautious whispering was heard. I was unarmed, and if I made an alarm there was no help within call; so that I

should only be bringing the point of the fatal knife to my own throat. Besides, the fell deed had been done; I therefore lay still, suppressing my breath, and shuddering with horror. Again there was passing and repassing upon the stairway, and more whispering. I heard the words—"Are you sure he is asleep? Don't you think he heard us?" And these questions were followed by a—"Hush!"—Then I heard a noise as of persons taking some heavy object down the staircase. I listened with breathless and horrid silence until I heard the door closed after them, when I carefully rose from my bed, and stepped softly to the window. There, truly enough, was the dreadful reality! I saw Fowler and his wife, by the light of the waning moon, carrying the dead body of the stranger, wrapped in his cloak, directly across the field, in the course always taken by the spectre-Tinman, and his horse and cart. At last they arrived at the foot of the rocky steep, into whose granite walls the shadows always appeared to glide. Stopping, breathless from the weight of their burden, both the he and the she-villain looked cautiously around, as if to note whether they had been observed. They then lustily applied themselves to the removal of some heavy fragments of rocks, at the base of the precipice, the weight of which, judging from their size, would have required the strength of thirty men to remove, and I distinctly saw the narrow opening of a cave—the charnel house, no doubt, of the Tinman, and of many others. Into this

dark sepulchre the body of the murdered man was thrust, and the cowardly homicides stole back to the house to tell their spoil, and perhaps retire to sleep, folding each other in their bloody embrace! "Wretches!" I inwardly exclaimed, "your hidden crimes have but a little longer to remain 'unwhipt of justice!' Little do you think that the eye of man has beheld your bloody tracks—that the darkest cavern cannot longer hide your guilt—and that you will so soon be sent from an earthly to a yet higher tribunal of justice!" * * * * Again I heard steps upon the stairway. They approached nearer—now they are at my door—And * * * * * * at this moment I was startled from a very deep, though unquiet sleep, by the shrill and well known voice of Mrs. Fowler, squealing out—"Mr. Doolittle—Mr. Doolittle—an't you going to get up? Breakfast has been ready this half hour, and the man with the black horse is waiting for you. Poor man! he's been desput sick all night, or else he'd have clean got to 'Sopus for't, I know, afore now!"

* * * * *

Perhaps I may as well add, in conclusion, that, being at Washington on the installation of President Jefferson, some years afterwards, I saw, among the members of Congress from somewhere beyond the westward—not the Tinman's ghost, gentle reader, but—the real Tinman himself—a leading Senator in Congress from one of the new States, of which he was the first governor, and in which he was a landholder of some

thirty-five thousand acres! As to the thrift of the Fowlers, which was so unintelligible to the lovers of the marvellous, I apprehend that its solution may easily be found in the pregnant meaning of Poor Richard's saw — "that a penny saved is two-pence earned*."

TRUE LOVELINESS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

Who hath not felt the harmony of grace,
The sweetness of that bright and lovely dower?
Who hath not gazed on Woman's beauteous face,
Until his inmost soul has own'd her power?
Yet, to the Mind's — oh! what is Beauty's flower?
I ask not for the fair and dazzling hue,
The rose of youth that withers hour by hour;
Give me the Mind, whose flowers are ever new!
For there, and there alone, *true* loveliness we view.

* In the present story, I have attempted to illustrate the characters of two prominent races of our motley population — the descendants of the Dutch and the Yankees of what we call New England. The former have, from time immemorial, been the ignorant and unsuspecting dupes of the latter. The Yankees of the middling and lower classes are proverbial for their shrewdness and cunning. They furnish the whole tribe of pedlars for this immense country. These pedlars frequently acquire large property, whereupon they often emigrate to the new western States, drop their former characters, and become men of consequence. Such was the fact with the hero of the trifle which I send you.

THE SEARCH AFTER GOD.

FROM THE GERMAN.

BY THE EDITOR.

Canst thou by searching find out God?
JOB, xi. 7.

THEE seeks my spirit,
Thee, Father of Spirits, Thee, the Uncreate,
Round whose eternal throne, in boundless space,
Blaze myriad suns in gorgeous majesty,
Whom Earth's revolving ages trembling guess'd at,
Had named, but knew not,
Thee, Thee I seek!

Thee, Thee I seek!
Why hidest thou thy face?
Was it not Thou whose fiat bade me be?
Could I call forth my being ere I was?
Mere emanation of thy living light,
Most marvellously inwrapt in earthly mould —
Father of all things, Thou, too, art my sire:
Thy offspring calls Thee, calls and knows Thee not;
Why dost Thou hide Thee from my longing eyes?

Thee have I sought!
Upborne on Prayer's strong pinions have I soar'd:
The while this frame sank prostrate in the dust,
Its mortal eyes bedimm'd with tears of love,

Through the etherial dome my spirit ranged,
And in its anxious course from world to world
Sought Thee, and cried — the worlds gave back the cry —
"Sire of the Universe, reveal Thyself!"
Infinity in silence heard the call:
Earth, planets, suns, held on their wonted course,
The course prescribed from deep eternity:
And, shudd'ring, loving, weeping, I awoke
From the fond dream of faith.
The voice of Nature thunder'd in mine ear,
But thy parental voice — I heard it not:
I saw but traces of thy power, not Thee!

Thee, Thee I sought,
Whom all the tongues of all the Spirits praise.
I listen'd to the words of Saint and Sage,
And Priests and Bonzes, Lamas and Imāns,
Loudly proclaim'd thy glory.
Proclaim'd *thy* glory?
No, holy Sire of all the things that be,
Not Thee, themselves their blinded hearts proclaim'd.
Not to thy glory bigots whet the sword —
Not to thy glory build they scaffolds up —
Not to thy glory, though in thy blest name,
Hurls the proud pontiff his anathemas.
Fired by the lust of power, not love of Thee,
They prey, more cruel than the ravening beasts
That roam the Afric deserts, on their kind.

Thee I have sought,
Thou Omnipresent, Unrevealed One!
Arm'd with the torch of Science have explor'd
Nature's most secret chambers. I have seen
The stream of life pour its unmeasured tide
Through animal and vegetation's tribes;
I've seen in the acid drop a populous sea,
And in a leaf a town of busy beings.
I've seen the crystal into vapour melt,
And torrents gush from airs invisible;
The electric power, with wondrous influence,
Pervade all Nature; in the magnet draw,
Repel in the torpedo; glance like wings
Of fire around the pole; and glad the Earth
With blessings shed from the riven thunder-cloud!

At last I stood, alone and shudd'ring stood,
Upon the verge of Nature, on her shores
Of matter crude, inert, inanimate,
Where break the ever-restless waves of life,
Forming and decomposing. There I cried:
"O God, my God, where art thou?"
Is then this ceaseless strife 'twixt life and death —
Each in its turn absorbing and absorbed —
Is this Creation's Uncreated Cause?
If it be so, then is one lightning thought,
Forth flashing from my mind, far more divine
Than this blind working of the elements.
I float above their fathomless abyss,

Self-conscious over the unconscious waste,
A brilliant light o'er brooding darkness hung,
A free volition over will-less matter.
Who saith Almighty Pow'r is present here?
Where is his bounty? where his wisdom? where
His loving kindness? where his holiness?
He who the ear hath planted, shall not He,
Too, hear? He who the wonders of the eye
Contrived, shall He not see? He who hath taught
The Spirits knowledge, ah! shall he not know?
Him, the Life-giver, have I eager sought,
And found but life; Him, the All-wise, I sought,
And found but wisdom; Him, the Bountiful,
And found but love.

Thee have I sought: I ask'd in the high heavens,
Where Sirius and Orion dimly shine,
Where their eternal round about the pole
Cassiopeia and Boötes dance,
Where, through the Moon's phosphor-bright plains, the streams
Of burning lava from her mountains flow —
No sound responded thence. And I beheld
The snow-white axis of great Jupiter;
And, circled by his golden ring, explor'd
Far Saturn and the farther Uranus.
I mounted to the Sun's resplendent orb,
Onward from star to star, and onward still,
To where no stars shine more — where a faint gleam

Steals through the darkling void of the Infinite,
From suns which human eye have never lit;
And in my anxious search for Thee I saw
The Inscrutable — there traced thy Providence —
My Father's everlasting mansion found,
But saw not Thee.

Down from the immeasurable heights of heaven
I shrank again to my familiar dust;
I wept, and cried aloud — "He who hath framed
The wondrous fabric of the Universe —
He who bestoweth unimagined joys
On myriad tribes which crowd its ev'ry nook —
Needs He a worm like me?
Yet hath He given me in his house a place.
And who am I that He remembereth me!
Yet me He doth remember."

Anon, all generations of the Earth
Since its creation pass'd before my sight
And disappear'd: the tyrant's transient rule
Over his fetter'd millions I beheld —
Beheld the nations' mad and bloody wars,
For glory, wealth, and power, Ambition's aims,
Nay, for the airy shadow of a dream.
Alas! Man's history is but a web
Of Frenzy's joys and sorrows. The Most Holy
Upon the cross yielded his innocent life,
While Guilt has led to laurell'd victory;

Yet from each folly's grave hath wisdom sprung.
As from the sullen mineral the flame,
Transforming darkness into light, ascends
And heavenward aspires, so, too, aspires,
So, too, ascends from perishable dust
The spirit to the Imperishable Source.
Humanity, what contrasts meet in thee,
Thy feet yet plunged i' th' depths of ancient Night,
Thy brow all radiant with the light of God!
In vain hath happiness supreme been sought
In gold or power, in pleasure or in fame:
The highest knowledge of the wise at last
Is to be undeceived! —— I 'm undeceived!
In dust I sought God, and I found but dust!
And all these thrones, worlds, suns — what are they?
dust!
No kindred the immortal spirit owns,
But to the Father of immortal things.

I shall be His,
When this frail body hath gone down to dust;
I shall be His,
When e'en the solid globe itself dissolves.
When the Sun's splendour long hath been extinct,
Still shall the Godhead's glorious light shine on,
And of that light a feeble spark be mine.

No, not in dust, 't is in the spirit alone,
The glory of its Maker is revealed.

I am in Him! in me, through me, He speaks.
Who, if not He himself, taught Man his name?
Who gave him knowledge of the Invisible?
Who turn'd his face toward heaven? Who placed within
A judge of all his actions? Who instructs
Frail mortals to adjust the strife between
Passion and Duty by far other rules
Than those which Pleasure dictates? Whence, too, is it
That for an unseen, spiritual good
We cheerfully forego the joys of life?
Dust draws to dust, the spirit to the spirit—
To Thee, Most Holy One, who through thyself
Revealed art in Man.

No more I seek Thee,
No more in dust I seek the living God:
Thy universe is my abiding place,
And thine eternity—it is my time.
Existence is but one eternity,
Life but a step to everlasting bliss.

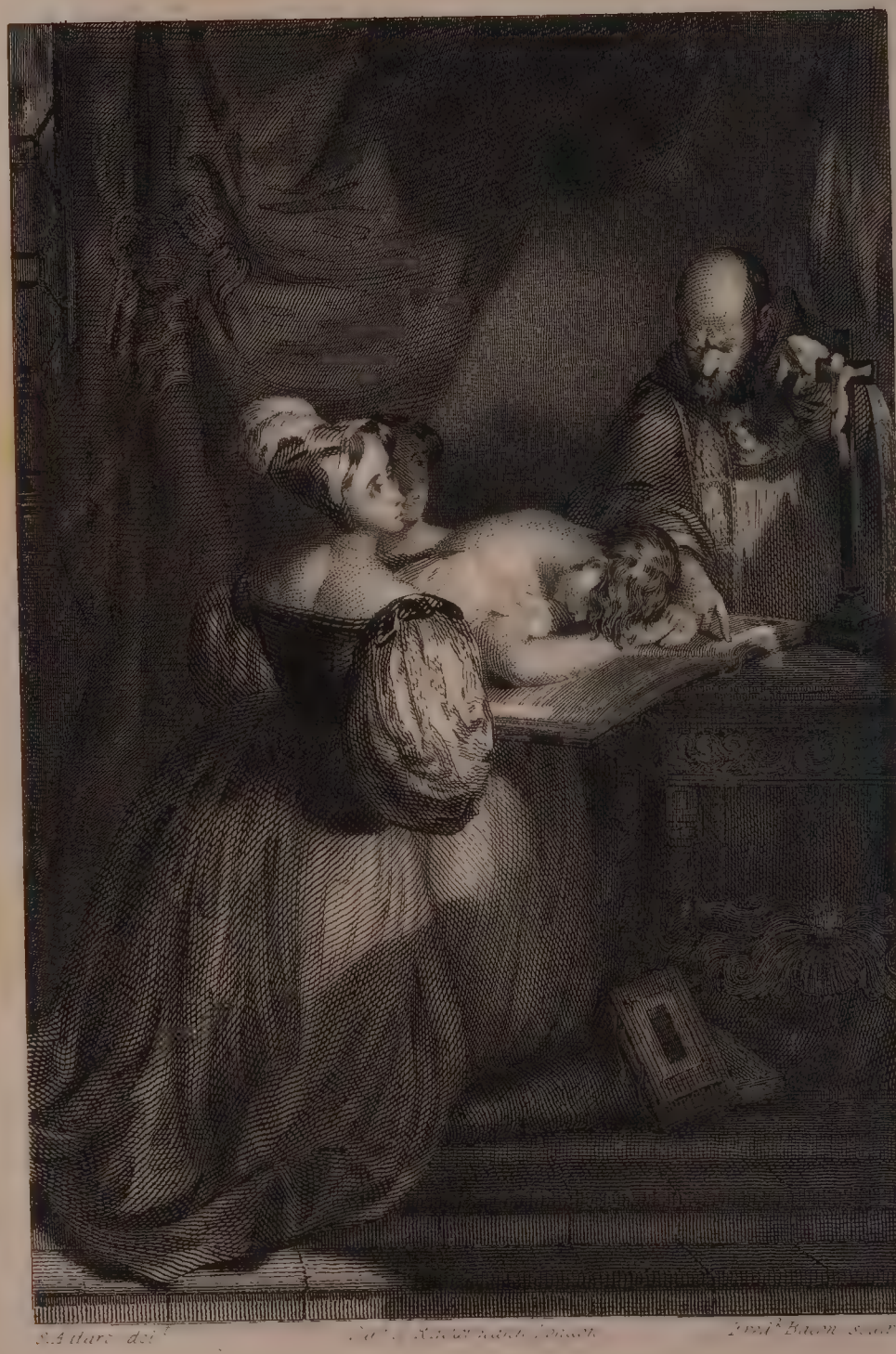
O joy transcending ev'ry earthly joy,
O rapture inexpressible, to know
My destin'd lot!—BECAUSE GOD IS, I AM—
GOD LIVES FOR EVER, THEREFORE I SHALL LIVE—
GOD DWELLS IN BLISS, BLISS THEREFORE SHALL BE MINE!
To Him be adoration, praise, and love!

THE DYING INFANT.

BY N. MICHELL, ESQ.

Day lit the woody mountains; in the dell
Were heard the shepherd's song and wether's bell;
The kid in circles gambolled on the lea,
And dew, like Beauty's tears, impearled each tree;
The lark, as winged with rapture, sprang on high,
And sang amidst the roses of the sky;
Yes, all without was brightness, and a voice
From wide creation seemed to cry — "Rejoice!"
A different scene the silent room displayed,
Where wan disease on infant beauty preyed;
The lamp pale-flickering, and the curtain drawn,
To hide from sleepless eyes the unwelcome dawn,
The food untasted, and the murmur low
From suffering meekness, spoke a tale of woe.
Oh, all night long the Mother watched her child,
And now she wept, and now she talked and smiled,
And smoothed the couch, and sang a soothing lay,
And kissed from that pale brow the dews away;
Her babe e'en of her being seemed a part,
Fount of her hopes and sunshine of her heart.

From western hills, as fades light's farewell streak,
The last sweet hue forsook its lovely cheek;
Death gradual glazed its eyes cerulean ray,
And on her breast it breathed its life away.



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GIULIETTA.

GIULIETTA.

A TALE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

BY L. E. L.

The crimson shadows of the evening, mantling over the sky, and mirrored on the ocean, steeping the marble villas on the coast with their rich hues, and giving the pale orange-flowers a blush not their own — how welcome were they after a day so sultry as that which had just set over Genoa! The sea-breeze came fresh, as if its wings were cool with sweeping over snowy mountains, or those islands of ice of which northern voyagers tell, but softened ere it reached the land by the thousand odours which floated from the shore.

But there was one eye to which the glad sunset brought no light, one lip to which the evening wind brought no freshness, though the heavy arm-chair had been drawn to the window, and the lattice flung back to its utmost extent. The Lady Giulietta Aldobrandini was far beyond their gentle influences; yet a few more nights, and hers would be the deep, unbroken sleep of death. It was hard to die, with such ties as bound her to life. She gazed on the three lovely girls, who watched her lightest look, and felt how bitter it was to know that in a few more days they would be motherless: she had supplied their father's loss, but who could supply hers? She had been commending them to the care of their uncle, the Cardinal Aldo-

brandini, who had undertaken the charge of those who would so soon be orphans; but her heart yearned to say yet more, and she signed to them to leave the room. The cardinal watched with moistened eyes their graceful figures disappear amid the shower of scented leaves, which, as they passed, they shook from the flowering shrubs, and his lip quivered as he said, "And how may I supply a mother's place to those most ill-fated children? Is there no hope, Giulietta?" and, even as he spoke, his own conviction answered, "There is none."

The countess replied not to his question touching herself. She knew that it was asked in vain, and she had yet much to say. "Two of them will cumber you but little; Constanza and Bianca are of calm and gentle natures; from infancy they have felt sorrow lightly, and their affection is half habit. I feel within my dying soul a stedfast conviction that life to them will be as an unbroken stream, whose tranquil course no fierce wind has ever ruffled. But, my name-child, my Giulietta, she, whose eyes fill with tears, and whose cheek reddens at the slightest emotion, whose strong feelings and whose timid temper require at once so much caution and yet so much encouragement — for Giulietta's future I tremble. God forgive me, if my youngest has been my dearest! but they have not known it; I knew it not myself till now."

She sank back exhausted; and for a moment Aldobrandini was too much moved to reply. He was a

man in whom all earthly affections were reputed to be dead. Cold and stern in manner, rigid in conduct, severe in judgment, he knew no interests but those of the church which he served. His talents were great, and his influence in Genoa almost unbounded; for his bitterest foe—and the successful have always enemies—had no hold on a man who had no weaknesses. But, where the desert seems most bare, be sure the sun has burned most fiercely; and the young and enthusiastic Giulio Aldobrandini had given little indication of the future cold and impassive prelate. He was the younger son, and the beautiful Giulietta was the betrothed of his brother. It was said that the bride looked somewhat pale, and it was deemed a harsh decree which had sent the younger Aldobrandini to a distant convent. Time passed as rapidly as time ever passes, be the change what it will upon its path; and when Aldobrandini returned to his native city, he looked wan and worn, but it was with toil and vigil that had brought their own reward: for, in those days, ability and energy found a ready career to power and honour in the church. It may be believed that Aldobrandini would not have exchanged the waking certainties of his ambition for the realization of all his once-romantic fantasies; but, for a moment, the flood of years rolled back, the woman he had once so loved was dying at his side, and feeling became but the more bitter from the consciousness of the vanity of indulgence.

"Giulietta," at length, he said, in a low and broken tone, "years have passed since you and I spoke of the future as of a thing in which we took interest together. Then we spoke in vain: not so now; for, let the remembrance of our own youth be the pledge how precious another — your — Giulietta shall be in my sight."

The countess extended her emaciated hand towards him. Aldobrandini remembered it when its perfect beauty had been a model for the sculptor; he took it tenderly. Could it be the rigid and ascetic priest whose tears fell heavily on the dying Giulietta's hand? The lady was the first to recover herself. "Aldobrandini," she whispered, "I trust her happiness wholly to you." The girls now re-appeared in the garden, the cardinal himself beckoned them in, and, with a few brief but kind words, took his departure to the city.

Deeper and deeper fell the shades of melancholy over that sea-side villa. Day by day, those youthful sisters became more conscious of the approach of death. Their voices took a lower tone; their steps were more subdued; and their laughter, once so frequent, was unheard. At length, the worn eyes of the countess closed for ever; but their latest look was on her children.

Drearily did the rest of the summer pass away; and, when the leaves fell from the garden, and the bleak sea-breeze swept through the desolate lattices, it was

with a feeling of rejoicing that the two elder sisters heard that they were to leave the villa, and pass the next year in the convent of Santa Caterina: after which their home would be the palace of the cardinal. But Giulietta left her mother's late dwelling with reluctance: it seemed almost like another separation. She visited and re-visited every spot which she could remember that the countess had once loved, and parted from it with many and bitter tears, as if it had been an animate object conscious of her regret. But youth is as a flowing stream, on whose current the shadow may rest but not remain; sunshine is natural to its glad waters, and the flowers will spring up on its banks: thus, though still preserving the most tender recollection of the parent whom she had lost, Giulietta's spirits gradually recovered their tone, and some very happy hours were spent in the convent.

A year in youth is like a month in spring; it is wonderful what an alteration it makes; the germ expands into a leaf, and the bud into a flower, almost before we have marked the change. On the cardinal's return from Rome, where he had made a long sojourn, he was surprised to perceive how the three Aldobrandini had sprung up into graceful womanhood. Constanza, the eldest, was nineteen, and Giulietta seventeen; but the sisters had never been parted, and he resolved that they should together take up their residence in his palace.

It was early in a spring evening when the Aldobrandini arrived at their uncle's dwelling. It was an old and heavy-looking building. Constanza and Bianca, as the massy gate swung behind them, on their arrival in the dark, arched court, simply remarked that they were afraid it would be very dull: but Giulietta's imagination was powerfully impressed; a vague terror filled her mind, which the gloom of the huge and still chambers through which they were ushered did not tend to decrease. At length, they paused in a large vaulted room, while the aged domestic went on, to announce them to the cardinal. Giulietta glanced around; the purple hangings were nearly black with age, so was the furniture, while the narrow windows admitted shadows rather than light. Some portraits hung on the walls, all dignitaries of the church; but the colour of their scarlet robes had faded with time, and each wan and harsh face seemed to turn frowning on the youthful strangers. A door opened, and they were ushered into the presence of their uncle. He was standing by a table, on which was a crucifix and an open breviary, while a volume of the life of St. Chrysostom lay open on the floor. A window of stained glass was half screened by a heavy curtain, and the dark panels of carved oak added to the gloom of the oratory. The sisters knelt before him, while gravely and calmly he pronounced over them a welcome and a blessing. Constanza and Bianca received them gracefully and meekly, but Giulietta's heart was too full;

she thought how different would have been the meeting had they been but kneeling before parents instead of the stern prelate. She bowed her head upon the breviary; and her dark hair fell over her face while she gave way to a passionate burst of tears. Next to indulging in the outward expression of feeling himself, the cardinal held it wrong to encourage it in another. Gently, but coldly, he raised the weeping Giulietta; and, with kind but measured assurances of his regard and protection, he dismissed the sisters to their apartments. Could Giulietta have known the many anxious thoughts that followed her, how little would she have doubted her uncle's affection!

The light of a few dim stars shed a variable gleam amid the thick boughs of a laurel grove, too faint to mark the objects distinctly, but enough to guide the steps of one who knew the place. The air was soft and warm, while its sweetness told of the near growth of roses; but a sweeter breath than even the rose was upon the air, the low and musical whisper of youth and of love. Gradually, two graceful forms became outlined on the dark air — the one a noble-looking cavalier, the other Giulietta. Yet the brow of the cavalier was a gloomy one to turn on so fair a listener in so sweet a night; and his tone was even more sad than tender.

"I see no hope but in yourself. Do you think my father will give up his life's hatred to the name of

Aldobrandini, because his son loves one of its daughters, and wears a sad brow for a forbidden bride? or, think you, that yonder stern cardinal will give up the plans and power of many years, and yield to a haughty and hereditary foe, for the sake of tears even in thy eyes, Giulietta?"

"I know not what I hope," replied the maiden, in a mournful, but firm voice; "but this I know, I will not fly in disobedience and in secrecy from a home which has been even as my own."

"And what," exclaimed the cavalier, "can you find to love in your severe and repelling uncle?"

"Not severe, not repelling, to me. I once thought him so; but it was only to feel the more the kindness which changed his very nature towards us. My uncle resembles the impression produced on me by his palace: when I first entered, the stillness, the time-worn hangings, the huge, dark rooms, chilled my very heart. We went from these old gloomy apartments to those destined for us, so light, so cheerful, where every care had been bestowed, every luxury lavished; and I said within myself, "My uncle must love us, or he would never be thus anxious for our pleasure."

A few moments more, and their brief conference was over. But they parted to meet again; and at length Giulietta fled to be the bride of Lorenzo da Carrara. But she fled with a sad heart and tearful eyes; and when, after her marriage, every prayer for pardon was rejected by the cardinal, Giulietta wept as

if such sorrow had not been foreseen. Her uncle felt her flight most bitterly. He had watched his favourite niece, if not with tenderness of look and tone, yet with deep tenderness of heart. When her elder sisters married and left his roof, he missed them not: but now it was a sweet music that had suddenly ceased, a soft light that had vanished. The only flower that, during his severe existence, he had permitted himself to cherish, had passed away even from the hand that sheltered it. It was an illusion fresh from his youth: his love for the mother had revived in a gentler and holier form for her child, and now that, too, must perish. He felt as if punished for a weakness; and all Giulietta's supplications were rejected: for pride made his anger seem principle. "I have been once deceived," said he; "it will be my own fault if I am deceived again."

Yet how tenderly was his kindness remembered, how bitterly was his indignation deplored, by the youthful Countess da Carrara! — for such she now was — Lorenzo's father having died suddenly, soon after their union. The period of mourning was a relief; for bridal pomp and gaiety would have seemed too like a mockery, while thus unforgiven and unblessed by one who had been as a father in his care. At her earnest wish they fixed their first residence in the marine villa where her mother died.

"And shall you not be sad, my Giulietta?" asked her husband. "Methinks the memory of the dead is but a mournful welcome to our home."

"Tender, not mournful," said she. "I do believe that even now my mother watches over her child, and every prayer she once breathed, every precept she once taught, will come more freshly home to my heart, when each place recalls some word or some look there heard and there watched. It is for your sake, Lorenzo, I would be like my mother."

They went to that fair villa by the sea; and pleasantly did many a morn pass in the large hall, on whose frescoed walls was painted the story of Œnone, she whom the Trojan prince left, only to return and die at her feet. On the balustrade were placed sweet-scented shrubs, and marble vases filled with gathered flowers; and, in the midst, a fountain, whose spars and coral seemed the spoil of some sea-nymph's grotto, fell down in a sparkling shower, and echoed the music of Giulietta's lute. Pleasant, too, was it in an evening to walk the broad terrace which overlooked the ocean, and watch the silver moonlight reflected on the sea, till air and water were but as one bright element.

And soon had Carrara reason to rejoice that he had yielded to his wife's wish; for, ere they had been married three months, the plague broke out in Genoa, with such virulence as if, indeed, a demon had been unchained upon earth. "The spirit of your mother, my sweet wife, has indeed been our guardian angel," said the count, as he watched a fresh sea-breeze lift up the long dark curls, and call the crimson into Giulietta's cheek. Still, though safe them-

selves—for, though the distance from Genoa was but short, their secluded situation and the sea-air precluded all fear of infection—still an atmosphere of terror and woe was around them, and their thoughts were carried out of their own sweet home by dim and half-told tales of the dangers around them. And, among other things, Giulietta heard of her uncle's heroic conduct; others fled from the devoted city—but he fled not; others shut themselves up in their lonely palaces—he went forth amid the dead and dying; his voice gave consolation to the sick man, and his prayer called on Heaven for mercy to the departed soul. Giulietta heard, and in the silence of her chamber wept; and, when her tears were done, knelt, and gave thanks to God for her uncle.

For the first time hope arose within her, and she said to herself—"He who walks now even as an angel among his fellow-men cannot but forgive the errors and the weakness of earth." She went to meet her husband with a lightened heart; but, as she met him on the terrace, she saw that his brow was clouded, and his first words told her that important business would oblige him to go for a week to an ancient castle on the verge of the state, as his neighbours were disposed to question his boundary rights. It was but a day's, a summer day's, journey, through a healthy district; and yet how sorrowful was the parting! Alas! how soon the presence of beloved ones becomes a habit and a necessity! but a few weeks with them at our

side, and we marvel how ever life was endured without them. The young countess touched her lute — it had no music; she gathered flowers — they had no sweetness; she turned to the fairy page of Ariosto — but she took no interest in his knights or dames; and at length the day was spent ere she had finished pacing the hall, and imagining all the possible and impossible dangers that could befall Carrara.

She was walking languidly on the terrace early the following morning, when a hum of voices caught her ear; one name rivetted her attention: a horrible conviction rushed upon her mind. She called a page, who at first equivocated; but the truth was at last owned. The cardinal was stricken with the plague. She signed to the page to leave her, and sank for a moment against one of the columns. It was but for a moment. She withdrew her hands from her face: it was pale, but tearless; and she left the terrace for her chamber with a slow but firm step. Two hours afterwards, the countess was sought by her attendants, but in vain; a letter was found addressed to their master, and fastened by one long, shining curl of raven darkness, which all knew to be hers.

Leaving the household to the dismay and confusion which such a departure occasioned, we will follow the steps of the countess, who was now on the road to Genoa. She had waited but to resume the black serge dress, which, as a novice of St. Caterina's, she had worn, and in which she knew she might pass for one

of the sisters who had vowed attendance on the sick; and, during the hour of the *siesta*, made her escape unobserved. Giulietta had been from infancy accustomed to long rambles by the seashore, or through the deep pine-forests; but now, though her purpose gave her strength, she felt sadly weary; when, on the almost deserted road, she overtook a man who was driving a small cart laden with fruit and vegetables. She accosted him; and the offer of a few piastres at once procured a conveyance to Genoa, for thither was her companion bound.

"The plague," said he, "makes everything so scarce, that my garden has brought me a little fortune; it is an ill wind that blows nobody good."

"And are you not afraid of the infection?" asked the seeming Sister of Charity.

"Nothing hazard nothing win. A good lining of ducats is the best remedy for the plague," returned the gardener.

"Holy Madonna," thought Giulietta, "shall I not encounter for gratitude and dear love the peril which this man risks for a few ducats?"

The quarter where stood her uncle's palace was at the entrance of the city, and to reach it they had to traverse the principal street. How changed since last the countess passed that way! Then it was crowded with gay equipages and gayer company. She remembered the six white mules with their golden trappings, which drew the emblazoned coach of her uncle along;

and how she leant back upon its purple velvet cushions, scarcely daring to glance amid the crowd of white-plumed cavaliers who reined in the curvettings of their brave steeds, lest she should meet Lorenzo da Carrara's eye, and betray their whole secret in a blush. Now not one living creature walked the street, and the sound of their light cart was like thunder. She was roused from her reverie by observing that her companion was taking an opposite direction to that of the palace; and requested to alight, mentioning her destination.

"To the archbishop's! Why, you will not find one living creature there. The good cardinal would have all the sick he could find brought to his palace, but they fell off like dried leaves; and when he was struck with the plague himself none ventured to approach it; for we all agree that the air there must be more deadly than elsewhere, since it has not even spared his eminence. So, if it is there you are bound, Madonna, we part company; but it is just tempting Providence."

Giulietta's only answer was to offer the gardener a small sum for her conveyance; but to her surprise he refused it. "No, no, you are going on a holier errand than I; keep your money; you will want it all if you stay in this city, every thing is so dear."

A sudden thought struck Giulietta. "I do not ask you," said she, "to venture to a spot which seems marked for destruction; but if I meet you here to-morrow will you bring with you a small supply of provisions and fruit? I can afford to pay for them."

"I will come, be sure," replied the man; "and the saints keep you, maiden, for your errand is a perilous one. He watched her progress till she disappeared round a corner in the street. "I wish," muttered he, "I had gone with her to the palace; at all events, I will be here to-morrow; she is, for all her black veil and pale face, so like my little Minetta. Ay, ay, if this plague lasts, I shall be able to tell down her dowry in gold;" and the gardener pursued his way.

When Giulietta arrived at her uncle's palace, she paused for a moment, not in fear but in awe, the stillness was so profound; not one familiar sound broke upon her ear. The doors were all open, and she entered the hall; pallets were ranged on each side, and on one or two of the small tables stood cups and phials; but not a trace appeared of an habitant. On she passed through the gloomy rooms; everything was in disorder and out of place: it was indeed as if a multitude had there suddenly taken up their abode and as suddenly departed. But Giulietta hurried on to her uncle's sleeping apartment; it was vacant. Her heart for the first time sank within her, and she leant against the wainscot, sick and faint. "I have yet a hope," exclaimed she, and even as she spoke she turned to seek the oratory. She was right. The crucifix stood, and the breviary was open on the small table, even as they were the first time she entered that room: and on a rude mattress beside it lay her uncle. She sank on her knees, for he lay motionless; but, thanks to the

holy Virgin, not breathless; no, as she bent over him, and her lips touched his, she could perceive the breath, the precious breath, of life: his hand too! it burnt in hers, but she could feel the pulse distinctly.

Giulietta rose, and threw herself before the crucifix. A violent burst of tears, the first she had shed, relieved her; and then calmly she prayed aloud for strength to go through the task which she had undertaken. The room was hot and oppressive; but she opened the window, and the sweet air came in, fresh and reviving from the garden below. She bathed her uncle's temples with aromatic waters, and poured into his mouth a few drops of medicine. He opened his eyes, and turned faintly on his pallet, but sank back, as though exhausted. Again he stretched out his hand, as if in search for something, which failing to find he moaned heavily. Giulietta perceived at once that parching thirst was consuming him. From the balcony a flight of steps led to the garden; she flew down them to the fountain, whose pure, cold water made the shadow of the surrounding acacias musical as ever. She returned with a full pitcher; and the eagerness with which the patient drank told how much that draught had been desired. The cardinal raised his head, but was quite unconscious; and all that long and fearful night had Giulietta to listen to the melancholy complainings of delirium.

The next day, she went to meet the gardener, who had waited, though, as he owned, in hopelessness of

her coming. How forcibly the sense of the city's desolation rose before Giulietta, when she remembered that her ignorance of the hour proceeded from there being no one now to wind up the church-clocks! Again she returned to the unconscious sufferer; but little needs it to dwell on the anxiety or the exertion in which the next three days were passed. On the early morning of the last, as she watched over her uncle's pillow, she perceived that there was a slight moisture on his skin, and that his sleep was sound and untroubled. His slumbers were long and refreshing; and when he awoke it was with perfect consciousness. Dreading the effect of agitation, Giulietta drew her veil over her face, and to his enquiry of 'was any one there?' she answered in a low and feigned voice.

"I am faint and want food; but who, daughter, are you, who thus venture into the chamber of sickness and death?"

"A stranger; but one whose vow is atonement."

"Giulietta!" exclaimed the cardinal, and the next moment she was at his side; and both wept the sweetest tears ever shed by affection and forgiveness. Eagerly she prepared for him a small portion of food, and then, exerting the authority of a nurse, forbade all further discourse, and, soon exhausted, he slept again.

The cool shadows of the coming evening fell on the casement, when Giulietta first ventured to propose that she should send a letter by the gardener to Lo-

renzo, and desire that a litter might be sent to convey her uncle to their villa.

"My sweet child, do with me as you will," said the cardinal; "take me even to the house of a Carrara."

"And nowhere could you be so welcome," said a stranger entering, and Giulietta, springing from her knees, found herself in the arms of her husband. "I knew, Giulietta, I should find you here, though your letter told me but of prayer and pilgrimage."

And what now remains to be told? The cardinal accompanied them to the villa, where his recovery was rapid and complete: and the deep love which he witnessed in that youthful pair made him truly feel how great had been Giulietta's devotion to himself. The plague had done its worst in Genoa; and men were enabled to return to their habits, their occupations, and their duties, things ever inseparably connected. The cardinal from that hour treated Lorenzo da Carrara as a son; and their family union was happy as self-sacrifice and enduring affection could make it. In the picture-gallery, there is still preserved a portrait of the countess in her novice's garb; her cheek pale, her graceful form hidden by the black serge robe, and her beautiful hair put out of sight; and the count, her husband, used to say that "she never looked more lovely."

THE ENCHANTED GROUND.

BY MRS. ABDY.

"LADY, danger hovers round:
Turn from the Enchanted Ground;
Though the scene be fair and bright,
Though it smile with flowers and light,
Evil spirits wander there,
Glancing, warbling, to ensnare;
Shun the sight, avoid the sound—
Fly from the Enchanted Ground!"

"Little can thy counsel sage,
Warning friend, my fears engage;
Dread enchantments but prevail
In the wondrous fairy-tale;
Sorcery no spell can bind
O'er the firm, enlightened mind;
Joys in yonder hall abound:
Say not 't is Enchanted Ground."

"Lady, list to Wisdom's call:
Enter not yon splendid hall;
There unnumbered lamps are shining,
Gems are sparkling, roses twining,
Harps resound in sportive measure,
Voices breathe the songs of pleasure;

Yet delusion reigns around:
Trust me, 't is Enchanted Ground.

"Shouldst thou visit once the dome,
Changed will seem thy peaceful home;
Images of radiant guise
Still will float before thine eyes;
Dazzling forms and syren lays
Haunt thee in thy household ways;
And thy heart be ever found
Lingering on Enchanted Ground.

"See! in trembling doubt she waits,
Gazing on the glittering gates;
Now the silvery bells are ringing,
Now the minstrel band are singing,
Now the wanderer they accost,
Welcoming the bright, the lost—
She has passed the fatal bound,
She has reached Enchanted Ground.

"'T is my mournful solace still
One last duty to fulfil:
Heaven accept for her my prayer—
Guard her with thy watchful care;
Teach her heart to own thy power;
And, at Life's last solemn hour,
Let not one like her be found
Slumb'ring on Enchanted Ground!"

A SPORTING ADVENTURE IN AUVERGNE.

BY GEORGE AGAR HANSARD, ESQ.

During a ramble through the southern provinces of France, in the autumn of 1823, I established my head-quarters at a small village, about two leagues distant from the pleasant little town of Riom, remarkable for the wild beauties of the surrounding landscape, and for the delicate apricot and quince pies, with which it supplies the luxurious appetites of the good citizens of Paris and of the other principal towns of France.

In this romantic and sequestered retreat, I amused myself with a few books which lay at the bottom of my portmanteau, my drawing implements, a double-barrelled Manton, a brace of English setters, and my fishing-rod. The neighbouring mountains are well stocked with game; while the streams that break in a succession of sparkling cascades down their slopes teem with the crimson-spotted trout, and supply inexhaustible occupation for the fly-fisher.

It was near the close of a raw and gloomy day in the latter end of October, which I had passed in searching for the beautiful red partridge, which lie scattered in large coveys among the heath-clad sides of the Puy de Dôme, that, weary and exhausted with hunger and thirst, I halted in the vicinity of a small antique chapel, to which the mountaineers annually resort on a kind of pilgrimage to "Our Lady of the Mont d'Or."

Her image, sculptured in stone and bearing the infant Saviour in her arms, surmounts the Gothic doorway which leads to the interior of the edifice. The grey, moss-grown pedestal of a large stone cross, originally erected opposite to the chapel entrance, but now overturned, and partly buried in the green velvet turf on which it lay, afforded a welcome resting-place for my wearied limbs. A bright, pellucid stream of water burst from a fissure in the rock, against one side of which the chapel was erected, and, after overflowing a small natural basin below, ran murmuring over its pebbly bed to join the torrent, whose deafening roar alone interrupted the awful silence that reigned upon the scene. A small massive iron drinking-vessel hung suspended by a chain at the side of this living fountain, and the pious hand, whose active benevolence placed it there, had probably inscribed the words, "FESSO VIATORI*," which I observed carved in rude characters upon the rock, above the spot where it hung. With a heartfelt benison to his memory, whoever he might have been, I drank copiously.

Feeling myself considerably refreshed, I resumed my path among scenery awfully magnificent; for the mountains rose on all sides in every variety of form, and the last rays of the setting sun, which tipped their summits with a golden hue, threw a portion of their brilliancy over the varied autumnal foliage of the magnificent forest-trees that grew around. Emerging

* "For the weary traveller."

from this pleasing scene upon one of a very different character, I descended into a deep ravine, where large masses of granite rock, torn from the impending cliffs by some terrible convulsion of nature, occasionally blocked up the road, or were piled upon each other in the most fantastic groups. Intermingled with these, and in some instances rooted within their yawning cavities, a few tall, ancient pines shot up as spectres against the dark sky, waving their long, gloomy branches like arms in the breeze.

The savage desolation of this spot offered no inducement to linger long within its precincts, and, guided by the sun, I hurried forward as fast as the ruggedness of the path would permit. Suddenly, however, it diverged into two or three different branches; and, as I stood debating with myself how to proceed in this dilemma, my attention was arrested by the loud, mournful cry, almost amounting to a shriek, of an animal in distress. A wood of firs clothed each bank of the ravine through which I was proceeding. From this the noise issued. In a few moments a fierce and savage howling succeeded to these sounds of terror; which, with the screams of innumerable birds that rose in dark clouds from the trees, the shrill whistling of the falcon, as she wheeled round her eyrie in the cliff, and the timorous whinings of my dogs, formed a horrid concert, and convinced me that the wolves, with which this part of France is greatly infested, had commenced their nightly prowl.

I halted; and, unslinging the fowling-piece from my shoulder, placed my back against a tree, and, with my finger on the trigger, anxiously awaited the result. This state of suspense was not of long duration. A loud crash among the branches in my rear caused me to turn in that direction, and instantly a roebuck, closely followed by a gaunt she-wolf, with her two cubs, broke swiftly from the cover. The poor deer appeared already exhausted by fatigue and terror, for its remorseless pursuer, after a course of about thirty yards up the glen, sprang forward at its throat, and bore the animal to the ground, which was quickly crimsoned with its gore. The cubs, scarcely less swift and equally ferocious with their dam, now came up, and the whole commenced tearing and devouring their prey. Though this scene took place in less time than is probably employed in the narration, I had sufficient opportunity, as well as presence of mind, to thrust down a ball upon the ordinary charge in my gun, and, feeling an irresistible propensity to become a principal actor in a drama of which I had hitherto been only a spectator, I cautiously sunk upon one knee, and, taking deliberate aim, fired. My shot took effect, but not as I had intended; the larger of the two cubs fell, mortally wounded; the other retreated into the wood, pursued by my dogs, which I was unable longer to restrain.

Alone, and my second barrel uncharged, I became in an instant aware of my perilous situation; for the

old wolf, quitting her prey with a horrid snarl, the bristles of her neck standing erect with rage, and her eyes flashing an almost supernatural fire, bounded swiftly toward the spot where I was still kneeling. Not a moment was to be lost. I sprang upon my feet. Setting my heels firmly in the earth, and grasping the muzzle of the gun with both hands, I whirled the butt round my head, and, thus prepared, awaited the monster's approach. She was now within six feet of the place where I stood; already I seemed to feel her fangs upon my throat. A cold perspiration streamed down my face; when, at the moment I was collecting my strength for one decisive blow, the monster sprang convulsively from the earth, and rolled dead at my feet. The report of a gun followed instantaneously. I heard a deep voice, shouting the well known hunting cry of, "*Harloup chiens! harloup! le voici! harloup!*" and two wolf-hounds, passing me at full career, fastened on the carcass of my fallen enemy.

The transition from imminent peril to unlooked-for deliverance was so rapid that I was for a moment unable to comprehend my real situation. Turning hastily in the direction from which the shot had proceeded, I saw a tall, elderly man in a sporting dress issuing from among the trees, which grew scattered at the entrance of the wood. Respectfully raising his cap as he approached, he smilingly observed (turning over at the same time the huge carcass of the wolf with the muzzle of his gun), that monsieur was doubtless a

stranger, as no sportsman of Auvergne would venture to remain alone at such an hour among the hills, with but one of his barrels charged, and unattended by at least a brace of wolf-dogs. After warmly expressing my gratitude for his opportune interference, I told him that I was an Englishman; that I had been partridge-shooting in the neighbourhood, and had not indeed contemplated a rencontre with game of so formidable a kind as that which lay at my feet.

I had now the mortification of discovering that I was still at a considerable distance from my destination. "The village of St. Amande is at least three good leagues from this spot; it lies on the other side of yonder hill," said my deliverer, pointing at the same time to an eminence barely discernible in the fast decreasing daylight. "The little service I have been so fortunate as to render you, monsieur, would be but half completed, were I to allow you to traverse that path alone; the most dangerous and difficult perhaps in all this wild country. Should the weather hold up," added he, looking toward the sky, over which (as had been the case all day) dark clouds were chasing each other with the greatest rapidity, "we may yet reach the valley in time for the ford; that passed, your route will be easy enough. I will but first strip these carrion of their hides, their only useful portion." Saying this, he proceeded to possess himself of the spoils of the chase.

While he was thus engaged, I had an opportunity of remarking the figure and appearance of the forester,

which was indeed sufficiently striking. On the ground lay his formidable rifle, the stock of which was richly inlaid with silver scroll-work, and ornamented with carvings emblematical of the chase. His large fur cap, formed of wolf's hide, overshadowed a countenance bronzed by exposure to the elements, and beaming with good-humour. A green velvet hunting-coat, garnished with silver buttons, bearing the device of a wild boar's head, with buskins of deer's hide, completed the remainder of his dress. A small bugle, formed of buffalo's horn, tipped with silver, hung by a leathern baldric from one side, while the opposite shoulder was crossed by a broad buff belt, bearing an elegant silver badge, on which was engraved a coat of arms, and inscribed "Garde-chasse de Monsieur le Baron de St. Geneste." Having stripped the skin from each of the animals, with the dexterity of one long exercised in the "woodman's craft," and cut off the fore paws according to ancient usage, as a trophy of his victory, he threw the remainder of the slaughtered roe-buck over his shoulders. Then, winding a loud blast upon his bugle, which awakened the echoes from the surrounding crags, to recall the dogs, we rapidly set forward in the direction to which he had pointed.

Before, however, we had advanced a league, the threatened rain began to descend in good earnest; the wind blew in furious gusts among the cliffs that skirted our path, and scattered in whirlwinds through

the air the leaves and branches which lay strewed upon the grass. To increase our perplexities, the shades of night were fast descending, and a dense fog was beginning to settle on all the objects around. My companion now suddenly halted, and, remaining a moment, as if endeavouring to catch some distant sounds, exclaimed: "Our passage is I fear cut off: I hear the roar of the torrent; we shall not be in time for the ford." Redoubling our speed, we arrived in about half an hour at the river, and found, to our dismay, the anticipations of my guide but too well founded. By the indistinct light which yet remained on the sky, I could discern the white foam of the swollen and discoloured torrent, as it thundered among the rocks that impeded its course with a roar that was absolutely appalling.

"This is the spot," said my companion, approaching a small hollow in the bank: "with the help of the barrel of my rifle, I have crossed in worse weather than to night;" but, added he, looking at me doubtingly, "perhaps monsieur may not choose to venture." Though not by any means deficient in nerve, I confess the proposal of crossing a rapid stream in the midst of wind, rain, and darkness, had in it something startling, independently of the difficulty of getting over my dogs, which would probably have been carried away by the current. I therefore declined the proposal; and eagerly enquired if there were no place of shelter near, to which we might retreat until

the storm abated. "Yes," said my guide, "there is, within five minutes' walk of this spot, a cavern, which has often proved a friendly retreat to me in emergencies like the present. There is abundance of drift-wood stored within: we have flint, steel, and plenty of good venison, thanks to the wolves—what say you, sir, to a woodman's fare?"

Shivering with cold, and drenched to the skin, I joyfully consented; and we proceeded cautiously, in almost utter darkness, by the banks of the stream, the roar of whose waters was our guide towards the dark retreat. Bidding me remain still for a few moments, he soon collected a sufficiency of brushwood and dry leaves, and, kindling them with the lock of his rifle, we soon saw a magnificent fire blazing in the centre of the cavern. Disencumbering himself of his accoutrements, the *garde* drew from its sheath a glittering *couteau-de-chasse*, and, having cut a number of steaks from the haunch of the deer, our nostrils were speedily regaled with the savour of the broiling venison. Reclining at full length on opposite sides of a huge fire, we at once reposed our wearied limbs, and did ample justice to the delicious viands before us: and, when "sated hunger" gave place to his "brother thirst," my companion, after a minute's absence, returned, with water to qualify the contents of our brandy-flasks.

The wants of nature having been completely satisfied, and our dumb companions sufficiently cared for, I had leisure to observe the scene around me. The cave

was spacious and lofty; its sides and roof, the natural dark hue of which the smoke of frequent fires had rendered doubly sombre, were now perfectly illuminated with the red and flickering blaze of the resinous pine branches, and re-echoed with the cheerful voice of my associate, who, with the characteristic gaiety of his countrymen, chanted forth the praises of a sportsman's life. The massive collars of the majestic wolf-hounds flashed and glittered in the fire-light, as they reposed at our sides in all the pleasures of repletion, and by their fitful startings appeared to be re-acting the events of the day within the land of dreams. Guns, game-bags, bugle-horn, and ammunition-pouches, reclined against the wall in picturesque confusion; while the noise of the subsiding waters, mingling with the crash of the branches, as they chafed against each other in the breeze, tended considerably to heighten the romance of the scene.

The forester, whose musical propensity was no unapt illustration of the "*vires acquirit eundo*," contrived to make himself audible, notwithstanding the war of elements without. In the middle of a third repetition of the well-known hunting ditty:

"Allons chasseur vite en campagne,
Du cor n'entends tu pas le son?
Touton, touton, toutaine, touton.
Pars, et qu' auprès de ta compagne
L' amour chasse dans ——"

A low, suppressed growl from one of the hounds, which, half-rising from his sleeping posture, remained

gazing intently at the mouth of the cave, quickly terminated his merriment.

"By the ghost of St. Hubert," shouted the hunter, springing on his feet, and seizing his rifle with one hand, while he laid the other on the collar of the hound, already in the act of darting out of the cave, "the smell of our venison has brought more of these vermin after us; but when did wolf's nose fail, when the scent of deer's flesh was in the wind! Hold back your dogs, sir," he continued, addressing me; "they are little used to this business; and I will speedily drive them into covert." Then, loosing his hold of the animal's collar, he made the cavern re-echo with—"Hark forward! Polidor! Belmont! hark forward, I say!" and both hounds burst through the opening with a deep-mouthed bay, that was heard above the roar of the waters and the noise of the storm. The sounds at length died away in the distance.

"These wolves," said he, resuming his reclining posture at the fire, "are still a terrible scourge to our mountain provinces; but yet not to be compared to what they were when I was young." The old man uttered this with a serious air, quite foreign to his hitherto gay and lively demeanour; and I felt curious to know if, in the exercise of his profession for so many years, he had often witnessed such perilous adventures as that of which I had been the hero to-day.

"We have yet," said he, "full half an hour before the moon rises; as the rain has ceased, I hope the

ford will be then passable; for these mountain torrents run shallow as rapidly as they rise. In the interval I will relate a fatal circumstance which occurred in my youth, and of which I was myself almost the only witness. There are few persons yet living who can recollect so far back as 1768, or the dreadful winter which has rendered that year remarkable in the annals of Auvergne. The weather, which had been fine and clear, though remarkably cold, up to the latter end of November, changed suddenly, and, in the night of the twenty-fourth, a terrible snow-storm commenced, and continued for four days, with but trifling intermission. On the evening of the 29th a strong wind arose. The roads became impassable from the tremendous drift, and all intercourse between the towns and villages was broken off. The inhabitants kept as much as possible within their houses, for even in the broad day a stray wolf was occasionally seen prowling around the farm-yards, while, at night, they scoured the country in packs, and, rendered furious by hunger, attacked every living thing that was unfortunately left unprotected. Their savage howlings, as they besieged the folds and other outbuildings where the cattle were lodged, were distinctly heard in the awful silence of the night, filling every heart with anxiety, and preventing the possibility of sleep.

"One night, when kept awake by these alarming visiters, I heard the sound of a horse's feet approaching the village at a furious pace, and at intervals the

piercing cries of a human being for assistance. I was alone—at a distance from the rest of the family—my mother slept on the ground-floor, and my father was absent at the chateau St. Geneste, to assist in the morning at the unharbouring of a stag. I lay for some moments trembling with fear, but, as the sounds came nearer, curiosity overcame my terrors. I arose, and, shivering with cold, crept towards the casement, which I opened. The sky was overspangled with stars, and the moon shone brightly upon the cold, spotless snow. Opposite to our cottage door, and about twenty paces distant from the road-side, stood the village inn. As I intently gazed in the direction from which the sounds had proceeded, a horseman gallopped furiously towards the *auberge*, the sign of which had probably attracted his attention, as it swung backward and forward in the wind. Suddenly checking his horse before the door, he shouted in the most heart-rending manner for admission and assistance. No answer was returned—no sound indicated that his appeal was heard—all appeared sunk in sleep, or, what is more probable, too much alarmed for their own safety to arise. Just at this instant there arose from behind a fierce and hateful yell, as if a hundred demons had broken loose from those regions of torture in which they are said to be confined. The horse reared and plunged violently; and his unhappy rider, with a cry of despair, which still seems to ring within my ears, again spurred swiftly onward. As I just observed, monsieur, I

was but a boy, scarcely eleven years of age; and my heart died within me, as, leaning forth my body from the window, I plainly distinguished the whole pack turning the corner of the church, and advancing in full cry towards the spot above which I stood. For a moment they appeared to have lost the scent, or were arrested by the hopes of a second victim; for, while some, with noiseless step and noses to the earth, hurried to and fro before the inn-door, the greater number collected under my window, and, rearing upon their hind legs, snuffed the air, and barked and howled at the prey beyond their reach. At length the scent was recovered, and the whole pack, with a fatal precision, again set forward in the direction taken by the unfortunate stranger. I remained listening till the sounds were lost in the distance, and then crept trembling to bed, but not to sleep."

"But his fate?—He perished not—the swiftness of his horse, perhaps——" I exclaimed, much interested in the termination of the narrative.

"No, monsieur, no! there was little chance of that, for the wolf possesses the nose of a blood-hound, and, though slow, never fails to run down his prey at last.

"On the following morning, the utmost consternation prevailed among the villagers, for the cries of the stranger had been heard by many besides myself. They assembled in groups before the door of the *auberge*, or strolled up and down the road in small parties, in earnest and serious conversation. My

mother, to whom I related what had occurred, now joined the crowd, leading me by the hand; and I soon became the sole object of their attention, as they listened in breathless silence to my circumstantial narrative of the horrors of the night. When I arrived at that portion of my story, in which I spoke of the unfortunate man's wild and despairing solicitations for admission and succour, and pointed at the same time to the prints of the horse's hoofs, and the foot-marks of his pursuers, still visible upon the snow, a mingled cry of horror and pity burst from the listeners. While all were silently examining these painful confirmations of my melancholy story, my father, armed with his rifle, and surrounded by his dogs, as was usual when on duty, entered the village. His face was pale as death; in his hand he carried a pistol, the remnants of a horseman's cloak, and a saddle much torn and smeared with blood. In crossing the heath, which leads from the *château* to the high-road, the dogs suddenly started off and plunged into a hollow, which lies about a gun-shot from the path he was pursuing. Urged by curiosity, my father approached the place, and, with horror and astonishment, beheld the mangled and recent skeleton of a horse, to which the saddle still remained attached, the portion of a cloak just alluded to, and a discharged pistol lying upon the earth. No doubt now existed of the stranger's fate. A few papers and some other articles of dress were afterwards discovered scattered among the brambles;

but no clue existed for discovering who he might have been or whence he came; nor were any enquiries respecting him ever made in the neighbourhood. Many were the masses offered up for the repose of his soul," added the forester, devoutly crossing himself.

At this moment the opening clouds displayed the moon riding in unclouded majesty, and a bright gleam of light streamed within the cavern. Hastily collecting our accoutrements, and followed by the dogs which had returned from their chase and again crouched at our feet, we descended towards the ford. The dark fragments of rock, which served as stepping-stones, and supplied the place of a bridge, were now faintly visible from the ripple of the current over their surface. Preceded by my guide, I reached the opposite bank, and shortly after gained the high-road. "Your path, monsieur, is now straight before you: in ten minutes you will be at the village of St. Amande — my direction is to the left." I drew forth my purse, but the forester firmly declined receiving any pecuniary recompense. "'T was but the act of one Christian man towards another in peril," said he; "to accept your money would but lessen the satisfaction I feel: but," he added, caressing the larger of my two dogs, (a fine tall setter of the Irish breed) "should you be able, at some future period, to procure me a whelp of this race ——"

"My worthy fellow," said I, handing my name and address, and shaking him most cordially by the hand,

"I will find an opportunity of gratifying you in your own way." We separated with mutual good-will.

The following day I wrote to England, and, about a month afterwards, received a visit from the *conducteur* of the Paris Diligence, leading, in a string, a brace of superb setter-whelps, which had travelled outside from Calais, and which I had the satisfaction shortly afterwards of presenting to my friend, the forester, in return for having saved me from becoming wolf's meat* among the mountains of the Puy de Dôme.

Dijon, Burgundy.

THE SKYLARK.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

ADDRESSED TO A LADY: ON HEARING THAT BIRD'S SONG EARLY IN THE MORNING OF FEBRUARY 27, 1832, WHEN THE GROUND WAS COVERED WITH HOAR-FROST, AND THE SMALL POOLS WERE PLATED WITH ICE.

O WARN away the gloomy night!
With music make the welkin ring;
Bird of the dawn! on joyful wing,
Soar through thine element of light,
Till nought in heaven mine eye can see
Except the morning-star and thee.

* During the inclement winter of 1829, upwards of forty of these ferocious animals were seen galloping in broad day along the high-road that leads from Dijon towards Paris; and, in an angling excursion in the province of Burgundy, made by the narrator during the past summer, he saw the heads of three and twenty wolves nailed against the gate of a gentleman's residence, all of which the proprietor had killed in a single season.

But speech of mine can ne'er reveal
  Secrets so freely told above;
  Yet is their burthen joy and love,
And all the bliss a bird can feel,
Whose wing in heaven to earth is bound,
Whose home and heart are on the ground.

Unlike the lark be thou, my friend!
  No downward cares thy thoughts engage;
  But, in thine house of pilgrimage,
Though from the ground thy songs ascend,
Still be their burthen joy and love!
Heaven is thy home, thy heart above.

O welcome-in the cheerful day!
  Through rosy clouds the shades retire;
  The sun hath touch'd thy plumes with fire,
And girt thee with a golden ray;
Now shape and voice are vanish'd quite,
Nor eye nor ear can track their flight.

Might I translate thy strain, and give
  Words to thy notes, in human tongue,
  The sweetest lay that e'er I sung,
The lay that would the longest live,
I should record upon this page,
And sing *thy* song from age to age.

A. Chisholme pinx.t *Publ.d by R. Ackermann, London.* *H. S. Thenton sculp.t*

CHINA MENDER.

THE CHINA-MENDER.

BY THOMAS HOOD, ESQ.

Good morning, Mr. What-d'ye-call! Well! here 's
another pretty job!
Lord help my Lady! — what a smash! — if you had
only heard her sob!
It was all through Mr. Lambert: but for certain he
was winy,
To think for to go to sit down on a table full of Chiny.
"Deuce take your stupid head!" says my Lady to his
very face;
But politeness, you know, is nothing, when there 's
Chiny in the case:
And if ever a woman was fond of Chiny to a passion
It 's my mistress, and all sorts of it, whether new or
old fashion.
Her brother 's a sea-captain, and brings her home ship-
loads —
Such bonzes, and such dragons, and nasty, squatting
things like toads;
And great nidnoddin mandarins, with palsies in the head:
I declare I 've often dreamt of them, and had night-
mares in my bed.
But the frightfuller they are — lawk! she loves them
all the better:
She 'd have Old Nick himself made of Chiny if they 'd
let her.

Lawk-a-mercy! break her Chiny, and it's breaking
her very heart;
If I touch'd it, she would very soon say, "Mary, we
must part."
To be sure she *is* unlucky: only Friday comes Master
Randall,
And breaks a broken spout, and fresh chips a tea-cup
handle:
He's a dear, sweet little child, but he will so finger
and touch,
And that's why my Lady doesn't take to children
much.
Well! there's stupid Mr. Lambert, with his two great
coat flaps,
Must go and sit down on the Dresden shepherdesses' laps,
As if there was no such things as rosewood chairs in
the room;
I couldn't have made a greater sweep with the handle
of the broom.
Mercy on us! how my mistress began to rave and tear!
Well! after all, there's nothing like good ironstone
ware for wear.
If ever I marry, that's flat, I'm sure it won't be John
Dockery,
I should be a wretched woman in a shop full of crockery.
I should never like to wipe it, though I love to be neat
and tidy,
And afraid of mad bulls on market-days every Monday
and Friday.

I 'm very much mistook if Mr. Lambert's will be a catch;
The breaking the Chiny will be the breaking off of his
own match.
Missis would n't have an angel, if he was careless about
Chiny;
She never forgives a chip, if it 's ever so small and tiny.
Lawk! I never saw a man in all my life in such a taking;
I could find in my heart to pity him for all his mis-
chief-making.
To see him stand a-hammering and stammering, like
a zany;
But what signifies apologies, if they won't mend old
Chaney!
If he sent her up whole crates full, from Wedgwood's
and Mr. Spode's,
He could n't make amends for the crack'd mandarins
and smash'd toads.
Well! every one has their tastes, but, for my parts,
my own self,
I 'd rather have the figures on my poor dear grand-
mother's old shelf:
A nice pea-green poll-parrot, and two reapers with
brown ears of corns,
And a shepherd with a crook after a lamb with two
gilt horns,
And such a Jemmy Jessamy in top boots and sky-blue
vest,
And a frill and flowered waistcoat, with a fine bowpot
at the breast.

God help her, poor old soul! I shall come into 'em at her death,
Though she 's a hearty woman for her years, except her shortness of breath.
Well! you think the things will mend — if they won't, Lord mend us all!
My Lady will go in fits, and Mr. Lambert won't need to call:
I 'll be bound in any money, if I had a guinea to give,
He won't sit down again on Chiny the longest day he has to live.
Poor soul! I only hope it won't forbid his banns of marriage,
Or he 'd better have sat behind on the spikes of my Lady's carriage.
But you 'll join 'em all of course, and stand poor Mr. Lambert's friend;
I 'll look in twice a day, just to see, like, how they mend.
To be sure it is a sight that might draw tears from dogs and cats;
Here 's this pretty little pagoda, now, has lost four of its cocked hats:
Be particular with the pagoda: and then here 's this pretty bowl —
The Chinese Prince is making love to nothing because of this hole;
And here 's another Chinese man, with a face just like a doll —
Do stick his pigtail on again, and just mend his parasol.

But I need n't tell you what to do; only do it out of hand,
And charge whatever you like to charge — my Lady won't make a stand.
Well! good morning, Mr. What-d'ye-call; for it 's time our gossip ended:
And you know the proverb, the less as is said, the sooner the Chiny 's mended.

ENGLAND.

Be glorious, thou Queen of the Ocean! oh ne'er
May the rose on thy helmet of silver be pale!
Nor faint be the arm that uplifts thy proud spear!
Nor thy standard of crimson be rent on the gale!

For ne'er was that standard of crimson unrolled,
But for nature insulted or freedom betrayed;
And ne'er to the sunbeam was spread its rich fold,
But to throw round misfortune the pride of its shade.

Rejoice, thou dark mourner, rejoice, thou pale slave,
When the light of her spear flashes broad on thine eye;
'T is a ray through the tempest, a star on the wave,
To tell thee the dawn of thy freedom is nigh.

On rushes her host, bold, resistless, and grand,
Like a thunder-cloud rolled on the wings of the wind,
To wither the guilty, to chasten the land,
But leave, like its shower, a blessing behind.

Oh, gentle thy daughters of love, as the smile
That purples the west on thy sweet, summer shore;
And stern and majestic thy sons, thou proud isle,
As the billow that heaves to thy winter's wild roar.

Then, island of beauty, then, star of the wave,
May thy standard of crimson, for ages unfurled,
Lead to triumph the warriors who triumph to save!
And be England the hope as the light of the world!

EVENING IN AUTUMN.

BY N. MICHELL, ESQ.

Sunk are the winds that swept the rock-girt shore;
The foaming billows cease their hollow dash;
Above no longer bursts the thunder crash;
And the bleak, driving rain descends no more:
Clear is heaven's face, and sweetly in the west
The sun hangs o'er the hushed and purple hill;
The timid bird that sought her sheltering nest
Soars to heaven's gates, and warbles wildly shrill:
The air is odorous with the soul of flowers;
And grateful Nature, ere Day breathes his last,
Wears loveliest smiles in guerdon for the past.
So grief and care oft cloud our early hours;
Then, like the tempest, spirits flee away,
And leave all bright and blest our closing day.

OLD MATTHEW, THE MATSELLER.

BY MISS MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

We are persons of great regularity in our small affairs of every class, from the petty dealings of housekeeping to the larger commerce of acquaintanceship. The friends who have once planted us by their fireside, and made us feel as if at home there, can no more get rid of our occasional presence than they could root out that other tenacious vegetable, the Jerusalem artichoke; even if they were to pull us up by the stalk and toss us over the wall (an experiment by the way, which, to do them justice, they have never tried) I do verily believe, that in the course of a few months we should spring up again in the very same place; and our tradespeople, trifling as is the advantage to be derived from our custom, may yet reckon upon it with equal certainty. They are, as it happens, civil, honest, and respectable, the first people in their line in the good town of B.; but, were they otherwise, the circumstance would hardly affect our invincible constancy. The world is divided between the two great empires of habit and novelty, the young following pretty generally in the train of the new-fangled sovereign, whilst we of an elder generation adhere with similar fidelity to the *ancien régime*. I, especially, am the very bond-slave of habit — love old friends, old faces, old books, old scenery, old flowers.

old associations of every sort and kind—nay, although a woman, and one not averse to that degree of decoration which belongs to the suitable and the becoming, I even love old fashions and old clothes; and can so little comprehend why we should tire of a thing because we have had it long, that, a favourite pelisse having become shabby, I this very day procured with some difficulty silk of the exact colour and shade, and, having ordered it to be made in direct conformity with the old pattern, shall have the satisfaction next Sunday of donning a new dress, which my neighbours, the shoemaker's wife and the baker's daughters, who have in their heads an absolute inventory of my apparel, will infallibly mistake for the old one.

After this striking instance, the courteous reader will have no difficulty in comprehending that the same "auld-lang-syne" feeling, which leads me to think no violets so fragrant as those which grow on a certain sunny bank in Kibes Lane, and no cherries so sweet as those from the great mayduke, on the south wall of our old garden, should also induce me to prefer before all oranges those which come from Mrs. Pearce's shop, at the corner of the churchyard in B.—a shop which we have frequented ever since I knew what an orange was; and for the same reason to rank before all the biscuits which ever were invented a certain most seducing, thin, and crisp composition, as light as foam and as tasteless as spring water, the handiwork of Mrs. Perry, of the aforesaid illustrious borough.

The oranges and biscuits are good in themselves, but some of their superiority is undoubtedly to be ascribed to the partiality generated by habit.

One of the persons with whom we had in our small way dealt longest and whom we liked best, was old Matthew, the matseller. As surely as February came, would Matthew present his bent person and withered though still ruddy face at our door, with the three rush mats which he knew that our cottage required; and as surely did he receive fifteen shillings, lawful money of Great Britain, in return for his commodity, notwithstanding an occasional remonstrance from some flippant housemaid or domineering cook, who would endeavour to send him off with an assurance that his price was double that usually given, and that no mat ever made with rushes was or could be worth five shillings. "His honour always deals with me," was Matthew's mild response, and an appeal to the parlour never failed to settle matters to his entire satisfaction. In point of fact, Matthew's mats were honestly worth the money; and we enjoyed in this case the triple satisfaction of making a fair bargain, dealing with an old acquaintance, and relieving, in the best way, that of employment, the wants of age and of poverty; for, although Matthew's apparel was accurately clean and tidy, and his thin, wrinkled cheek as hale and ruddy as a summer apple, yet the countless patches on his various garments, and the spare, trembling figure, bent almost double and crippled with rheumatism, told a

too legible story of infirmity and penury. Except on his annual visit with his merchandise, we never saw the good old matmaker; nor did I even know where he resided until the want of an additional mat for my greenhouse, towards the end of last April, induced me to make enquiry concerning his habitation.

I had no difficulty in obtaining a direction to his dwelling, and found that, for a poor old matmaker, Matthew was a person of more consideration and note in our little world than I could have expected, being, in a word, one of the honestest, soberest, and most industrious, men in the neighbourhood.

He lived, I found, in Barkham Dingle, a deep woodland dell, communicating with a large tract of unenclosed moors and commons in the next parish, convenient doubtless to Matthew, as affording the rushes of which his mats were constructed, as well as heath for brooms, of which he was said to have lately established a manufacture, and which were almost equally celebrated for durability and excellence with the articles that he had made for so many years. In Barkham Dingle lived old Matthew, with his granddaughter Bessy, a lass also renowned for industry and good-humour; and, one fine afternoon towards the end of April, I set forth in my little pony-phaeton, driven by that model of all youthful servingmen, our boy John, to make my purchase.

Our road lay through a labyrinth of cross-country lanes, intermingled with tiny patches of village greens,

where every here and there a score or two of sheep, the small flock of some petty farmer, were nestled with their young lambs among the golden gorse and the feathery broom, and which started up, bleating, at the sound of our wheels and the sight of Dash (far too well-bred a dog to dream of molesting them) as if our peaceful procession had really been something to be frightened at. Rooks were wheeling above our heads, wood-pigeons flying across the fields; the shrill cry of the plover mixed with the sweet song of the nightingale and the monotonous call of the cuckoo; whilst every hedge echoed with the thousand notes of the blackbird, the linnet, the thrush, and "all the finches of the grove." Geese and ducks, with their train of callow younglings, were dabbling in every pool; little bands of straggling children were wandering through the lanes; every thing, in short, gave token of the loveliest of the seasons, the fresh and joyous spring. Vegetation was, however, unusually backward. The blossom of the sloe, called by the country people "the blackthorn winter," still lingered in the hedges, mingling its snowy garlands with the deep, rich brown of the budding oak and the tender green of the elm; the primroses of March still mingled with the cowslips, pansies, orchises, and wild hyacinths of April; and the flower of the turnip was only just beginning to diffuse its honeyed odours (equal in fragrance to the balmy tassels of the lime) in the most sheltered nooks or the sunniest exposures. The

"blessed sun" himself seemed rather bright than warm; the season was, in short, full three weeks backwarder than it should have been according to the almanac. Still it was spring, beautiful spring! and, as we drew near to the old beech-wood called Barkham Dingle, we felt in its perfection all the charm of the scene and the hour.

Although the country was unenclosed, as had been fully proved by the last half mile of undulating common, interspersed by old shaggy trees and patches (islets, as it were) of tangled underwood, as well as by a few rough ponies and small cows belonging to the country people, yet the lanes had been intersected by frequent gates, from the last of which a pretty, little, rosy, smiling girl, to whom I had tossed a penny for opening it, had sprung across the common, like a fawn, to be ready with her services at that leading into the Dingle, down which a rude cart-track, seldom used unless for the conveyance of faggots or brushwood, led by a picturesque but by no means easy descent.

Leaving chaise, and steed, and driver, to wait our return at the gate, Dash and I pursued our way by a winding yet still precipitous path to the bottom of the dell. Nothing could be more beautiful than the scene. On every side, steep, shelving banks, clothed with magnificent oaks and beeches, the growth of centuries, descended gradually, like some vast amphitheatre, to a clear, deep piece of water, lying like a

mirror in the midst of the dark woods, and letting light and sunshine into the picture. The leaves of the beech were just bursting into a tender green from their shining sheaths, and the oaks bore still the rich brown, which of their unnumbered tints is perhaps the loveliest; but every here and there a scattered horse-chesnut, or plane, or sycamore, had assumed its summer verdure: the weeping birch, "the lady of the woods," was breaking from the bud, the holly glittering in its unvaried glossiness, the hawthorn and the briar-rose in full leaf; and, the ivy and woodbine twisting their bright wreaths over the rugged trunks of the gigantic forest-trees, green formed even now the prevailing colour of the wood. The ground, indeed, was enamelled with flowers like a parterre. Primroses, cowslips, pansies, orchises, ground-ivy, and wild hyacinths, were blended in gorgeous profusion with the bright wood vetch, the light wood-anemone, and the delicate wood-sorrel *, which sprang from the mossy roots of the beeches, unrivalled in grace and beauty, more elegant even than the lily of the valley that grew by its side. Nothing could exceed the delightfulness of that winding wood-walk.

I soon came in sight of the place of my destination, a low-browed, thatched cottage, perched like a wild-duck's nest at the very edge of the pool, and surrounded by a little garden redeemed from the forest,

* There is a pink variety of this beautiful wild flower, but the pencilled white is the most elegant.

a small *clearing* where cultivated flowers, and beds of berry-bushes, and pear and cherry trees, in full blossom, contrasted strangely yet pleasantly with the wild scenery around.

The cottage was very small, yet it had the air of snugness and comfort which one loves to associate with the dwellings of the industrious peasantry. A goodly faggot-pile, a donkey-shed, and a pigsty, evidently inhabited, confirmed this impression; and geese and ducks swimming in the water, and chickens straying about the door, added to the cheerfulness of the picture.

As I approached, I recognized an old acquaintance in a young girl, who, with a straw basket in her hand, was engaged in feeding the cocks and hens — no less a person than pretty Bessy the poultry-woman, who was celebrated for rearing the earliest ducks and the fattest and whitest chickens ever seen in these parts. Any Wednesday or Saturday morning, during the spring or summer, might Bessy be seen on the road to B., tripping along by the side of her little cart, hardly larger than a wheelbarrow, drawn by a sedate and venerable donkey, and laden with coops full of cackling or babbling inmates, together with baskets of fresh eggs — for Bessy's commodities were as much prized at the breakfast as at the dinner table. She meant, I believe, to keep B. market; but somehow or other she seldom reached it: the quality of her merchandise being held in such estimation by the families

around, that her coops and baskets were generally emptied before they gained their place of destination.

Perhaps the popularity of the vender had something to do with the rapid sale of her poultryware. Never did any one more completely realize the *beau ideal* of a young, happy, innocent, country girl than Matthew's daughter. Fresh and fair, her rosy cheeks mantling with blushes, and her cherry lips breaking into smiles, she was the very milk-maid of Isaac Walton; and there was an old-fashioned neatness and simplicity, a complete absence of all finery, in her attire, together with a modest sweetness in her sound young voice, a rustic grace in her little curtsy, and, above all, a total unconsciousness of her charms, which not only heightened the effect but deepened and strengthened the impression. No one that ever had seen them could forget Bess's innocent smiles.

At present, however, the poor girl was evidently in no smiling mood; and, as I was thridding with care and labour the labyrinths of an oak newly felled and partly barked, which lay across the path, to the great improvement of its picturesqueness (there are few objects that so much enhance the beauty of woodland scenery) and the equal augmentation of its difficulty, I could not help observing how agitated and preoccupied the little damsel seemed. Her cheek had lost its colour, her step was faltering, and the trembling hand with which she was distributing the corn from her basket could hardly perform its task. Her head was turned

anxiously towards the door, as if something important were going forward within the house; and it was not until I was actually by her side, and called her by name, that she perceived me.

The afternoon, although bright and pleasant for the season, was one of those in which the sun sometimes amuses himself by playing at bopeep. The sky had become overcast shortly after I entered the Dingle; and, by the time I had surmounted the last tall jutting bare bough of the oak, some of the branches of which I was fain to scramble over and some to creep through, and had fairly reached the cottage door, a sudden shower was whistling through the trees with such violence as to render both Dash and myself very glad to accept Bessy's embarrassed invitation and get under shelter from the pelting of the storm.

My entrance occasioned an immediate and somewhat awkward pause in a discussion that had been carried on, apparently with considerable warmth, between my good old host, Matthew, who, with a half-finished mat in his hand, was sitting in a low, wicker chair on one side of the hearth, and a visiter, also of my acquaintance, who was standing against the window; and, with the natural feeling of repugnance to such an intrusion, I had hardly taken the seat offered me by Bessy and given my commission to her grandfather, before I proposed to go away, saying that I saw they were busy, that the rain was nothing, that I had a carriage waiting, that I particularly wished to get

home, and so forth — all the civil falsehoods, in short, with which one attempts to escape from an uncomfortable situation.

My attempts were, however, altogether useless. Bessy would not hear of my departure; Farmer White, my fellow visiter, assured me that the rain was coming down harder than ever; and the old Matmaker declared that, so far from my being in the way, all the world was welcome to hear what he had to say, and he had just been wishing for some discreet body to judge of the farmer's behaviour. And, the farmer professing himself willing that I should be made acquainted with the matter, and perfectly ready to bide by my opinion, provided it coincided with his own, I resumed my seat opposite to Matthew, whilst poor Bessy, blushing and ashamed, placed herself on a low stool in a corner of the little room, and began making friends with Dash.

"The long and the short of the matter is, ma'am," quoth old Matthew, "that Jem White — I dare say you know Jem; he's a good lad and a 'dustrious — and my Bessy there — and she's a good girl and a 'dustrious too, thof I say it that should not say it — have been keeping company, like, for these two years past; and now, just as I thought they were going to marry and settle in the world, down comes his father, the farmer there, and wants him to marry another wench and be false-hearted to my girl."

"I never knew that he courted her, ma'am, till last night," interrupted the farmer.

"And who does he want Jem to marry?" pursued the old man, warming as he went on. "Who but Farmer Brookes's fine daughter 'Gusta — Miss 'Gusta, as they call her — who 's just come back from boarding-school, and goes about the country in her silks and her satins, with her veils and her fine, worked bags — who but she! as if she was a lady born, like madam there! Now, my Bessy ——"

"I have not a word to say against Bessy," again interrupted the farmer; "she 's a good girl, and a pretty girl, and an industrious girl. I have not a word to say against Bessy. But the fact is that I have had an offer of the Holm Farm for Jem, and therefore ——"

"And a fine farmer's wife 'Gusta Brookes will make!" quoth the Matmaker, interrupting Master White in his turn. "A pretty farmer's wife! She that can do nothing on earth but jabber French, and read printed books, and thump on the music! Now, there 's my girl can milk, and churn, and bake, and brew, and cook, and wash, and make, and mend, and rear poultry — there are not such ducks and chickens as Bessy's for ten miles round. Ask madam — she always deals with Bessy, and so do all the gentlefolks between here and B."

"I am not saying a word against Bessy," replied Farmer White; "she 's a good girl, and a pretty girl, as I said before, and I am very sorry for the whole affair. But the Holm Farm is a largish concern, and will take a good sum of money to stock it — more

money than I can command; and Augusta Brookes, besides what her father can do for her at his death, has four hundred pounds of her own left her by her grandmother, which, with what I can spare, will be about enough for the purpose, and that made me think of the match, though the matter is still quite unsettled. But, Master Matthew, one can't expect that Bessy, good girl as she is, should have any money——"

"Oh, that 's it!" exclaimed the old man of the mats. "You don't object to the wench then, nor to her old grandfather, if 'twas not for the money?"

"Not in the least," replied the farmer; "she 's a good girl, and a pretty girl. I like her full as well as Augusta Brookes, and I am afraid that Jem likes her much better. And, as for yourself, Master Matthew, why, I've known you these fifty years, and never heard man, woman, or child, speak a misword of you in my life. I respect you, man! And I am heartily sorry to vex you and that good little girl yonder. Don't cry so, Bessy! pray don't cry!" and the good-natured farmer well nigh cried for company.

"No, don't cry, Bessy, because there 's no need," rejoined her grandfather. "I thought mayhap it was out of pride that Farmer White would not suffer Jem to marry my little girl. But, since it 's only the money"—continued the old man, fumbling amidst a vast variety of well-patched garments, until from the pocket of some under-jacket he produced a greasy, brown leather book—"since 't is only Miss 'Gusta's money that 's

wanted to stock the Holm, why that 's but reasonable; and we 'll see whether your four hundred won't go as far as her's. Look at them dirty bits of paper, farmer—they 're of the right sort, an't they?" cried Matthew, with a chuckle. "I called 'em in, because I thought they 'd be wanted for her portion, like; and, when the old Matmaker dies, there 'll be a hundred or two more into the bargain. Take the money, man, can't ye? and don't look so 'stounded. It 's honestly come by, I promise you. All 'dustry and 'conomy, like. Her father, he was 'dustrious, and left her a bit; and her mother, she was 'dustrious too, and she left her a bit; and I, thof I should not say it, have been 'dustrious all my life; and she, poor thing, is more 'dustrious than any of us. Ay, that 's right. Give her a hearty kiss, man; and call in Jem — I 'll warrant he 's not far off — and we 'll fix the wedding-day over a jug of home-brewed. And madam there," pursued the happy old man, as with most sincere congratulations and good wishes I rose to depart, "madam there, who looks so pleased and speaks so kindly, may be sure of her mat. I 'm a 'dustrious man, thof I say it that should not say it, and Bessy 's a 'dustrious girl, and in my mind there 's nothing beats 'dustry in high or in low."

And, with this axiom from the old Matmaker, Dash and I took our leave of four as happy people — for by this time Jem had joined the party — as could well be found under the sun.

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